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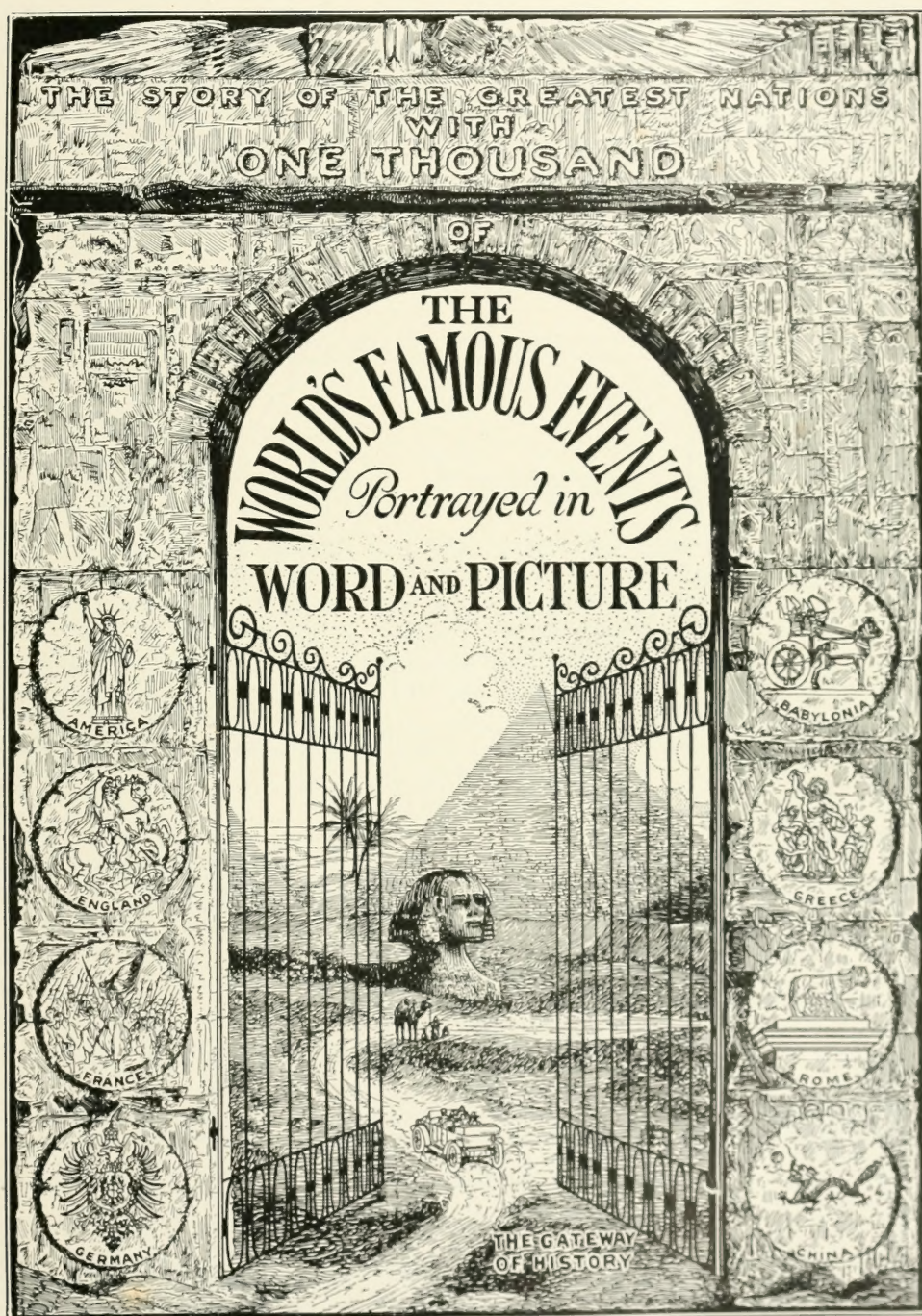
Mrs. Griffing Bancroft



W. GLÖTZLE

ENGLAND-VI

GRAVURE F. HANFSTAENGL



Volume Sixth

The Story of the Greatest Nations

A COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY, EXTENDING FROM THE
EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT, FOUNDED ON
THE MOST MODERN AUTHORITIES, AND
INCLUDING CHRONOLOGICAL SUM-
MARIES AND PRONOUNCING
VOCABULARIES FOR
EACH NATION

And

The World's Famous Events

TOLD IN A SERIES OF BRIEF SKETCHES FORMING A
SINGLE CONTINUOUS STORY OF HISTORY AND
ILLUMINED BY A COMPLETE SERIES OF
NOTABLE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
THE GREAT HISTORIC PAINT-
INGS OF ALL LANDS

By

EDWARD S. ELLIS, A. M.

AND

CHARLES F. HORNE, PH. D.

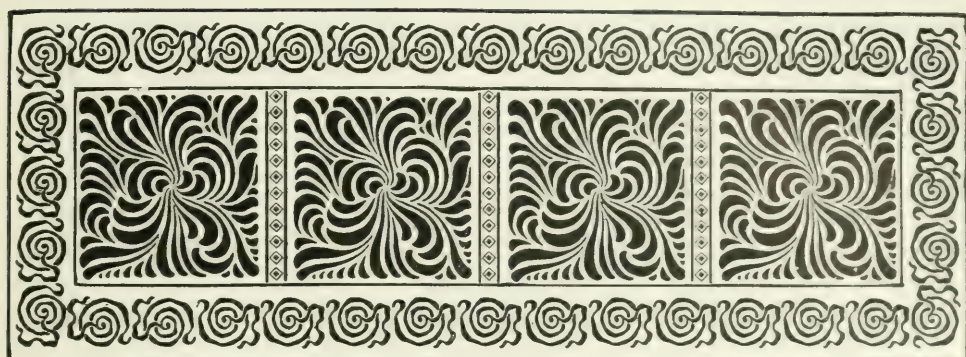
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THE COMING OF THE SAXONS

THE STORY OF THE GREATEST NATIONS

MODERN NATIONS—ENGLAND

Chapter CI

THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLAND

[*Authorities*: Green, "History of the English People"; Guizot, "Popular History of England"; Kemble, "The Saxons in England"; MacFayden, "Alfred, the West-Saxon"; Palgrave, "Rise of the English Commonwealth," "History of Normandy and England"; Bagehot, "The English Constitution"; Freeman, "History of England"; Hume, "History of England"; Knight, "Popular History of England"; Lingard, "History of England"; Von Ranke, "History of England"; Froude, "History of England," "The English in Ireland"; Gardiner, "History of England from James I."; Carlyle, "Oliver Cromwell"; Macaulay, "History of England from James II."; Lecky, "England in the Eighteenth Century"; Mill, "History of British India"; MacMullen, "History of Canada"; Martineau, "History of England during the Peace"; McCarthy, "History of Our Own Times."]



AMERICANS should not read the story of England as they would that of a foreign country. Those of us who have looked into the past, approach this tale with quickened heart-beats and a livelier interest.

Our land was originally settled by Englishmen, and, much as immigration has since altered our race the foundation remains. It is not merely our language that comes to us from England; she gave us our bodies and our brains, our laws, our hopes, and even our religion.

The grim barons who wrung the "Great Charter" from their unwilling king, the mighty sea-fighters who followed Drake and Raleigh, belong as much to our past as they do to that of any sturdy Briton of to-day. So it is

not as an alien volume, but rather as an earlier chapter of our own more recent tale, that this story of England should be read

Could we raise the curtain on Great Britain, far back in the twilight of history, we should see, instead of an island, a projecting part of the European continent, for geologists agree that the country **was** once attached to the mainland. It had a climate of arctic severity, to **which** of course its animal and vegetable life corresponded. About the only difference between the **beasts** of the wood and the men was that the latter **understood** how to walk on **two** legs.

The civilized nations of the ancient world knew nothing of Britain until the daring Phœnician sailors, coasting Gaul, saw in the distant horizon the white cliffs of a strange land. The Gauls told them that because of the white color of the cliffs they had given the name of "Albion"—meaning white—to the country. The pretty title has lived through all the centuries and is still a favorite one with poets and orators.

The Phœnicians looked farther into the land of the white cliffs and found that it contained numerous rich mines of tin and lead. Tin was highly valued, and the Phœnicians soon opened a brisk trade with the people. One of their captains, Pytheas, sailed entirely around the little group of islands, in the third century B.C., and wrote a brief record of his voyage. The accounts of those remote days, however, are so vague and meagre that little dependence can be placed upon them, and we must come down to the time of the mighty Cæsar for our first definite knowledge of England.

You will remember that while Cæsar was engaged in conquering Gaul, he discovered that his opponents received great help from their kinsmen, who crossed over from Albion to aid them in repelling the Roman invaders. This fact, added to the strange stories which he heard about the people of the islands, led Cæsar, in the year 55 B.C., to sail for Albion—which he, in imitation of the Greeks, called Britain. He took with him two legions, or about twelve thousand men, and that was the first historical invasion of England. The time was late in summer, and the landing-place near the site of the present town of Deal.

The shaggy Britons had watched the approach of the Roman ships, and were in truth more eager for battle than the Romans themselves. The savages had flung off their clothing of skins, so they were literally "stripped for the fight," and many who were on horseback forced their animals far out into the waves, while the riders taunted the invaders, whom they were impatient to reach. Others galloped up and down the beach in their war chariots and filled the air with their defiant cries.

The Romans drawing near were awed by what they saw. They had learned from the Gauls of the frenzied devotion of the Britons to the Druidical faith.



The Romans knew nothing of that gloomy and fearful religion, and at first were afraid to offend the unknown god whom the savages worshipped. They hesitated, and we can fancy that Cæsar himself may have faltered at first, though not for long. When the invaders were close to land and the shrieking horde on shore were waiting for them to come within reach of their war clubs and swords, the standard-bearer of the tenth legion leaped into the sea and shouted as he dashed toward shore :

"Follow me, my fellow-soldiers, unless you will give up your standard to the enemy!"

Thrilled by the heroism of their comrade, the others sprang after him and drove the defenders before them. Discipline always prevails, and, despite their bravery, the Britons were soon scattered in disorder. They learned in the furious struggle that they were no match for these terrible invaders, and on the morrow sent ambassadors to Cæsar begging for peace. The great Roman was always approachable and considerate to the feelings of others. He listened to the suppliants kindly, agreed upon the terms, and a few weeks later sailed away for Rome. In his "Commentaries," Cæsar refers to his first campaign in Britain as a reconnoitring expedition, and expresses his intention of returning there later.

Accordingly, the following year he came back with a more powerful force, and penetrated some distance inland. His most determined opponent, the hero whose name first stands out for our remembrance in British history, is called by the conqueror, Cassivellanus, which is probably a Latinized form of the British name Cadwallon. Cadwallon was the chief or king of a tribe dwelling in the neighborhood of modern London, and his capital stood on the present site of St. Albans. He fought valiantly against the Romans; but some of the neighboring tribes over whom he wielded a vague and probably tyrannous lordship, turned against him.

These rebels, joining the Romans, guided them to Cadwallon's hidden city, which was sacked and burned. Still, however, Cadwallon kept up his resistance, and after several months Cæsar, finding little either of pleasure or profit in the wild, bleak island, abandoned it. Cadwallon was regarded as a national hero by the Britons, and his leadership over the island continued until his death.

Cæsar, on his return to Rome, brought with him some spoils and large numbers of captives as hostages. Yet there was significance in the declaration of Tacitus regarding these expeditions of Cæsar: "He did not conquer Britain; he only showed it to the Romans."

Britain was now left to itself for nearly a hundred years. Then in A.D. 43 the Emperor Claudius led a third invasion into the country. As before,

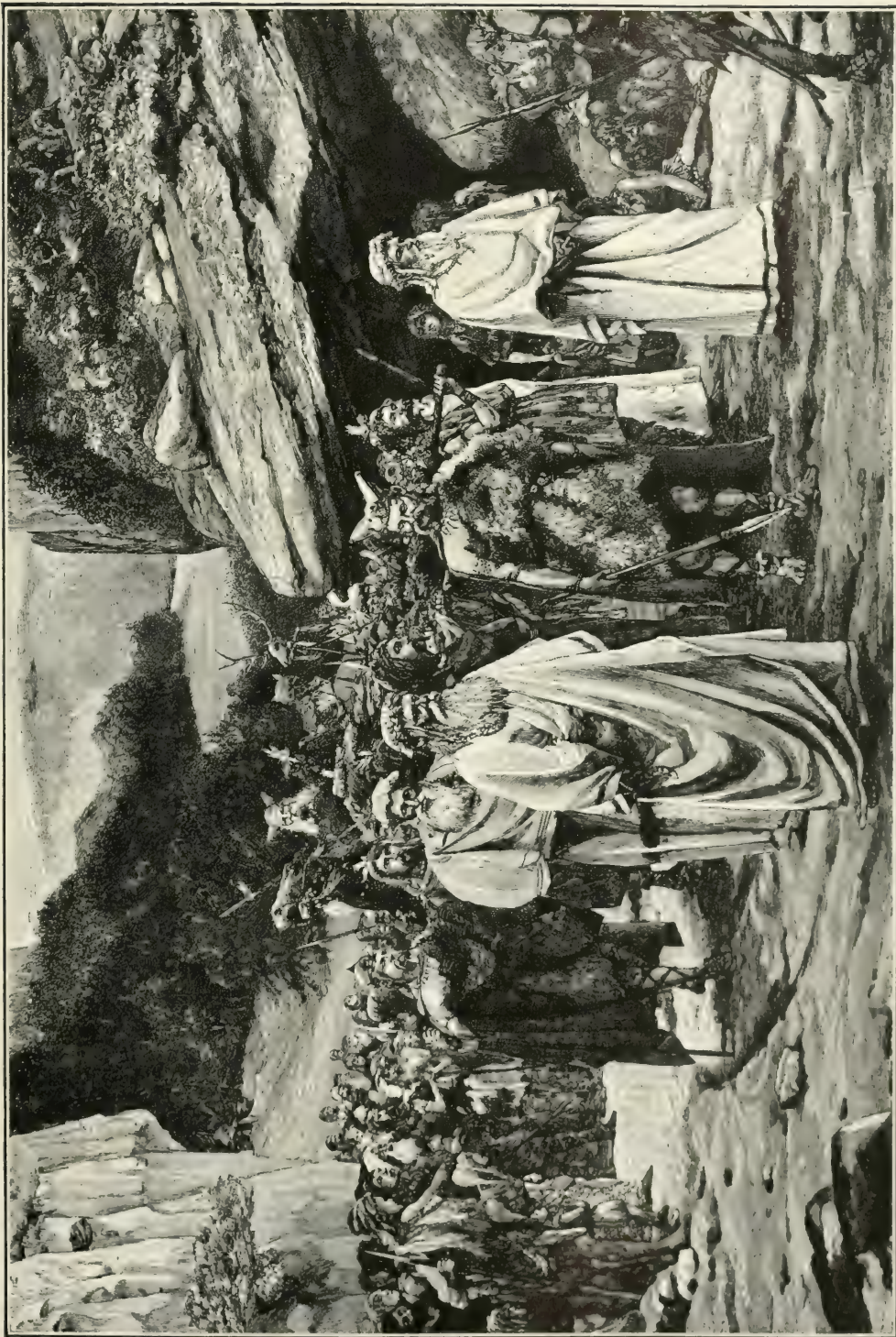
the islanders made a sturdy resistance, and it was not until nine years had passed that Roman valor and discipline triumphed. Among the captives brought back to Rome was Caractacus, the heroic leader of the Britons. Though in chains, Caractacus held his head unbowed and his spirit unbroken. When he looked upon the splendor and magnificence of Rome, he exclaimed: "Why do you who possess all this, covet the poor hovels of my countrymen?"

Brought in front of Claudius, Caractacus looked him defiantly in the face and refused to kneel and beg for his liberty. The simple majesty and dignity of the prisoner so impressed the Emperor that he set him and his family free.

It has been said that the religion of the ancient Britons was Druidical. This faith was hideous in many of its features and of frightful severity, possessing no trace of the gentleness of Christianity. Druid is from a word meaning an oak. The people venerated this tree and also the mistletoe, which still forms a part of our Christmas festivities. They had a regularly organized priesthood, dwelt in forests, met in sacred groves, and offered up human sacrifices to win the favor of the gods. The priests held all the traditions, administered the laws, and prescribed the customs. Naturally, they were held in great fear by the people, for when the priests were offended they sometimes roasted those whom they disliked, in large wicker cages. This horrible religion seems to have been brought from Gaul in the earliest times, and was woven in with the worship of the serpent, of the sun and moon, and some of the heathen gods and goddesses. The priests kept most of their faith and its ceremonies secret; but they certainly believed in a life beyond the grave. They built temples and altars, open to the sky. Many remains of these may still be seen. The most striking is Stonehenge, on Salisbury plain in Wiltshire.

In A.D. 61 Suetonius Paulinus, the Roman governor of Britain, seeing there could be no real peace so long as the Druids were allowed to make their fanatical appeals to the people, set out to extirpate them. The island of Anglesey, off the coast of Wales, was their sacred refuge, and against that he marched. At sight of the priests wildly calling down curses, and the women with streaming hair and flaming torches rushing to and fro, the soldiers paused in superstitious fear, but at the stern command of their leader they rushed forward, cut down the Britons, demolished the stone altars, flung the frantic Druids into their own divine fires, and hewed away the sacred groves.

The Roman yoke, however, was not yet firmly fitted to the necks of the Britons. While Suetonius was in Anglesey, a vicious uprising broke out in the east. The leader was Boadicea, widow of a king of the Icenians, who was driven to irrestrainable rage by the brutality with which she and her two daughters were treated. Her flaming appeals drew the surrounding tribes to her, and she led them into battle. The Druids by their doubtful prophecies



had encouraged her to hope for success. Legend represents them as foreseeing the greatness of England, and promising the frenzied queen—

“Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway ;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.”

At first it seemed as if the furious and fanatic Britons would sweep the Romans into the sea. London, St. Albans, and other towns were given to the torch, and the inhabitants slain without mercy, but when Suetonius hurried back he stamped out the revolt in one great battle. Eighty thousand Britons are said to have fallen, and Boadicea poisoned herself in despair.

The real conqueror of Britain was Cnæus Julius Agricola, who was governor from A.D. 78 to 84. He was an excellent ruler, who built a line of forts from the Firth of Forth to the Firth of Clyde, to keep back the turbulent North Britons. Then sailing round the north of the island, he discovered the Orkneys. He stopped the merciless tyranny of the Roman tax gatherers, and encouraged the natives to build comfortable dwellings, good roads, and thriving towns. The pleasing character of the country caused many Romans to settle there, and their power may be considered as having been established by this wise and good governor.

The Emperor Hadrian visited Britain in A.D. 120, and not feeling strong enough to hold all the lands gained by Agricola, he constructed an immense earthwork from the Tyne to the Solway Firth. In 139 the Emperor Antoninus Pius built a new dyke, which followed the line of that of Agricola. The restless North Britons continued troublesome, and the Emperor Severus made a campaign against them between 207 and 210, and erected a chain of forts along the line of the dyke built by Hadrian.

Historians have not been able to fix the time when Christianity was introduced into Britain. It is generally believed that the first church was built at Glastonbury, the structure being of the most primitive character. The new religion at that time was held in scorn by the Romans, but its steady growth caused them fear. Finally in the closing years of the third century, the Emperor Diocletian determined to stamp out the hated faith. You know of the dreadful persecution he set on foot in every part of the Roman Empire. St. Alban was the first in Britain to suffer death, and on the spot where in 304 he gave up his life for his religion the abbey of St. Albans was erected five centuries later.

The impact of Roman civilization made a lasting impression on the people and the country. The Romans built some fifty towns, many protected by walls,

and of these London soon became the chief, though York was made the civil and military capital of the country. You can still see some of the towers that flanked the ancient walls of the latter city. The most notable incident in the history of York was the proclamation of Constantine as Emperor in 306. Through him Christianity became the established religion of the empire, though his friendship for the growing faith was that of a statesman rather than of a devout believer.

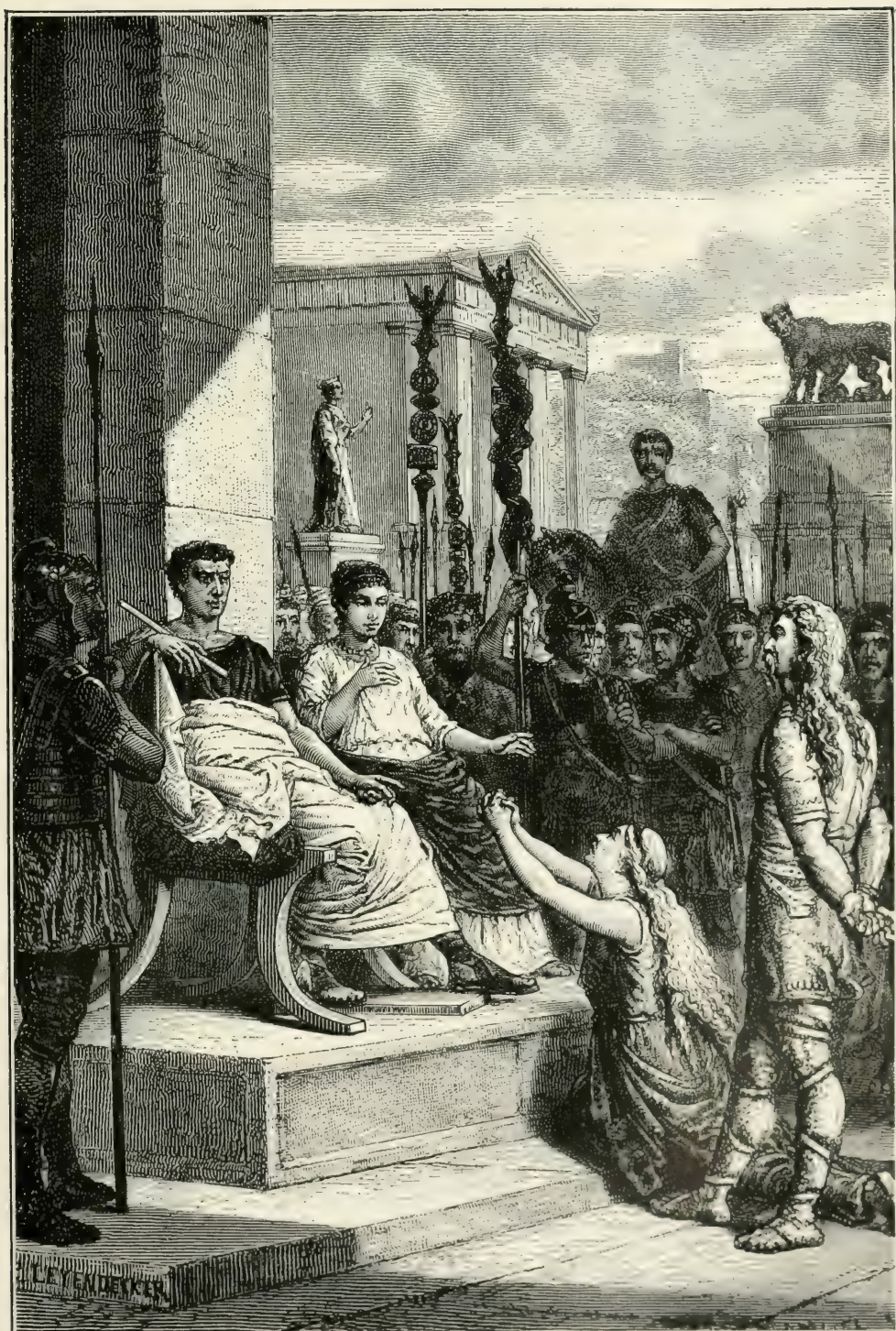
The changing forms of government finally resulted in Britain being separated into five provinces, all traversed by admirable, paved roads, which centred in London and were connected across the Straits of Dover with other masterpieces of engineering skill in France, Spain, and Italy, ending at the Roman capital—for, as you know, in those days they used to say, "all roads lead to Rome."

Rome ruled Britain for three centuries and a half, but by that time the stupendous empire was crumbling to ruin. Her legions were called back to the capital and the condition of Britain became the extreme of feebleness. The people were in a state of hopeless collapse, with not a particle of their former vigor and resolution remaining. On the north the Picts, on the northwest the Scots, and on the south and east the Teutons were hammering the miserable beings, who meekly bowed their heads to the blows and quarrelled among themselves over theological questions, while their enemies swarmed over the border and swept them out of their path like so much chaff.

The foes who came by sea were Teutonic tribes from the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser in North Germany. Most of the country was conquered by these Teutons, of whom the principal tribes were the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, who finally fused into one people, under the name of Anglo-Saxons, or *Angles* or *English*, while that portion of Britain in which they made their home was called *England*. They were cruel, and such of the conquered Britons as they did not enslave, they huddled into the western part of the island.

The first of these Teutonic kingdoms was founded in Kent. A despairing British chieftain or king, Vortigern, undertook the dangerous experiment of fighting fire with fire. To save his people from their northern foes, the Scots, he invited the Teutons to come to his aid. Two well-known Jutish vikings, Hengist and Horsa, accepted the invitation with their followers, and in the year 449 landed on the island of Thanet, the southeastern extremity of England.

At first Hengist and Horsa served their host well, driving back the wild northern tribes. Soon, however, larger ambitions took possession of the shrewd sea-kings. They recognized their own strength and the Britons' weak-



ness; they sent word to other Jutes to join them and soon accumulated a formidable force; then they picked a quarrel with those they had come to aid.

Legend represents King Vortigern as cowardly, weak, and evil, and tells that he was fascinated by the wiles of Rowena, a daughter of Hengist. At any rate he made little resistance to the bold robbers, and the real defence of the Britons fell to his son Vortimer. There were many fierce combats, in one of which Horsa was slain. The valiant Vortimer also perished, and gradually the Jutes crushed out all resistance.

Finally, King Vortigern proposed a friendly meeting. Hengist, now sole leader of the Jutes, consented. In the midst of a great love-feast held at Stonehenge, the treacherous Hengist cried out suddenly to his men, "Use your swords!"

At the signal every Jute stabbed his British neighbor to the heart. Vortigern alone was spared; for he had wedded Rowena, and probably the murderers thought him more useful alive than dead.

These are only dark and doubtful stories. They may or may not be the literal facts connected with the first entrance of the great Teutonic race into England. Hengist, Horsa, and Vortigern, however, really existed, and Eric a son of Hengist, was, in 457, formally crowned King of Kent, that is, of England's southeastern coast. He was the first of her Teutonic kings.

Other Teutonic tribes were naturally drawn to Britain by the Jutes' success. The Saxons, under a chieftain named Ella, founded a kingdom of Sussex (the South-Saxons) in 477. Two Saxon chiefs, coming over in 495, conquered the portion of the country now known as Hampshire, and named it Wessex, or the Kingdom of the West Saxons. Then, again, from Jutland came a swarm of Angles, who occupied all that remained of Eastern Britain. Increasing in strength and numbers, they became masters of most of the country, and gave their own name of *Angles* or *English* to all the invaders.

According to tradition, the famous King Arthur administered the first real repulse to the Saxons in 520, at Badbury, in Dorsetshire. Arthur has often been looked upon as a mythical hero, but careful researches leave no doubt that he was a valiant patriot, who struck many stout blows at the invaders of his country. By and by, however, the Saxons pushed inland and their power grew. The Kingdom of the Northumbrians was founded in 547, and consisted of the land from the Humber to the Firth of Forth; the Kingdom of the Mercians embraced the midland country, while Kent was the Kingdom of the Jutes, and Sussex that of the South Saxons. Essex the Kingdom of the East Saxons and that of the East Angles, divided into Norfolk and Suffolk (North-folk and South-folk), were less important. These seven leading kingdoms are often referred to as the Heptarchy, though they were forever at strife with one

another. Their warring indeed was so incessant that it is not worth further reference.

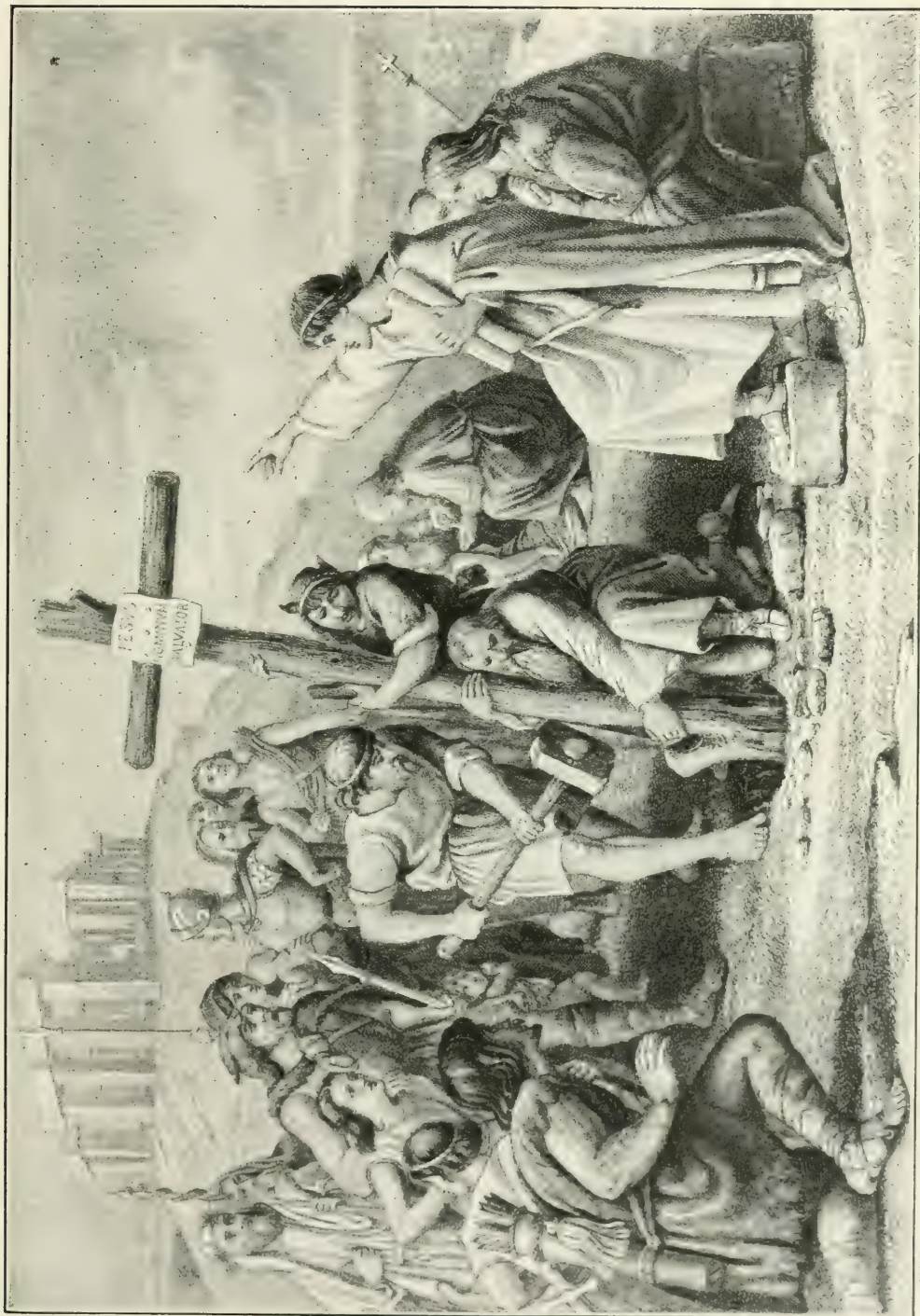
The determination of Pope Gregory the Great, in 597, to reconvert this Teutonic Britain recalls a pretty story of that remarkable man. One day, in the streets of Rome, his attention was attracted to a number of blue-eyed and fair-haired children, brought as slaves from their distant home in Angle-land. Impressed by their beauty and intelligence, he stopped and made inquiries regarding them. When he had learned the whole truth, he remarked: "They should not be called Angles, but rather Angels." His soul was so stirred that he made plans to go among the Britons as a missionary; but his pressing duties in Rome would not permit him to leave, and he sent Saint Augustine to Britain, accompanied by forty monks. A way had been opened for these evangelists by the marriage of Ethelbert, King of Kent, to a French princess, who had become a convert in her own country to Christianity. She persuaded her husband to receive Augustine, and he not only won over the King himself but thousands of his subjects, who were strongly influenced by the example of their ruler.

The religion of the early English was like that of other Teutonic tribes, being a form of heathenism, in which *Woden*, who was the *Odin* of the Danes, was worshipped as the leading god, who gave victory. Next to him was *Thor*, or *Thunder*, who ruled the sky. There were other less important gods. Our Wednesday is Woden's Day and Thursday is Thor's Day, the names having been preserved to the present time.

Augustine was so successful that he established the first cathedral of Canterbury, of which he became archbishop and which is still the mother church of England. He founded also the first monastery where missionaries were trained to carry forward the great work that had been begun.

The Irish monks, however, had done proselyting in the north of England at an earlier date than that of Augustine. From the Irish monasteries in Ireland and Scotland tramped the zealous though impoverished laborers in their Master's vineyard, to reap the harvest that was awaiting them. One of their colonies was planted in Lindisfarne in Durham, and from it Cuthbert traversed Northumbria in the seventh century, and brought the kingdom into the fold of Christianity, while his co-laborers were successful in other sections. The monasteries grew in number and were educational as well as industrial in their scope.

The Church, as might have been expected, arrayed itself on the side of the feeble and downtrodden, who to their grateful relief were given one day out of every seven on which they could rest from their grinding labor. Naturally, perhaps, the Church gained not only great social influence, but was a



force in politics. A synod held at Whitby in 664 was attended by delegates from all parts of the country, with the Archbishop of Canterbury at their head. This council decided that the Roman custom should be followed in the observance of Easter and thus all the churches were brought into unity. It is a curious fact that the delegates came from tribes, who at that very time were fiercely fighting one another. The concord of the council was a sign to the world of the real spiritual unity that underlay these quarrels, and yet what a grim commentary the whole business was upon the mockery of the professions of these men!

The kingdom of Wessex now enjoyed a century and a half of prosperity. Egbert, a descendant of Cerdic the first king, claimed the throne in 787, but was overthrown by a rival, and saved his life by fleeing the country. He found refuge in the court of Charlemagne, who was dreaming of riviving the old Roman Empire. Shortly after Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the West, the King of Wessex died, and Egbert was called home to succeed him. He showed the influence of Charlemagne upon his character, by resolutely setting out to bring all the neighboring petty tribes into subjection to his sovereignty. His army, "lean, pale, and long-bearded," was a resistless engine, which steadily crushed all opposition, so that in 828 the great task was accomplished and Egbert had fairly won the right to assume the title of "King of the English." Cæsar, as you will remember, had called the land *Britain*; the Celts had termed it *Albion*, and it now took the name of *Angle-land*, or *England*.

During those tempestuous times, the annals make frequent mention of the Scandinavians or Northmen, whose name was afterward softened in France to Norman. They were of the Teutonic race, and built up the kingdoms of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. They were massive, fearless navigators, neither more nor less than freebooters and pirates, who terrorized all of Europe that could be reached by their swift galleys. Some of the latter, as you know, ploughed across the Atlantic and saw the American continent, hundreds of years before Christopher Columbus was born.

England was made to feel the whip of scorpions wielded by these merciless Northmen or Danes. The invaders were still heathen and they revelled in the destruction of the Christian churches and monasteries and in the slaying of the priests. Creeping along the coast, hiding in woods and caves, or sailing unexpectedly up the rivers in their galleys and then stealing horses, the Danes galloped through the country on their ferocious forays, sparing nothing they could reach.

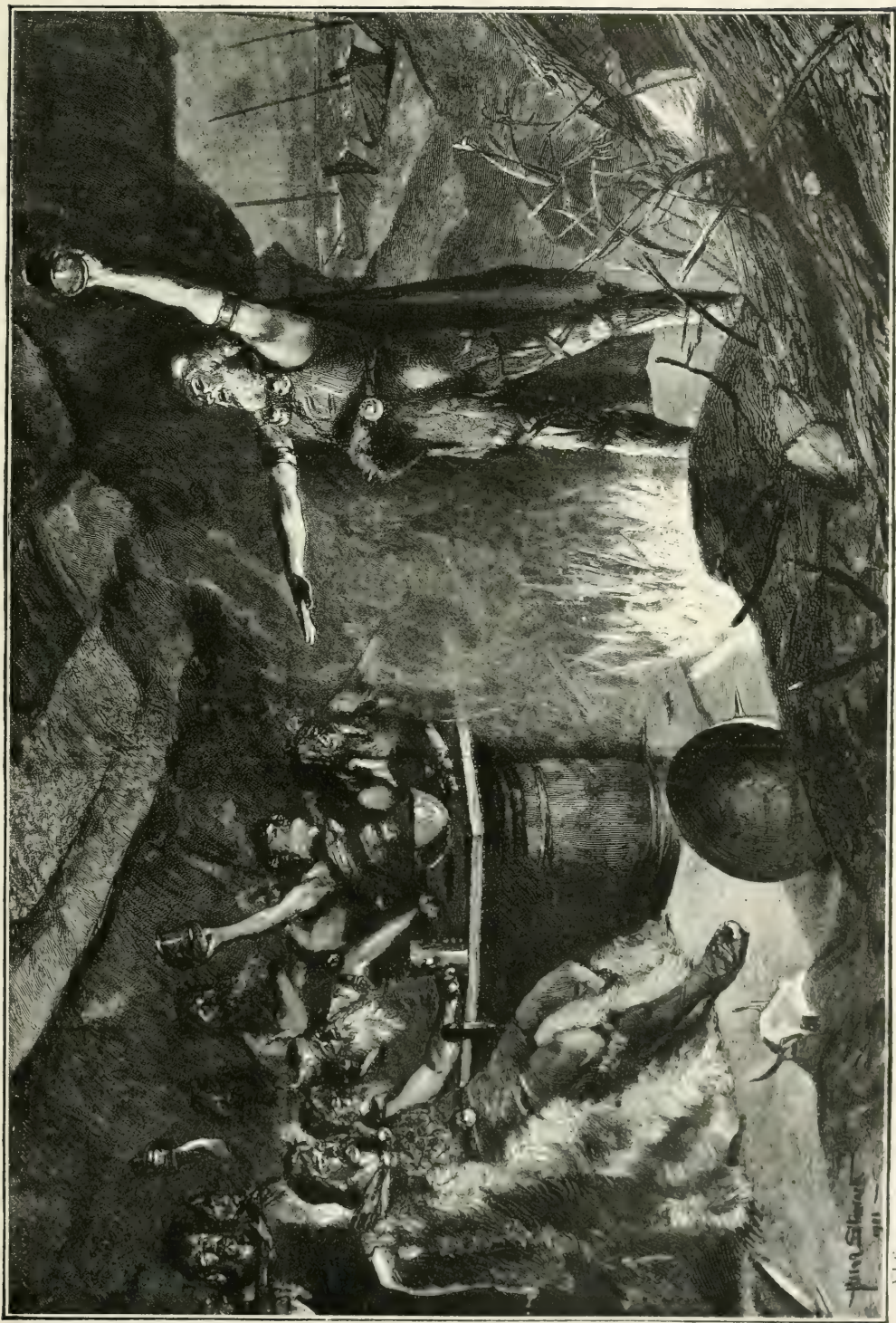
The Scots of Ireland had been converted to Christianity in the fifth century mainly through the labors of the great missionary St. Patrick, and his work

was carried on with marvellous completeness by his followers. Learning, therefore, flourished in Ireland, and students flocked thither from England, Germany, and Gaul. The land was luminous with churches and monasteries, but these were blotted out by the Danes, who drove the native Irish back into the swamps and bogs, and then made their own homes along the sea-coast.

Such was the miserable condition of England and its immediate neighbors, when one of the greatest characters in English history appeared on the scene, and through his life and achievements accomplished a work for his country whose grandeur and importance have never been surpassed. This heroic figure, whose millenary was celebrated with imposing ceremonies in 1901, was **ALFRED THE GREAT**. It is fitting that so illustrious a personage should receive special attention in these pages.



SAINT AUGUSTINE PREACHING TO ETHELBERT







ALFRED WINS HIS MOTHER'S BOOK

Chapter CII

ALFRED THE GREAT



ALFRED was the fifth son of Æthelwulf, King of Wessex, and of Osburh, his first wife, and was born at Wantage in Berkshire in 849. The father, it is said, had been Bishop of Winchester until necessity made him king. He fought the invading Northmen while under-king of Kent, and afterward succeeded his father Egbert on the throne.

Æthelwulf, however, had a side to his character for which the Witan or "wise men" felt little sympathy. He was impressed by the spell which the name of Rome exercised in the Middle Ages, and disregarded many claims of his kingdom in order to make a pilgrimage to the Eternal City. Before leaving, he granted a tenth part of the rents from his private domain for ecclesiastical and charitable purposes, and this grant was afterward mistakenly represented as a gift of the tenth of the entire revenue of the kingdom, and as the legal origin of tithes.

Little is known of the mother of Alfred, who was the daughter of the King's cupbearer, and came of the royal house of the Jutes, settled in the Isle of Wight. The following incident as recorded by a chronicler of the time throws light on the introduction of Alfred to book-learning: "On a certain day [he was then twelve years old, and had thus far remained illiterate] his mother was showing him and his brothers a beautiful book of songs, with rich pictures and fine painted initial letters, and she said to them: 'Whichever of you shall first learn this book shall have it for his own.' Then Alfred, moved by these

words, or rather by a divine inspiration, and allured by the illuminated letters, spoke before his brothers, who, though his seniors in years, were not so in grace, and answered: 'Will you really give that book to the one of us who can first understand and repeat it to you?' Upon which his mother smiled and repeated what she had said. So Alfred took the book from her hand and went to his master to get it read, and, in due time, brought it again to his mother and recited it; so it became his own."

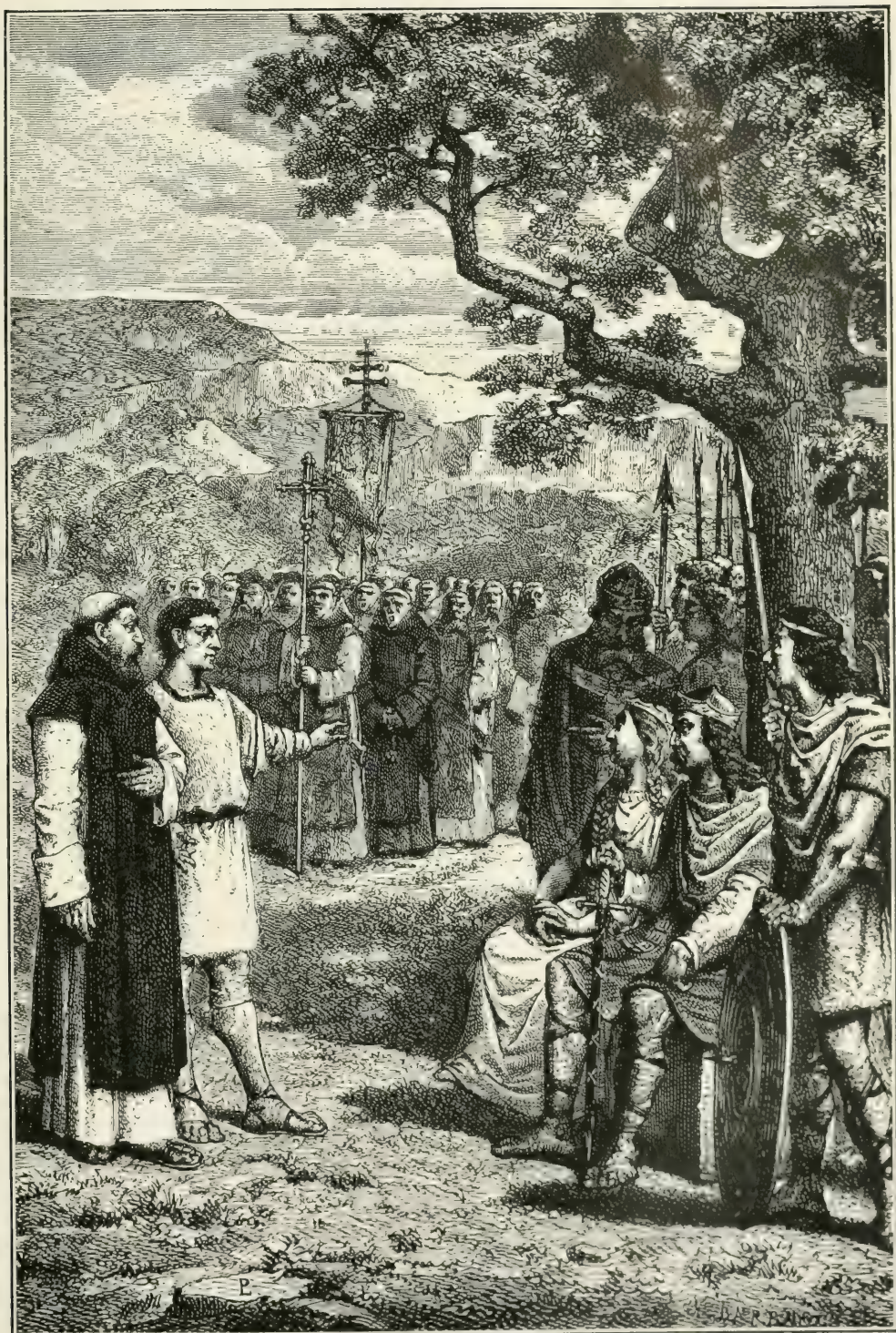
Alfred's visit to Rome is supposed to have lasted about two years, and with this visit no doubt should be associated the main part of his formal education. He probably acquired a fair knowledge of Latin, and thus gained the key to the learning accessible at the time. There, too, he must have imbibed that fondness for literature which led him to translate what he looked upon as the classics in science, literature, and religion. On his way home, he remained for some months with his father at the Court of Charles the Bald, King of the Western Franks, and there he tasted of the best phases of mediæval monarchy.

When Æthelwulf and his son left the court of Charles the Bald, the father was past sixty years of age, and took with him as his bride Judith, the daughter of Charles, a maiden not more than twelve. His people refused to receive him, for the leaders of Wessex had sworn an oath to bestow the crown upon his son Æthelbald. The father complacently accepted the situation and withdrew to Kent, where he ruled as under-king for two years. His death was followed by the scandalous marriage of his widow to Æthelbald, but to neither did she bear any children, and her second husband passed away in 860.

At this point an interesting fact must be noted. Returning to her father, Judith eloped with Baldwin I., of Flanders, and from the couple descended the Matilda, daughter of Baldwin V. of Flanders, who became the wife of William the Conqueror. Alfred's daughter married Judith's son, and thus was framed the link which binds King Edward VII. to his illustrious predecessor of more than a thousand years ago.

Æthelwulf set up for the first time in English history the claim to bequeath the crown as he chose. He willed that at his death it should pass to Æthelstan, his eldest son, then to Æthelbald, to Æthelred, and thence to Alfred, the children of each being excluded. Æthelbert, standing in order of age between Æthelbald and Æthelred, was to remain after his father's death under-king of Kent.

While this arrangement suited the persons chiefly concerned, it by no means suited the Witan, who, seeing the need of a united kingdom as a protection against the Danes, set the will aside, and decided to take their kings in order from the royal family. A condition as unparalleled as it was fortunate was that there was not a spark of jealousy among the brothers. Whoever was



king was certain to receive the loyal support of the others. When Æthelbald died in 860, Æthelbert was called from Kent, and his rule extended over both that province and Wessex. Six years later, Æthelred, his brother, succeeded. Alfred was at that time seventeen years old, and was emphatically the right-hand man of the king, serving as his chief of staff in war, as chief minister in peace, and signing all royal warrants next to the king,—and all this without a taint of envy or lukewarmness. Fortunate indeed it was that such was the case, for a momentous crisis in the history of England was at hand. During the first three years of Æthelred's reign, the Danes swarmed over Northumbria and East Anglia, and were preparing to overrun Mercia and Wessex.

The first encounter of Alfred with the Danes took place in 868, before he was yet king, and when he was in his twentieth year. About the same time he was married to the daughter of Ethelred Mucil, Earl of the Gainas, the people whose name still appears in that of the town of Gainsborough.

At Alfred's wedding he was seized with a distressing affliction which was beyond the skill of the best physicians of the time. Most probably the ailment was epilepsy, so that through the most trying years of his trying life, when engaged upon his grand work, he was liable at any moment to be taken with an epileptic fit. The affliction cannot fail to stir our sympathy and deepen our admiration of the wonderful man.

In this same year of 868, the Danes withdrew from Northumberland and invaded Mercia, whose people in their panic appealed to Wessex for help. Æthelred and Alfred lost no time in responding, but the campaign brought nothing conclusive. The Danes clung to the fortified town of Nottingham, but accepted a bribe to let Mercia alone for the time, while they pushed into East Anglia, which was conquered in 870. A year later, the Danes, uniting with some Norwegian Vikings or "Sea Kings," sailed up the Thames and besieged Reading. The royal brothers led the brave men of Wessex to the defence of the place, but, though successful at first, were decisively overcome in a great battle. Before long, however, the Danes were disastrously defeated to the westward. They rallied and advanced against Winchester, the capital of Wessex. They were successful at Basing, but met such determined resistance that they advanced no farther into Hampshire. In the next battle Æthelred was mortally wounded, and, the West Saxon forces withdrawing, the Danes remained masters of the field.

A few weeks after the accession of Alfred, he encountered the Danes again. He surprised them at first, but in the end was repulsed. The enemy, however, had never faced such sturdy resistance, nor suffered such severe losses. Indeed, they were as tired of the fighting as were the English, and it did not take long to agree upon terms of peace. Alfred had to pay a heavy price, for

he was obliged to debase the coinage, and to lay so grievous a tax upon land owners that many of them surrendered their lands to the King in preference to paying the tax. The Danes withdrew from Reading and turned their attention to London, which at that time was looked upon as belonging to Mercia rather than to Wessex. The three years' respite that followed was enjoyed by Wessex only, and London remained in the hands of the Danes until finally reconquered by Alfred.

The Danes divided Mercia among them in 877. The culmination of Danish influence in Midland England was in the five Danish boroughs, Derby, Leicester, Nottingham, Lincoln, and Stamford, which appear to have formed some sort of a confederation. In the Norse settlement of Northumbria, Halfdene, a Norwegian king, son of Lodroc, drove out the Picts and Strathclyde Britons, who were becoming aggressive on the Northumbrian borders. Perhaps it was fear of these people that prevented his settling in Bernicia, the country now known as the Eastern Lowlands of Scotland, but in southern Northumbria Halfdene divided the lands among his followers, and all the province of Deira became Scandinavian.

Alfred saw that his little kingdom could be saved only by sea, and that the relentless invaders of his country must be defeated upon the water or not at all. He must be able to watch their coming, so as to give warning, and must intercept their supplies and cut off their retreat. So it came about that, during the three years' breathing spell, he called into existence the first English navy.

Where he obtained the vessels is not known, for the evidence points to the last of his reign as the beginning of shipbuilding in England. He may have hired the ships from the Northmen or from the Frisians, whom he employed later. Be that as it may, he was able to stop a Danish fleet heading for the Thames, and to send it scurrying away. Stealing along the coast, the enemy found a landing-place at Wareham in Dorsetshire. The alert Alfred immediately set to work to blockade them, and the frightened Danes were glad to make a treaty by which they promised "speedily to depart his kingdom." But they found pretexts for breaking their pledge, and, seizing Exeter, held it throughout the winter of 876-877. In the following spring, a Danish fleet of more than a hundred vessels sailed round the coast with the intention of reinforcing their countrymen blockaded in Exeter. But at Swanade a severe tempest dashed all the ships upon the rocks. This wrested the control of the Channel from the invaders, and the garrison at Exeter were helpless before Alfred. The Danes saw they were defeated, and surrendered on the promise of being permitted to leave Wessex. They passed into Mercia and divided some of the choicest lands in Gloucestershire and Warwickshire among themselves.

According to the rules of warfare of those days, this was the end for a time



of all campaigning. Not doubting it, the West Saxon army was disbanded, and the men returned to their farms, believing no more fighting would be required, at least before the return of fair weather. But, without warning, the Danes swarmed over the Mercian border and surprised Wessex. They came like an inundation of the sea, spreading everywhere. In no place was there the slightest preparation for their coming. If ever the term "unpreparedness" was justified, it was as applied to the West Saxons, many of whom, looking upon further resistance as hopeless, fled. In the quaint words of the chronicler, "Mickle of the folk over the sea they drove, and of the others the most deal they rode over; all but King Alfred; he with a little band hardly fared after the woods and in the moor-fastnesses." A few brave followers in Hampshire, Wiltshire and Somerset still clung to Alfred, but for a long time it looked as if all the rest of Wessex was to pass unresisting into the possession of the Danes.

It is hard to conceive of a monarch driven to sorer straits than King Alfred, during those gloomy days. Followed by his still faithful band, he plunged into the swamps and forests of Somersetshire, so hidden in the tangled depths, with which his men were familiar, that his enemies could not trace him to his hiding-place. The story is told that he spent some days in the hut of a neatherd, who knew his identity, but, at Alfred's request, kept the secret from his wife. One day when Alfred was mending his bow and arrows, the wife set some cakes to bake at the fire, and bade their guest watch and turn them while she went out for a brief time. When she came back, Alfred was still busy with his weapons and doubtless pondering upon weighty matters, while the cakes were burnt to a crisp. The angry housewife soundly scolded him, saying that one who was so ready to eat other people's food, ought to show enough appreciation to do the little work she had asked of him.

Between the opening of the year and Easter, 878, Alfred threaded his way to a piece of firm ground in the middle of the marshes, formed by the Parret and the Tone. The position was very strong naturally, and he made his headquarters at Athelney, whence he began a guerrilla warfare through which he inflicted considerable damage on the enemy. Whether the story be true or not, it is related that, in order to learn the intentions of the Danes, Alfred visited their camp in the guise of a minstrel or juggler, and stayed a full week, entertaining them and their king, Guthrum, with his music. When he had learned all he wished to know, he quietly departed, without having once drawn suspicion to himself.

Before long Alfred's followers had so increased that he did not shrink from facing his enemies in the open field. The two forces met at Eddington, near Westbury, and the Danes suffered defeat. After two weeks' siege, Guthrum

surrendered on terms that were an immense triumph to the West Saxons. The invaders agreed to give Alfred as many hostages as he demanded, receiving none in return; they were to quit Wessex forever, and Guthrum announced himself prepared to turn Christian and be baptized. In the treaty afterward concluded at Wedmore, the boundaries between Danish and English Britain were defined. The rights of Alfred were established over all of Wessex, Kent, and London, and a large district extending into Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire.

It was not until 886, however, that the little Saxon chiefs all over England, recognizing Alfred's ability and power, came to him voluntarily, and, placing their hands in his, acknowledged him as their lord. In the same year Alfred was able to begin rebuilding London. He reconstructed the Roman walls with material provided by the church of St. Alban. He rebuilt the bridge spanning the Thames, and, to provide means for defending the structure, raised a tower, on whose site William the Conqueror afterward built the Tower of London. Being secure now in the possession of the town, the English had no trouble in holding the Thames, and that protected Kent, Wessex, and Mercia.

A tremendous test of Alfred's material work for England came in 893-896, when Hasting, the Northman, landed an army in Britain. The Danes already settled in East England formed an open alliance with Hasting, but the formidable force, after several defeats at the hands of Alfred, finally broke to fragments, and in 897 the grave danger to Wessex vanished, for the time. The last days of the illustrious Alfred closed in peace and tranquillity, the entry in the English Chronicle being as follows:

"This year (901) died Alfred, son of Æthelwulf, six days before the Mass of All Saints. He was king over the whole English nation, except that part which was under the dominion of the Danes. He held the kingdom one year and a half less than thirty years. And then Edward, his son, succeeded to the kingdom." *

Alfred's services to England were those of a patriot and statesman as well as warrior. The code of laws which he compiled in 890 was prefaced by the Ten Commandments, and closed with the Golden Rule, and he remarked, referring to the former: "He who keeps them shall not need any other law book." He first made a collection of the Kentish and West Saxon and Mercian statutes, which amended those that had descended unwritten. The laws of Kent included the *Dooms of Æthelbert*, the additions of his successors, those of Ine of Wessex (a predecessor of Alfred), and the judgments of Offa, the great Mercian king. Alfred added to these a number of his own laws, which

* The length of Alfred's reign, however, is incorrectly stated, since it lacked only a few weeks of thirty years.



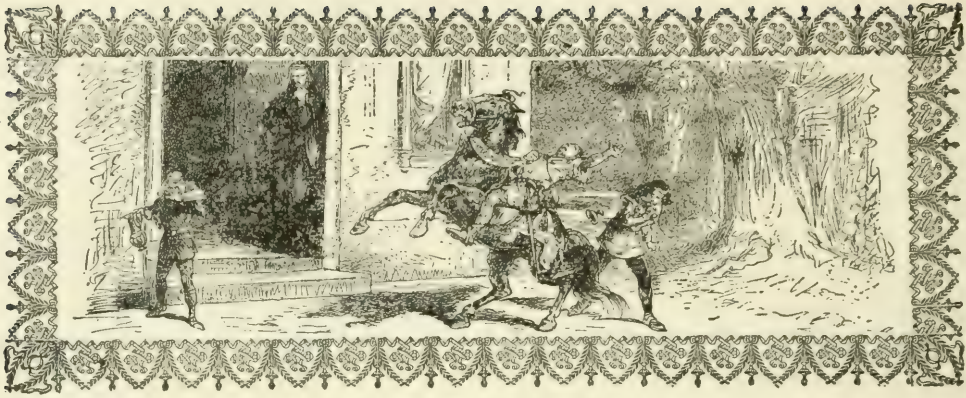
were decreed to be in force in all three kingdoms,—Kent, Wessex, and English Mercia. His laws formed the groundwork of the judicial system of the Welsh, the West Saxons, and the Mercians.

But it is said that the real services of Alfred the Great to his people lay less in the framing and codifying of the laws, than in the enforcing of them. He made it clear to his people that the supreme power of the ruler was buttressed by the judicial system, and the executive authority would be used to the utmost to enforce obedience. The effect was immeasurable for good.

Not only did this extraordinary man rebuild London, but his constructive genius was stamped all through Wessex. A considerable part of the royal revenue was paid to the workmen whom he brought from other nations, for, wherever he could command ability, he cheerfully paid the price. You may see to-day in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford an illustration of his goldsmith's skill in the specimen known as "King Alfred's Jewel," which is a polished crystal of an oval form, a little more than two inches in length, and half an inch in thickness, inlaid with a green and yellow mosaic enamel. It may have been a part of the King's sceptre. The quaint inscription means,—
"Alfred ordered me to be made."

The British Museum contains 452 coins issued under Alfred, his money having been coined at Bath, Canterbury, Exeter, Gloucester, Winchester, London, and Oxford. The artistic work upon these coins is inferior to that shown in earlier as well as later pieces. The work, however, of the illuminators and writers of manuscripts was excellent. There is preserved a manuscript produced by the monks of Alfred's monastery at Winchester, as well as a volume of Gospels written at Canterbury, which are not excelled by anything done in Europe at that period.

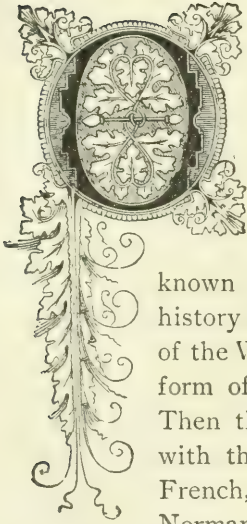
Centuries were yet to come and go before printing would be thought of, and a written volume was worth a moderate fortune. Alfred caused a number of books to be copied and distributed for the instruction of his people. Among these was his translation of the Universal History of Orosius, which was written near the opening of the fifth century. Others were the translation of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History of the English," "The Pastoral Care" of Gregory the Great, and another book by him called the "Dialogues." Several volumes have been named as bearing the stamp of the King's mind, but investigation throws doubt upon the claim. It is more than probable, however, that the "List of Martyrs" was composed during his time, and also the work known as the "Blooms or Blossoms of King Alfred," which is an adaptation of St. Augustine's "Soliloquies," and of his Epistles to Paulina in the "Vision of God," together with extracts from his "City of God," and from Gregory and Jerome.



THE DEATH OF EDWARD THE MARTYR

Chapter CIII

THE LATER SAXONS.



N the death of Alfred his followers raised on a shield, as their king, his eldest son Edward, surnamed The Elder, an able and ambitious soldier. He became King of all the English, the ruler of that people to the Humber, and lord of all Britain. The most important event of his reign was the effect produced upon England by the marauding leader of the Northmen, known by various names, and of whom you have learned in the history of France as Rollo the Ganger. Charles the Simple, King of the West Franks, bought peace of Rollo by a large bribe, in the form of an extensive tract of land at the mouth of the Seine. Then the pirate turned Christian and became a fairly good ruler, with the title of Duke of the Normans, as the name became in French, while the territory which he obtained was known as Normandy.

Edward passed away in 925, and his eldest son Æthelstan reigned until 940. Three years before his death, he and his brother Edmund gained a crushing victory over a Danish king from Ireland and the Scots, Danes, and Welsh of the north, so that in the end there was only one king in all England. His son, Edward the Magnificent, after reigning brilliantly for six years, was stabbed to death by a banished outlaw, who had forced himself to the royal board, and fought viciously when the King and others attempted to eject him. Since the sons of Edmund were still quite young, his brother Edred, who had a sickly body but a strong mind, was chosen king. The wisest act of Edred was to



take as his adviser Dunstan, the Archbishop of Canterbury, a man of remarkable ability, who gave all his energy to carrying forward true reform.

When Dunstan was a boy he lived near the village of Glastonbury, where his father, who was a rich man, had a large number of serfs to till the land. The monks in the neighborhood were attracted by the bright wit of the lad, and took pains in instructing him. He became so learned that his fame reached the King, who called him to his court. But when the courtiers saw how superior Dunstan was to them, they were jealous and treated him so roughly that he angrily went home. He had been pulled from his horse and flung into a pond, the effects of which threw him into a brain fever. When he recovered, he became a monk. He was not only profoundly learned for the time, but he could sing well and play the harp; besides which he painted beautiful pictures, and was a cunning worker in metals. He was so kind and sympathetic that all loved him deeply, though many looked upon him with such awe that they believed he had power over evil spirits, and in an encounter with the devil had put him to flight. You will not forget that in those far-away days, and indeed for a long time after, the people were superstitious to an absurd degree.

Dunstan however, was as much human as you and I. One of his failings was a quick temper, which often got him into trouble even after he became Archbishop of Canterbury and chief adviser of the King, who more than once was obliged to send him away. But Dunstan was so able and honest that it was not long before he was brought back again.

Now at that time there were two classes of clergy in England,—the regular and the secular. The regulars, or monks, lived in the monasteries, apart from the world, and were forbidden to marry, while the seculars lived in the world and were allowed to marry. The discipline among the regulars had become very lax. Many of them were married and some were lazy and wicked. Dunstan insisted that none of the clergy, whether secular or regular, should marry. He impressed upon them the necessity of leading better lives, and laboring for the good of their fellow-men. He taught them to study painting and music, hushed the quarrels between the English and the Danes, and altogether did a blessed work for his country and for his fellow-men. He was virtually sovereign during the reign of the licentious Edgar (950—975), and it was his wise policy which procured for Edgar the title of the *Pacific*.

A good deal of disorder followed the death of Edgar in 975, and there was a bitter quarrel as to which of the King's sons should succeed him,—Edward, about twelve years old, or Æthelred, who was six years younger. The elder was finally fixed upon, and Elfrida, the mother of the younger, was mortally incensed, for she had set her heart upon obtaining the crown for Æthelred. She

had, however, no choice but to submit, and she did so with the best grace she could.

Dunstan was still the real king, and it was he who placed the crown upon young Edward's head. The dark stepmother, standing by, vowed a vengeance which was not long delayed. While King Edward was hunting one day, in Dorsetshire, he spurred ahead of his attendants and reached Corfe Castle, where his stepmother lived. The young king blew his hunting-horn, and Elfrida hurried out beaming with smiles: "Dear King, you are welcome," she said, "pray dismount and come in!" I am afraid, my dear madam," he replied, "that my company will miss me and think I have come to some harm. I will be glad to drink a cup of wine here in the saddle to you and my little brother."

Elfrida hurried into the castle to get the wine, and reappeared in a few minutes bearing it in her hand. The King reached down, smilingly took the cup, and lifting it to his lips, said, "Health to you both," including in the wish little Æthelred, whose hand was clasped in that of his mother. At that moment, an armed attendant of the Queen, who had stolen around unnoticed to the rear of the King, leaped forward and buried a dagger in his back. The King dropped the cup, and his startled horse dashed off. Weakened from the loss of blood, the dying King soon toppled from the saddle, but his foot caught in the stirrup, and he was cruelly dragged over the stones, until his friends came up with the exhausted animal and released the body. The man who had slain the King had been ordered to do so by Elfrida, when she re-entered the castle to bring out the cup of wine. Because of the manner of his death, Edward is called the Martyr. His great adviser Dunstan retired to Canterbury and devoted himself solely to religious duties until his death in 988.

Æthelred succeeded his murdered brother on the throne. He was surnamed *The Unready*, and was a worthless creature who gave himself up to all manner of vicious pleasures. When the Danes began again their invasions of the country, the cowardly Æthelred and his friends resorted to the disgraceful practice of buying them off. This pleased the robbers, who took the money and then came again, sure of receiving each time a big bribe from the terrified and cringing English. The heavy taxes which it was necessary to impose were called Danegeld, or Dane-money. Of course this could not go on forever, and when the end of his resources was reached, the worthless Æthelred took refuge with Duke Richard the Good, of Normandy, whose sister he had married.

Finally in 1013, Sweyn, the Dane, conquered all England. He died the following year, and then Æthelred was recalled, but he too soon died, and the war went on between his son Edmund, surnamed Ironsides, and Canute, son of Sweyn. Thus there were two kings in the country. Edmund put up a brave



fight, but in the end agreed to accept Wessex, East Anglia, Essex, and London for his share, while the Dane took all the rest. Edmund, however, had reigned only seven months (April 23–November 30, 1016), when he died, and Canute or Cnut became the first fully acknowledged Danish king of England, his rule lasting from 1017 to 1035.

Canute began his reign with great harshness, banishing or putting to death the leading Englishmen who had fought against him; but this severity did not last. He soon sought the good-will of the people. Perhaps you have read how he rebuked the courtiers who, in flattering his greatness, declared that even the sea would obey him. He had them place his chair on the edge of the waves and commanded the rising tide to come no nearer. When it steadily rose despite his order, he said some sensible things to the silly flatterers.

Canute's plan was to form a mighty empire which included Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and England. He divided England into four districts or earldoms,—Wessex, Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumbria, each ruled by an earl, with absolute authority. The plan began well, but mutual jealousy brought friction, until the safety of the country was imperilled.

Canute visited his different possessions, but dwelt most in England, of which he became very fond. He seems to have been a worthy Christian, for he showed a reverence for all that was good, and one day wrote to his subjects: "I have vowed to God to live a right life in all things, to rule justly and piously over my realm, and to administer just judgment to all."

When Canute died England was divided between his two sons Harold and Hardicanute. By this time, however, the people had become tired of their Danish rulers. The Great Council of the Witan sent for Edward, the son of Æthelred, whom they wished to have as their king. He had been taken to the French or Norman court when only nine years old, and had spent nearly thirty years there, so that in feeling and sentiment he was a Norman. He took with him to England a number of French favorites, filled the churches with French priests, and in short ruled like the Frenchman he really was. He even went so far as to give his pledge to Duke William of Normandy, that on his death he would leave the English crown to the Norman duke. The latter, as you will presently learn, never forgot this promise, though Edward chose to disregard it.

Edward married the daughter of Godwin, Earl of Wessex, who was the real ruler of the country until his death in 1053, when he was succeeded by his son Harold as earl. The nominal King gave his thoughts to church affairs, and spent a long time in building an abbey at the west end of London, which was called Westminster. A part of the building may still be seen in the basement of the present magnificent abbey. His life was so blameless that he gained the name of Edward the Confessor, or the Christian. Hardly had

Edward completed and dedicated his Abbey, when he died and was buried there. On his death-bed, Edward, despite his solemn promise to the Duke of Normandy, and in view of the fact that he had no children, recommended Harold, Earl of Wessex, as his successor. His advice was followed. The Witan, or National Council, selected Harold as king, and he was crowned January 16, 1066.

Before taking up the important events that now quickly followed, it will be instructive to study the social conditions of England during that period, and the years that preceded it. The government rested in an elective sovereign, who was aided by the council of the Witan, or Wise Men. All freemen had the right to attend this council, but the power really rested in a few of the nobles and clergy. The body could elect the king, but were required to limit their choice to the royal family. If he proved unfit, the Witan had the power to depose him. That body confirmed grants of public lands, and was a supreme court of justice in civil and criminal cases. In conjunction with the king, the Witan enacted laws, levied taxes, and appointed the chief officers and bishops of the realm.

The freemen were compelled to help in the maintenance of roads, bridges, and forts, and were obliged to serve in case of war. Besides the earls, who were nobles by birth, there was a class called *thanes*, or servants, or companions of the king, who after a time outranked the hereditary nobility. Both classes were rewarded by the king for faithful services, or for valorous deeds, and this reward was generally in the form of land, since the king owned no end of that. The condition attached to such a gift was the obligation of the receiver to provide a certain number of equipped soldiers to fight for the donor. The nobles and large landholders, imitating the king, gave certain parts of their estates in the same way to tenants, and they in turn, if they chose, could do the same to those below them. This constituted the *Feudal System*, by which every freeman below the rank of a noble was obliged to attach himself to some superior whom he was bound to serve, and who in return became his legal protector. It grew to be the common practice of the small landholders, particularly during the Danish invasion, to claim the protection of some neighboring lord, who was thus placed at the head of a strong force of armed followers. The freeman gave up his land, but got it back on favorable conditions. It must be remembered, however, that the feudal system was incomplete in England until after the Norman conquest, when it was firmly fixed.

A system of guilds grew up with the cities and towns. They were associations for mutual benefit such as are common in these times. The peace-guilds furnished a voluntary police force for preserving order and punishing criminals. A contribution from each member served as a partial insurance for



losses by fire, and they carefully looked after the protection against thieves, and the good behavior of their own members. At a later period the merchant-guilds were organized, and acquired great wealth and prominence. There were also various social and religious guilds.

The kingdom was divided into townships, hundreds (so-called because each furnished a hundred soldiers or supported a hundred families), and counties or shires. The king's officer, called a shire-reeve or sheriff, gathered the taxes due the crown, and looked after the execution of the laws. The same system was followed in the hundreds and townships.

Since the nation had its assembly of wise men who constituted a high court, so each shire, hundred, and town had its court open to all freemen. In these, without special judge, and without any lawyers, the disputes were settled by a vote of the whole body. Two methods were followed. The accused might secure acquittal by compurgation, that is, purifying or freeing himself of guilt. He would swear he was not guilty, and then get a number of neighbors to swear they believed his oath. If this did not satisfy his judges, he could bring witnesses to swear to some special fact, but the value of a man's oath depended upon his rank, that of a noble being equal to the oaths of twelve common men.

Failing to clear himself by this means, the accused was compelled to submit to the "ordeal." This generally consisted of carrying a piece of hot iron a short distance, stepping over heated plough shares separated by brief intervals, or thrusting the bare arm to the elbow in boiling water. If the ordeal was passed without injury to the accused, he was declared innocent and no punishment followed. Since it cannot be supposed that the laws of nature were suspended for the benefit even of a guiltless person, this test in reality was worthless. The vindication of a person subjected to the ordeal was dependent wholly upon accident, or skill, or, what was quite as frequent, the connivance of those in charge of the test. Perhaps it would be correct to say that the jury was "fixed," for it amounted to that.

Most of the penalties inflicted in these courts consisted of fines, a pecuniary value being attached to each man's life, with that of a freeman about one-twelfth a nobleman's. A slave was not allowed to testify in court nor could he be punished by the court. When convicted of crime, his owner paid the fine, and then evened up matters by taking out the value with the lash from the back of the slave. While murder could be requited by a fine, treason was punishable with death.

By "common law" was meant the ancient customs, few of which had been reduced to writing, in distinction from the laws made since by legislative bodies. These customs form the basis of the present system of justice in America as well as in England.

It followed inevitably that the introduction of Christianity did vast good in lifting the fallen, elevating the oppressed, teaching the virtues of self-sacrifice and labor for one's fellow-men, in building monasteries, encouraging education and industry, and in holding out the surety of a reward in a future life for the good done in this life.

A peculiar practice that grew up in those times was that which gave the "right of sanctuary," as it was called. The churches were held in profound veneration, and it was decreed that any one fleeing thither for refuge could not be seized until forty days had expired, during which period he had the choice of leaving the kingdom and going into exile. While this right doubtless defeated many schemes of savage vengeance, it grew into a travesty upon justice, for scores of ruffians, robbers, and murderers took advantage of it to defy the law. Although modified a number of times, the right of sanctuary was not really abolished until 1624, when James I. was King of England.

I have shown in my account of the feudal system how the army was organized, although at first there was a national militia founded upon the obligation of all the freemen to fight for their country. The Saxons invariably fought on foot, their principal weapons being the spear, javelin, battle-axe, and sword. They wore helmets and a sort of flexible armor, composed of iron rings or thick leather covered with iron scales or small plates. There was nothing resembling a navy until the time of Alfred.

The language of the Saxons resembled the Low-German of the present day. The written characters were called *runes*, which means secrets or mysteries. On a drinking-horn found on the Danish-German frontier is cut the following, which scholars agree is fully 1,500 years old:

Ek Hlewagastir. Holtinger. horna. tarwido

This reproduction in English characters means:

"I, Hlewagastir, son of Holta, made the horn."

Christianity brought the Latin alphabet, and the runic characters disappeared. Ranking with the first of the English books was the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," which is a history beginning with the Roman invasion under Cæsar, and closing in the year 1154. Among other early books were Cædmon's poem of the Creation, and Bede's history of Britain. Bede, or Beda, as he is sometimes called, was born at Durham, in 673, and thirty years later was ordained to the priesthood, having already obtained a wide reputation for learning and piety. He spent his life in the quiet retirement of the monastery at Yarrow, and devoted his time to studying and writing. His "Ecclesiastical History of England" was written in Latin and translated into English by Alfred the Great.



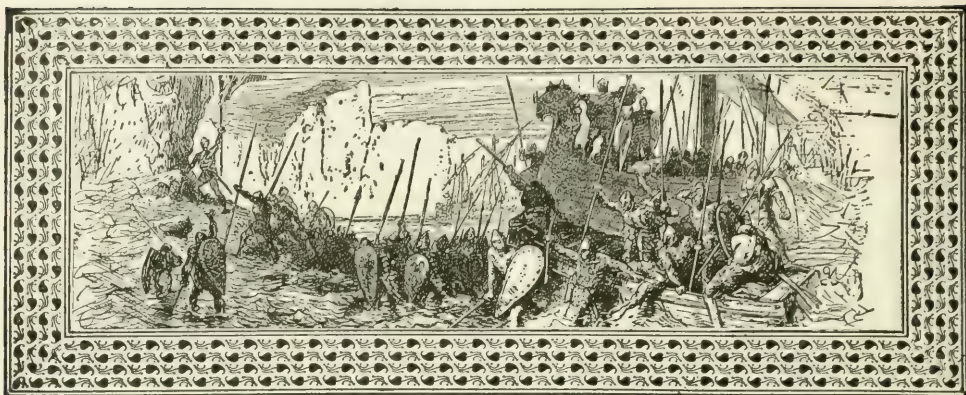
The earliest printed edition appeared in 1474. Another work of Bede was a Saxon translation of the Gospel of St. John.

The English displayed great skill as workers in metal, and in the illumination of manuscripts. Some of the latter that have come down to us are exquisite specimens of the perfection attained by the monks in the use of the pen, and the artistic arrangement of the gold, silver, and brilliant colors used in ornamenting books. A monk would spend months and years in patient work on one of these volumes, which were the pride and delight of those who owned them.

The women were wonderfully expert in weaving fine linen and embroidering tapestry, but the scarcity of volumes limited book education to the few. Hundreds of the foremost men and women in the kingdom were unable to write their names, and they knew literally nothing of the great world which extended beyond the narrow confines of their own land. You will bear in mind that not one of the thousands of modern conveniences was known to these people who lived much less than a thousand years ago.

The early Saxons built their houses, as a rule, along the ancient Roman roads, and two or three houses might form a "town," for each dwelling, surrounded as it was by a rampart of earth set with a dense hedge of sharp stakes, with a deep ditch beyond, was a "tun," which means a fence or other inclosure. The buildings were of wood with no chimneys, but with a hole in the roof through which the smoke reached the outer air. The dwellings of the lords were called "halls," because they were made up mostly of a large hall or room, where the occupants and guests ate, sat, and sometimes slept on their beds of straw or skins spread on the rough floor. The owners whose wealth permitted decorated their walls with brilliant tapestry, shields, and suits of armor hung upon wooden pegs. The master dined on a raised platform, while his followers ate at a table on the lower floor. The chambers for the master and his family were outside the hall, and sometimes there were upper chambers for guests. The Saxons loved to drink as much as they did to fight, and when the enormous meal was finished and the horns of ale were passing round, the minstrels would twang their harps and sing their songs of battle, of love, or of wild adventure.

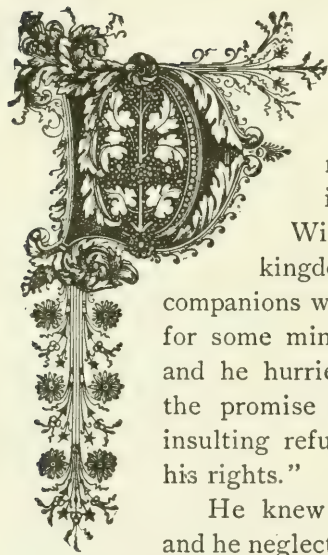




THE NORMANS ENTERING ENGLAND

Chapter CIV

THE NORMAN INVASION



DUKE WILLIAM of Normandy, overflowing with high spirits, was about to mount his horse to join his friends on a hunt, when a messenger rode up with the news of the death of King Edward in England, and the accession of Harold. Now William, you will remember, had been promised the kingdom. Instantly his face became a thundercloud. His companions were so frightened that they dared not speak to him for some minutes. But soon his tempestuous rage subsided, and he hurried off a demand to Harold that he should respect the promise made by the dead king. Harold's reply was an insulting refusal, and the indignant Duke resolved to "strike for his rights."

He knew what a stupendous task he had taken on his hands, and he neglected nothing in the way of preparation. He called his Norman barons round him, and promised large grants of land to all who would help him. Since most of the Normans were fond of fighting and adventure, and there was a promise of substantial rewards, they flocked in large numbers to his banner. He hired soldiers from other nations, and spent the spring and summer in getting everything in readiness for his great campaign. Not meaning to neglect anything, he sent to the Pope asking his favor, and it came back with a consecrated banner which was to be carried by the army. Just as the sun was creeping up in the horizon on September 27, 1066, Duke William's fleet and transports sailed out into the Channel, his own vessel in the lead,



with the sacred banner fluttering at the masthead. His archers and cavalry numbered more than 50,000.

Now another Harold, who was a Goliath of a warrior and King of the Norwegians, had landed in the north of England, and was joined by the brother of the English King, who had been exiled because of his brutal government of Northumberland. It was rather curious that the Norwegian and the English kings should bear the same name. The opposing armies crashed together at Stamford Bridge, on September 25, with the result that the Norwegians were routed, and their leaders, including the brother of the English King, slain.

The English Harold was in high feather over his victory, and held a great feast at York to celebrate it, but in the midst of the merrymaking a messenger galloped up with the astounding word that Duke William had landed at Pevensey. Harold did not waste any more time in celebrating, but, gathering his forces, hurried southward, and camped on the heights of Senlac. Meanwhile, William had landed and built a fort, from which he advanced to Hastings a few miles farther east. No enemy appearing, he began plundering the surrounding country, and was thus employed when Harold arrived with his army on the evening of October 13. Full of confidence, the Saxons spent the night in feasting and song, while the Normans engaged in prayer and confession.

The great battle of Hastings opened on the following morning and raged furiously. A huge Norman knight rode forward in advance of his comrades, singing and tossing his great sword high in the air, catching it as it fell. A Saxon rushed forward to meet him and was slain. Then the two armies joined in battle, the Normans attacking, the Saxons defending. Twice the invaders were beaten back. A rumor spread that Duke William was slain, and his men began to flee. Throwing aside his helmet that all might see his face, he galloped among the fugitives and checked them with his voice and lance, threatening death if they did not turn again to battle. Then he bade his archers shoot into the air, so that their descending arrows fell like rain upon the unprotected heads of the Englishmen. King Harold fell, pierced through the brain by an arrow and bleeding from countless wounds. Still the sturdy Saxons held their ground, and William resorted to another stratagem. He made his most trusted troops feign flight. The foe broke ranks in a furious pursuit; and the better trained Normans, turning unexpectedly upon the charging mob, scattered the English in confusion. Still, however, they struggled on, each little detached group fighting for itself, until night enabled the remnant to escape from the field of death. England had been conquered in one of the most desperate and bloody battles which history can recall.

The next day, Harold's old and tottering mother, with tears streaming down her withered cheeks, begged the body of her son, but the stern Duke

William would not permit it to have so much as a Christian burial. For a long time it was impossible to find the mangled corpse, and it was only with the help of Edith "of the swan's neck," a former favorite of the King, that it was picked out from the heaps of the slain. On the field of his great victory the Norman conqueror erected the Abbey of Battle, and tradition says he buried the body of his fallen foe under a pile of stones near the sea, whence it was removed by friends, and finally laid at rest at Waltham, near London, in the church (afterward Waltham Abbey) which Harold had built there.

With little delay William marched against London and burned the suburbs. The panic-stricken inhabitants, seeing no hope, threw open the gates without any defence. William repaid them by giving the city a charter which secured to it the same privileges that had been granted by Edward the Confessor. This interesting paper is still preserved among other documents in Guildhall, London. A striking fact connected with it is that William, unable to write his name, signed with his "mark." He was crowned on Christmas Day, 1066, in Westminster Abbey.

England having been so effectively conquered, William went back to Normandy, where by his appointment his Queen, Matilda, was at the head of affairs. Before leaving England, he placed it in charge of his half-brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, aided by a trusted friend William Fitz-Osborn, who had been made Earl of Hereford.

These two men were unfitted for the trust, and ruled so harshly that the people revolted and William found it necessary to return to England to quell the insurrection. It took several years and much desperate fighting to accomplish this, and the rebels, after being subdued, would not remain quiet. In 1069, the foreign barbarians swarmed into Northern England again and were aided by the English. William was never the most patient of men, and he was now so enraged that he swore to end the continual revolt by laying the country waste, and he kept the fearful oath. Villages, towns, dwellings, crops, cattle, everything beyond York and Durham, was destroyed, and the whole region so desolated that for nine years no one attempted to cultivate a foot of ground. More than a hundred thousand people perished of cold and starvation, during the winter that followed. It was an act of dreadful ferocity, and yet there seemed to be a grim necessity for it, since only thus could the country be saved from anarchy and barbarism.

William claimed that he had been the rightful King of England from the time of the death of his cousin, Edward the Confessor, and consequently all who had supported Harold were traitors whose lands he confiscated, thereby increasing his wealth beyond estimate, and making himself virtually the owner of the whole kingdom. His iron will brooked no restraint in any direction.



He built numerous strong castles in the different towns—the Tower of London being one of them. These were garrisoned with armed men to hold the surrounding people in subjection. The lands were divided mainly among his followers, so that at the close of his reign England had really only two classes of society—the Norman tenants or chief landholders, known as barons, and the English, who were so impoverished that nearly all of them held their lands under the barons. They were no longer free, and were known as *villeins*, who were bound to the soil and could be sold with it, but, unlike slaves, could not be sold apart from the land.

Within less than twenty years of his coronation, William ordered a survey and valuation to be made of all the land outside of London, with the exception of a few border counties on the north. These returns, which were complete to the minutest particular, were set down in an immense volume called the Domesday, or Domesday, Book.

In the summer following the preparation of this book (1086), William summoned all the nobles and chief landholders, with their vassals, to meet on Salisbury Plain, Wiltshire. There some 600,000 men solemnly swore to support him as king against even their own lords,—a sweeping and momentous proceeding, which made William supreme. Thus this great man completed his all-important work of blending and fusing together two peoples and civilizations. Still, as has been said, the English were not conquered by another race, but by a more vigorous branch of their own race.

At times there was not a drop of human pity in the breast of this remarkable King. When the people at Alençon hung hides on the city walls as an insult to his mother, who was the daughter of a tanner, he cut off the hands and tore out the eyes of the offenders, and had their bodies flung over the walls. He turned a beautiful tract of land thirty miles in extent into a hunting park, by driving out the people and burning their huts and churches, and he ordered that any man who hunted the royal game without permission should be blinded. Thus he showed the sea-wolf in his nature, though it was mingled at times with a strange gentleness which proved he was not wholly lacking in better qualities, and well earned for him the title of the "Lion of Justice." He did great good to England by infusing the vigor of his Norse nature into the decaying system, and by treating the poor and rich with the same rigid impartiality.

The Great Council, of which mention has been often made, seldom met, but there was need of a court to settle the disputes between the barons. So he organized the "King's Court," which was a smaller and more easily handled body. He sent judges through all parts of his kingdom to see that justice was done, to hear all complaints of the people, and make sure too that his wishes

were carried out. Whenever he paid a visit to Normandy, he left a prime minister called a "justiciar" to rule while he was away. It was because of this stern policy that many people came from other countries and settled in England. Among them were weavers and farmers from Flanders, who not only grew rich themselves, but added to the wealth of the country. Monks were drawn thither and led self-denying lives among the poor, who were greatly blessed by their ministrations. They built numerous abbeys, such as Fountains and Tintern, whose ruins still remain.

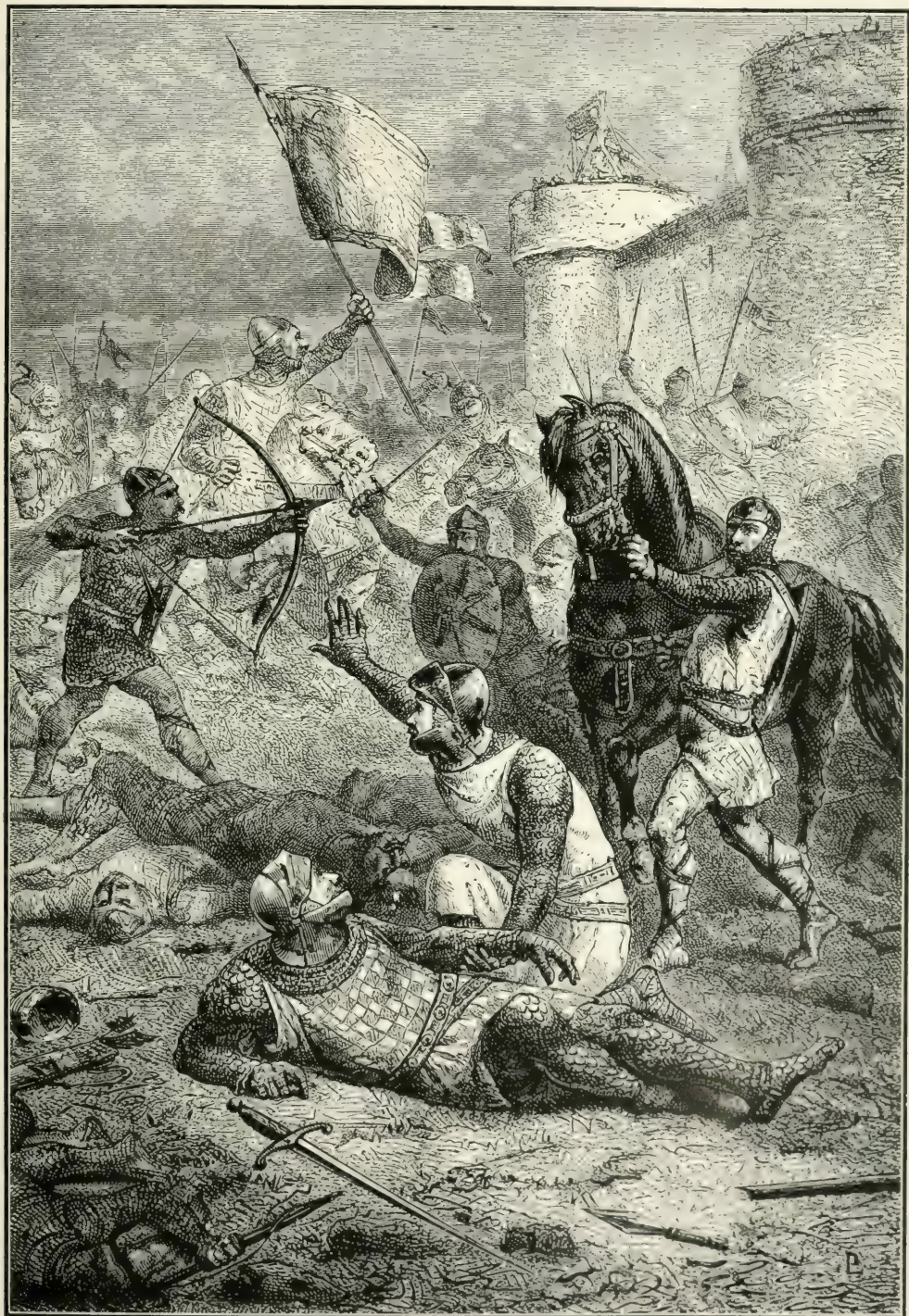
In 1087, William was so angered by a jest of the French King upon his bulky, awkward figure, that he set out to lay waste the borderland between France and Normandy. While riding through the ruins of Mantes, his horse stumbled and so injured him that he died some six weeks after. His oldest son, Robert, had rebelled against his father, and was not by the bedside of the dying king. To William, his second son, the Conqueror gave a letter advising that he be made King of England to the exclusion of his elder brother. The moment young William received this doubtful heritage, he set out for England to claim it, not stopping even to close the dying eyes of his father.

Henry, the third son, was given a fortune, and he also sped away to make sure of the inheritance. Thus the dying conqueror was left alone, and scarce was the breath out of his body when, legend tells us, the very servants deserted him, first plundering the apartment and even stripping from the death-bed its rich coverings, and tumbling to the floor the body of the mighty monarch.

Later, as his followers were preparing his burial at St. Stephen's Church, which he had built, a man stepped forward and forbade the interment, because he said William had taken the land on which the church stood from his father by violence, and he would not permit the lowering of the bier until payment was made of the debt. The body had to wait until the matter could be arranged. In the words of the old chronicle, "He who had been a powerful King, and the lord of so many territories, possessed not then of all his lands more than seven feet of earth," and even that did not become his until it was paid for.

Three sons, as we have seen, survived William the Conqueror, besides a daughter Adela who married Stephen, Count of Blois, a prominent French nobleman. Robert, the eldest son, secured Normandy. He had long been in revolt against his father, and at one time was disinherited. There is a story that father and son encountered, unknown to each other, upon the field of battle. Robert unhorsed his father, and would have slain him, but suddenly recognizing his defeated foe, knelt and asked for pardon. A partial reconciliation followed. It was soon broken again, but Robert was allowed to inherit Normandy.

William, the second son, called Rufus because of the color of his hair,



was accepted as King in England on his sudden appearance there. He had all his father's ability, but not his conscience. He was elected and crowned King, September 26, 1087, and reigned until 1100. Most of that period was spent in warring with the barons. He was a blasphemous wretch who revelled in all species of vice and gloried in his shame. His pledge to impose no unjust taxes was broken before he had been on the throne a year. His chief adviser was a Norman priest, Ralf, who was nicknamed *Flambard* or the *Torch*, and was afterward made Bishop of Durham. All the brain and energy of this man was employed in grinding out taxes and raising money for his monarch. It was said that the assassin standing on the scaffold, with the rope round his neck, could have it removed and himself set free, if he would assure the King of payment for the grace. Three years after William's accession, Lanfranc, the Archbishop of Canterbury, died, and, by the advice of Flambard, the King left the archbishopric vacant and used the revenues himself. He did the same thing with every office of the church, for which he expressed only scornful contempt.

Like the abject coward that he was, William had no sooner fallen grievously ill than he became terrified and hastened to undo to some extent the wrong he had done the priesthood. He sent for Anselm, the Abbot of Bec, deeply learned and holy, who was afterward canonized as a saint, and insisted upon his becoming archbishop. Anselm did not wish the honor, but his sense of duty impelled him to accept it. Then the King got well, and, as might have been expected, became the ferocious wretch he was before. The archbishop did not hesitate to reprove him as he deserved; there were several quarrels between them, and then Anselm withdrew and went to Rome.

It was during the reign of William that Christendom was filled with wrath by the news that the Saracens in the Holy Land treated with intolerable cruelty the multitudes of devout visitors, who were accustomed to make pilgrimages thither. The Pope proclaimed a Crusade, which set out in 1096 to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the Mohammedans. Among those caught in the thrill of the general ardor was Robert of Normandy, who mortgaged his dominions for five years to his brother, in order to raise the expenses of his share in the Crusade. As you have learned elsewhere, he set out for Palestine, while Normandy dropped like ripe fruit into the hands of William Rufus.

The latter was passionately fond of hunting. On the 2d of August, 1100, he was engaged at his favorite pastime in New Forest, with a number of friends. Some time later, some of his attendants found him dying in agony, from the shaft of a crossbow that had deeply pierced his body. Walter Tyrell, one of the party, was suspected of launching the missile, and saved his life only by fleeing to France. He always denied having fired the bolt, though

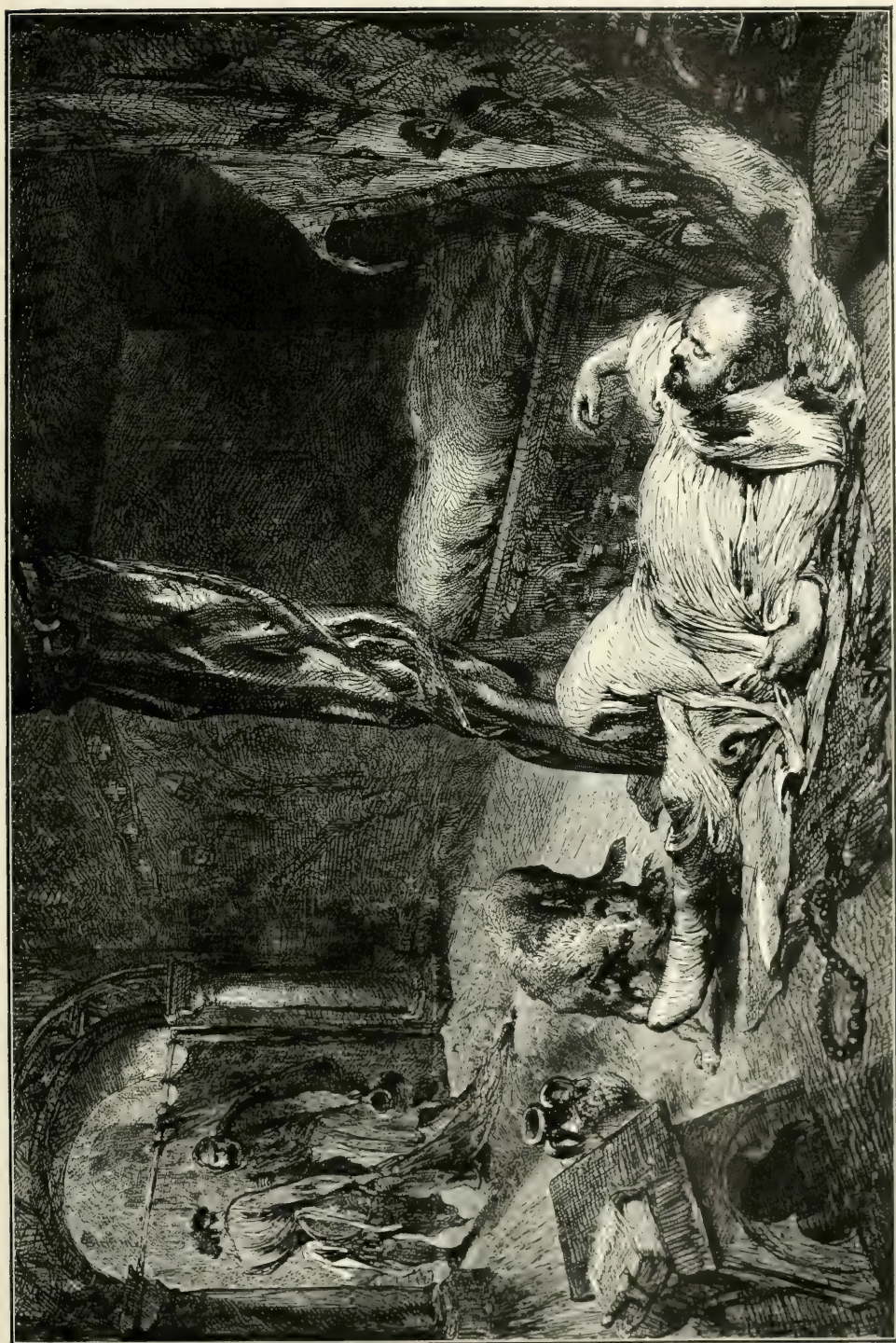
suspicion attached to him all his life. A charcoal-burner carried the King's body to Winchester, where it was buried without any religious ceremony, for, even in those days of license and easy-going religion, it was considered a sacrilege to bestow any rites upon such a frightful wretch, who had died unrepentant in the midst of his sins. The most that can be said for the reign of William Rufus was, that it checked the aggressions of the barons and prevented his kingdom from falling into the anarchy that existed on the continent.

It was now the turn of Henry, third son of William the Conqueror, to ascend the throne, he being the first of the Norman kings who was born and educated in England. He had enough of his father's administrative genius to carry out and complete the governmental plans which the Conqueror had organized. He created a Supreme Court, composed of his secretaries and royal ministers with a chancellor at the head. Another body was formed, representing the royal vassals who had been accustomed to meet together three times a year. You have heard of the "Barons of the Exchequer," but I am sure do not suspect the origin of the name. The top of the table around which this board assembled, was marked like a checker-board, and it was from this that the title came. Still another body was composed of a class of lesser nobles, and served as a poise to the haughty old nobility.

Anselm was recalled as Archbishop of Canterbury during the reign of Henry, and he looked after the rights of the Church so closely that a good many people feared the Pope was acquiring too much power in England. Henry quarrelled with Anselm, but in the end had to give way to his uncompromising will, for, though the settlement was in the nature of a compromise, yet it was a great victory for any one to gain a concession from the King.

Rufus and Henry carried out the plan of their father for holding Wales in subjection. This consisted of building castles on the frontiers and placing them in charge of nobles, to whom were granted all the lands they could conquer from the Welsh. The sons, in addition to this method, planted a colony of Flemish emigrants in the district of Ross in Pembrokeshire, where they gained wealth by weaving cloth and tilling the ground, and defeated every effort of the Welsh princes to expel them.

A pathetic incident is connected with the reign of Henry. His queen, Matilda, died in 1118, leaving a daughter, Matilda, and an only son. The latter was a proud and vicious youth, whose only merit was the manner of his death. In 1120, when nineteen years old, the ship in which he was crossing the Channel was wrecked. He had put off from the sinking vessel, when the shrieks of his half-sister caused him to row back to her rescue. So many leaped into his boat that it went down, and he and all the noble company were drowned. It



is said that from the moment the news was carried to King Henry, he never smiled again.

No children were born to the King, although he married again, and he decided to settle the crown on his widowed daughter Matilda. The barons were displeased at the thought of being ruled by a woman, but had to consent and swore to sustain her in the succession. Then her father compelled her to marry Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, a youth only sixteen years old. This young man was called "the Handsome," and always wore in his helmet a sprig of the broom-plant of Anjou. Because of this fact, their son Henry II. is known in history as *Planta-genet*, the Latin name of the plant being *Planta genista*.

Henry died in 1135, it is said, probably with truth, from gormandizing. Two candidates for the throne immediately came forward. One was his daughter Matilda and the other his nephew Stephen. Despite the pledge of the barons to support Matilda, the feeling against the rule of a woman was so strong that Stephen was allowed to assume the crown. Four years later Matilda landed in England, determined to see that the wish of her father was carried out. The west of England rallied to her support, while the east stood by Stephen, the allegiance of the barons being divided. Stephen himself was one of the barons who had promised to sustain the queen. The King of the Scots, who was Matilda's uncle, came over the border with an army to help her, and, since everybody, including the barons, was thinking only of his own selfish ends, you can understand what woful times came to England. The barons had built themselves strong castles, in which they lived as robber chieftains, without the slightest regard for the commands of God or the commonest rights of humanity. If one of them suspected some person had hidden wealth, he would seize the unfortunate and plunge him into a dungeon, there to live in filth, with toads and snakes crawling over him, and, if that did not force him to tell where his wealth was hidden, the poor wretch was tortured to death. The barons hated one another and fought back and forth, and ravaged the land until the helpless people died of starvation and exposure. It was unsafe to make the shortest journey over the highway, and it grew so that if a person caught sight of a stranger in the distance, he would fly from him at the top of his speed. No church, building, man, woman, or child was safe anywhere, and no wonder that many bitterly exclaimed that God and His saints slept.

It was in 1139 that Queen Matilda landed in England, and the civil war began in all its fury. At the beginning of 1141, Stephen was taken prisoner at Lincoln, was loaded with chains and shut up in Bristol Castle. Then Matilda entered London in triumph, but was so elated and scornful because of her success that every one became disgusted, and she was driven out before she could be crowned. Some months later, Stephen was exchanged for the Earl

of Gloucester, and the horrible war raged again. Matilda was besieged in Oxford Castle, from which she escaped a few days before Christmas by an audacious stratagem. The ground was white with snow, and late at night she wrapped herself in a cloak of the same color, and, accompanied by three knights, slipped past all the posts of the enemy, hurried over the river on the ice, and safely reached Wallingford Castle. The civil war was finally brought to an end by the bishops in 1153, with the agreement that Stephen should keep the kingdom for his life, and then should be succeeded by Henry, the eldest son of Matilda. Stephen died in the autumn of 1154. He was the last of the Norman kings, their combined reigns having covered almost a century.

Under the Normans, Trial by Battle was introduced in addition to the Ordeal, which prevailed among the Saxons. The former was a duel in which each combatant appealed to Heaven to give him victory. Noblemen fought in full armor on horseback, while common people fought on foot with clubs. In each instance, the combat was in the presence of judges and might last from sunrise till stargleam. When the dispute was between priests or women, they had the privilege of being represented by champions. Strange as it may seem, trial by battle was allowed, when claimed in 1817, though the combat did not take place, and the custom itself was abolished in 1819.

The Norman conquest did not materially affect the divisions of society, though nearly all the Saxons were compelled to surrender their rank and estates to the Normans. A noble was a member of the National Council, or, in the case of an earl, he represented the king in the government of a county or earldom. He was not exempted from taxation, and his rank could descend to only one of his children. As you will recall, the aristocracy in France were noble by birth, their rank passed to all their children, and they were generally exempt from taxation.

No changes were made in the organization of the Church during the Norman period, but the principal offices in it were also handed over to the Normans. Henry I. and the Archbishop of Canterbury disputed because of the provision of a special court for the trial of ecclesiastics. This law was not finally abolished until the opening of the nineteenth century. Knighthood was common, and had the knights actually been what they were in theory, they would have formed a perfect body of soldiery, and the most accomplished of gentlemen. The men of course fought as had the Saxons, the armor being the same, though improvements were gradually made in it. The army consisted of cavalry or knights, nearly all of whom were Normans, and of Saxon foot soldiers, who greatly outnumbered the horsemen.

Of education there was little worthy of the name. Learning was despised by the nobility, who looked upon fighting as the highest aim of life. Since



William the Conqueror could not write his own name, you may be sure that few of the knights surpassed him in book-knowledge. Learning was confined to the clergy, and the meagre schools were connected with the monasteries and nunneries. Few books were written, the principal ones being histories. The old Anglo-Saxon Chronicle was continued in English, and the Chronicles of William of Malmesbury and Henry of Huntington were written in Latin. The best account of the Norman conquest is the Bayeux Tapestry, worked in colored worsted and done by a woman, supposed by some to have been Queen Matilda. The length of the canvas is two hundred and fourteen feet, the width about twenty inches, and it consists of seventy-two scenes or pictures from which a clear knowledge can be gained of the armor, dress, and weapons of the period.

The Normans were fond of fine attire. Under Henry I. the fashion prevailed among the nobility of wearing the hair very long and curling it, after the style of the women. The clergy indignantly denounced the silly custom, and it is said that one Easter Sunday the priest, after thundering against it, strode down the aisle, and with a pair of shears cropped all the curls in sight, including those of the King.

The curfew required the ringing of a bell at sunset in summer and at eight in winter, which was notice from the authorities to put out the lights and cover up the fires. It galled the English to submit to this Norman practice, but it was a necessity, since the towns were mere gatherings of wooden structures, that were continually liable to destruction by fire. The chief amusements were hunting and the catching of small birds by means of trained hawks (termed "hawking"). Tournaments, or mock combats between knights, were introduced, but did not become common until later. The churches invented theatrical plays, which were written and acted by monks, and generally represented scenes from Scripture history.



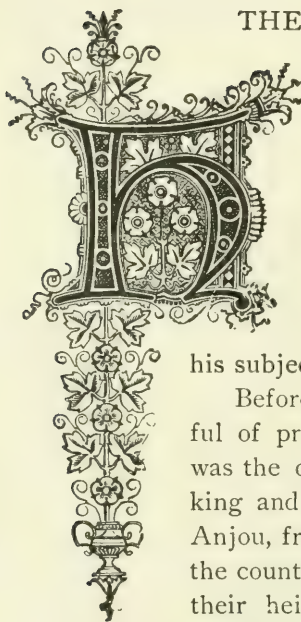
NORMAN KNIGHTS UNDER STEPHEN



KING JOHN AND ARTHUR

Chapter CV

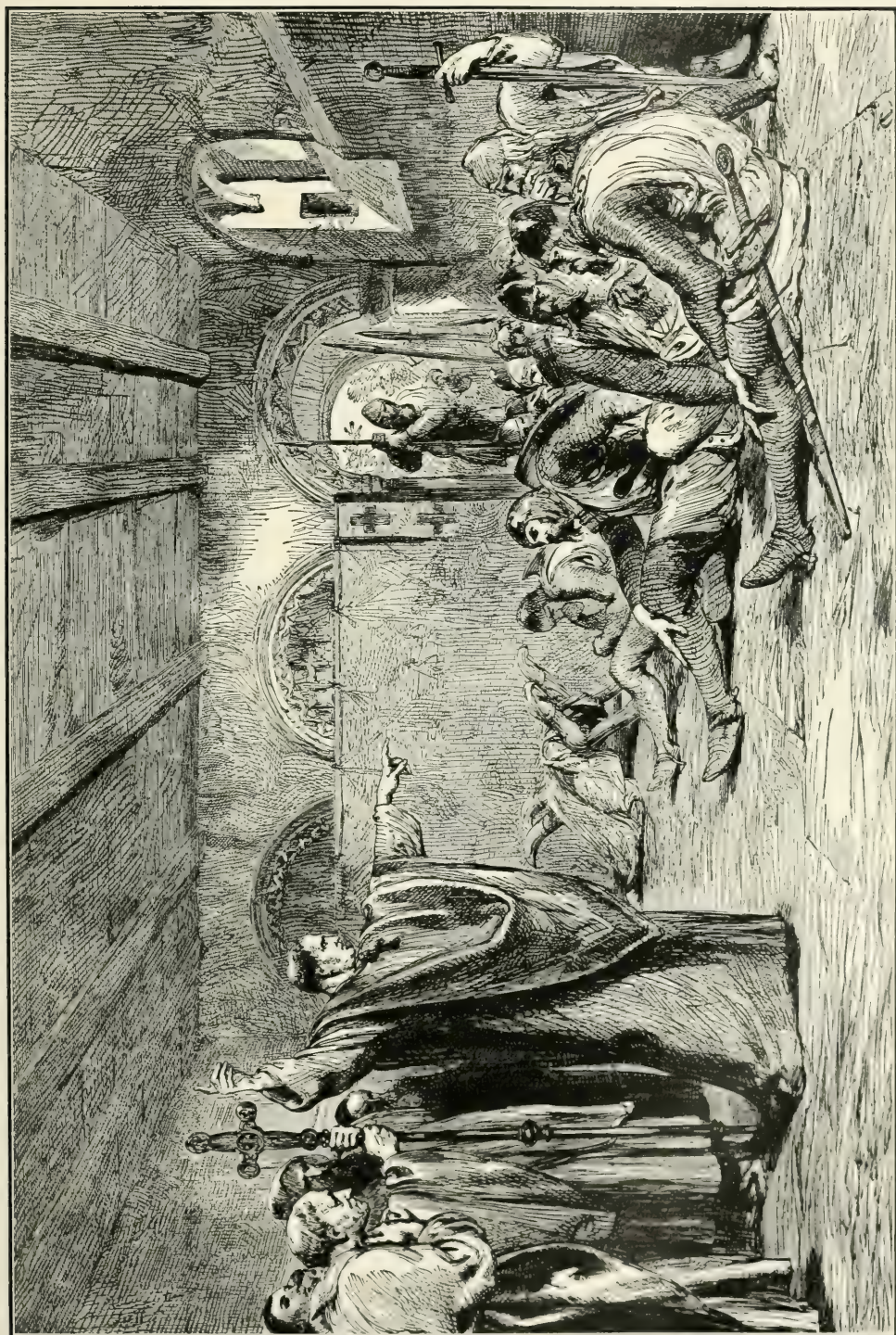
THE EARLIER PLANTAGENETS



HENRY II., he who was fond of wearing the sprig of broom-plant in his helmet, and who came to the English throne in 1154, was the first *Plantagenet*. He was twenty-one years old, strong, coarse, and determined to do right. When he took the reins of government in his big, horny hands, it was with the resolve to check the growing power of the clergy, to bring the country into order, and to make all his subjects obey him.

Before Henry was crowned, he was one of the most powerful of princes. Although a vassal of the King of France, he was the owner of so many fiefs that he was stronger than his king and all the other vassals. From his father he received Anjou, from his mother Normandy and Maine, and he gained the county of Poitou and the duchy of Aquitaine by marrying their heiress Eleanor, directly after her divorce from Louis VII. of France.

England contained more than a thousand castles, which, in the language of the early chronicle, were "nests of devils and dens of thieves." All these, with such few exceptions as Henry chose to make, were levelled to the ground. He told the great landowners they need no longer bind themselves to fight for him, but could pay him "scutage," or shield money, in lieu of military service. His cunning motive was to hire foreign soldiers with this tax, and thus cause



his countrymen to lose their skill with arms, and be less liable to rebel against him.

Although well educated for the times, and eager for the welfare of his people, Henry II. was depraved in his private life, and gave way to occasional outbursts of temper, during which his behavior was that of a lunatic.

He was very fond of Thomas Becket, who was his chancellor, and he secured the election of Becket as Archbishop of Canterbury. Thomas was the son of a rich citizen of London, and had given his time to secular matters, but upon becoming Archbishop he went to the other extreme, resigned the Chancellorship, and led the most austere of lives. This displeased Henry, but before long a cause for more serious quarrel rose between them. It was the law that the bishops should hold courts of their own for the trial of ecclesiastics, but Henry insisted that they should be brought under the jurisdiction of the regular courts. Thomas Becket would not agree to this, maintaining that the special courts for the trial of the clergy should remain as instituted by William the Conqueror. The King had some new laws passed that were called the "Constitutions of Clarendon," because they were passed at that place by a council of the prelates and barons, in January, 1164. One of the laws was the special enactment demanded by the King, and another was a decree that all appeals in England should be made to the King and not to the Pope.

It was necessary for the Archbishop to sign these laws, but he resolutely refused to do so. Being summoned to the royal court he rode thither amid the applause of the people who loved him, and entered the hall with his cross held in his hands. Nothing could affect his resolution to oppose the will of the King. To all the appeals and persuasions of the bishops and nobles, who gathered around him, he calmly shook his head and replied that he must appeal to the Pope. Many grew impatient and angry, and as he passed out of the hall called after him "Traitor! traitor!"

As might be expected, the Pope sustained the Archbishop, who fled to France to escape the persecutions of King Henry. The quarrel went on for six years, and was intensified by the dispute over the coronation of the King's eldest son, whom he wished to make his viceroy in England. The Pope declared that no one except the Archbishop of Canterbury had the right to crown him, but Henry persuaded the Archbishop of York to perform the ceremony.

The King, however, dreaded the anger of the Pope, and, through the mediation of Louis VII. of France, he patched up his quarrel with Thomas, who returned to England, where he was joyfully welcomed. But there was no yielding on his part, and he announced that he had in his possession the excommunication of the Archbishop of York and his assistant bishops. His manner and actions were so defiant that Henry was seized with one of his wild bursts

of rage, and, rolling on the floor and fairly foaming at the mouth, he exclaimed: "Is there no one who will rid me of this vile priest?"

Four knights, who heard the words, took it as a command. Riding hastily to Canterbury, they with their followers entered the presence of Becket, and sat down in silence upon the floor before him. It was no light matter in those days to slay a churchman, and they wanted full excuse before they acted. Becket rebuked them for their silence; and they tried to draw from him words that should condemn him as a traitor. Failing in this, they withdrew in hesitation; but later returned, and with sword and battle-axe forced a way into the cathedral, where the Archbishop was celebrating what he knew would be his last church service.

The monks besought their chief to flee; some endeavored to defend him; but Becket would neither fight nor escape. The assassins tried to drag him from God's altar; but he resisted them, and they slew him where he stood. Then they fled in fear.

By his death Becket triumphed. Henry was horrified when told what had been done, and made oath to the Pope that he had nothing to do with the crime. He gained general belief in his innocence by kneeling upon the spot reddened by the blood of his former friend, and submitting to a beating like the vilest criminal. The laws which Becket had opposed, were not established. The common people of England regarded the Archbishop as a martyr, slain for his service to them and the Church; and his grave became a shrine to which pilgrimages were made from all the land.

The close of Henry's life was stormy. His neglected wife and his enemies stirred up his three older sons to rebellion against him. They were Henry, his heir, Richard, who had received the government of Aquitaine, and Geoffrey, who obtained Brittany through his marriage with Constance, the heiress. In 1173, they, in conjunction with a number of nobles of England and Normandy, including the kings of France and Scotland, formed a league against King Henry. He subdued the rebellion and showed leniency toward all except the King of the Scots, who was compelled to submit to a more humiliating vassalage than before, although Henry's successor allowed him to buy back his freedom, with only a shadowy lordship remaining over Scotland.

But soon the quarrelsome sons were wrangling again with one another, as well as with their father. Henry the younger died in 1183, begging his father's forgiveness; Geoffrey was pardoned, rebelled once more, and died in 1186. Richard was quiet for a time, but it was against his nature, and in 1188 he fled to the King of France for protection, and then seized upon his father's foreign dominions. Henry made only a weak resistance, and then bowed to his enemies. In answer to his request for a list of the barons who



had joined the last league against him, he read among the very first names that of his favorite and youngest son, John. He was so shocked and grieved that he fell into a fever and died in July, 1189.

The work done by Henry II. was the laying of the foundations of a just government in his country. It is said he levelled more than a thousand of the castles which had been illegally built during the reign of Stephen, and which had caused widespread woe and suffering in England. He abolished the debased coinage and substituted pieces of silver of full weight and value. When his barons refused to furnish men to fight for his continental possessions, he compromised by accepting the "scutage," which gave him the means of hiring mercenaries. This was afterward supplemented by the passage of a law reviving the national militia, and virtually made him independent of the barons. After much fighting in Ireland, Henry went thither in 1171, and his sovereignty was generally acknowledged. Four years later, Roderick, King of Connaught, became his liegeman, but Ireland remained for centuries the scene of disorder and rebellion, and was only nominally under English rule.

It will be remembered that the Norman method of settling disputes was by trial of battle. This was manifestly so unfair that Henry gave disputants the privilege of deciding their quarrels by reference to the decision of twelve knights of the neighborhood, who were familiar with the facts. This was the real origin of *trial by jury*, one of the most precious safeguards of modern justice. Another good law was that when the judges passed through a circuit, a grand jury of not less than sixteen was to report to them the criminals of the district. The judges sent the accused to the church to be examined by ordeal. If convicted, they were punished, but if acquitted they were ordered to leave the country within eight days. By this method the objectionable characters were effectually removed.

Regarding trial by jury, it may be added that during the reign of John, the son of Henry, in 1215, the Church abolished the ordeal throughout Christendom. The custom then came into use of choosing a petit jury, familiar with the facts, who decided upon the truth of the accusations laid before the grand jury. In case of disagreement by the petit jury, a decision of the majority was generally accepted. The objections to this method gradually gave rise to that of summoning witnesses, who testified before the petit jury, with a view of making their decision unanimous. We first hear mention of this change in 1350, during the reign of Edward III., from which may be dated the modern method of trial by jury, though Henry II. was the real founder of the system.

Since the eldest son of Henry had died, he was succeeded in 1189 by his second son Richard, known in history as Cœur de Lion, or the Lion-Hearted. Richard spent his early years in Southern France, the home of music and

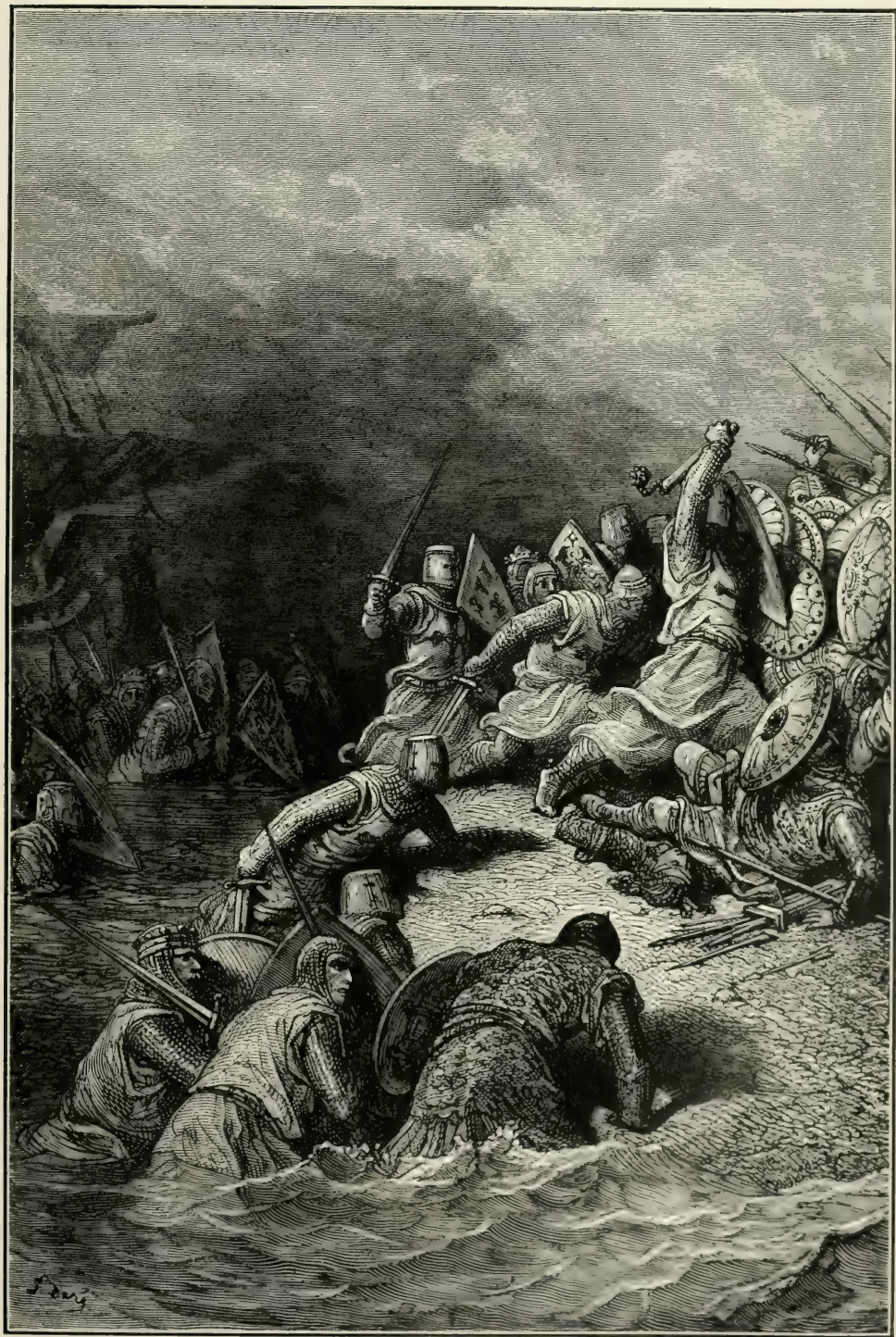
poetry, and was a dreamer, whose heart's ambition was to attain military glory. Of magnificent figure, with the physique of a Hercules, and a courage that knew no fear, he was the beau ideal of romance, and the hero of some of the most marvellous adventures that have ever been related. Although King of England for ten years, he spent less than a year in that country. You have learned something of this remarkable knight of the olden time in our history of the Crusades, whither Richard went as one of the most valiant of the heroes who were determined to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens.

Hardly had Richard taken the English crown in his strong hands and placed it upon his own head, when he hurried his preparations for a Crusade in conjunction with his friend Philip Augustus of France and the Emperor of Germany, their Crusade being third in point of time. Such expeditions demanded enormous sums of money, and Richard resorted to extreme means to obtain what he required. He compelled the Jews to make him loans, he sold earldoms, lands, and public offices, declaring that if he could find a purchaser he would sell London itself. It was at this time that the King of Scotland secured his freedom by the payment of ten thousand marks.

In the summer of 1190, Richard and the French King set out for the Holy Land. They had not gone far before they quarrelled, for Richard had a most disagreeable temper, and it was hard for any one to get on with him. It is said that in a wrangle with Leopold of Austria the English King delivered a kick which fairly lifted his astounded antagonist off the ground.

As you know, Richard failed in his attempt to capture Jerusalem. He forced a landing with his troops at Acre, and performed many heroic feats of individual valor; but the Sultan Saladin was greater than he. When these two were not fighting each other, they met like brothers, and held many talks and discussions over their respective civilizations. Each trusted fully the honor of the other. When King Richard fell desperately ill of a fever, which none of the English physicians could cure, legend says that Saladin asked the privilege of sending his own medical attendant to him. Some of the King's friends suspected treachery and objected, but Richard insisted, and the visitor was led into the English camp at night, and doctored his royal patient so successfully that Richard was soon himself again. Finally, almost broken-hearted over his failure to conquer the Mahometans, King Richard made a truce with Saladin, and set out to return to his own country.

When the King left England to go on his Crusade, his kingdom was ruled by his justiciars, the first of whom was the Chancellor William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely. He was honest and faithful to his sovereign, but, being a Frenchman, he hated the English just as intensely as they hated him. He was finally removed from office, and the King's brother John—a perfidious



wretch—was placed at the head of affairs. He began plotting with the King of France, and, as soon as Richard heard of it in Palestine, he started for home.

But the weeks and months passed and not a word came from the expected King. The only explanation was that he had met with death on the road. John was delighted, and lost no time in claiming the throne. Nevertheless, Richard was alive. Various stories have been told to account for his disappearance. His route compelled him to pass through Germany, and he tried to remain unknown, on account of his quarrel with Leopold, who would have been happy to punish him for the aggravating insult he had received at his hands, or rather his foot. The identity of Richard, however, was discovered, some say from the sight of a costly jewel on his finger, and others state that it was on account of the liberal supply of money displayed by his servant in buying food. Be that as it may, Richard was seized by Leopold and sold to the German Emperor Henry VI., who loaded him with irons and thrust him into a castle in the Tyrol. It was said that Blondel, a minstrel who had accompanied Richard to Palestine, set out on a wandering tour through Germany in search of his royal master, and at every castle he approached, sang one of the songs of which the King was fond. At the close of one of those weary days, when he was thus singing at the foot of a tower, he was thrilled by recognizing the voice of his master, who took up the next stanza and sang it through.

All this time, the unnatural brother John was conspiring with the French King, and urging the Emperor to keep Richard in prison, so that John might remain on the throne. But after more than a year's imprisonment, Richard was set free in February, 1194, on condition of paying a ransom so prodigious that it took one-fourth of the personal property of all the noblemen and most of the jewels and silver plate of the churches. It was an outrageous price to pay for a King who certainly had never been worth a fraction of the sum to England.

When Richard came to his own, the only punishment he inflicted on his brother, who had so basely betrayed him, was to take away his lands and castles. In March, 1199, Richard quarrelled with the Viscount of Limoges over a treasure that had been discovered on the estate of the latter and was claimed by both. While the viscount's castle was being besieged, one of the defenders launched an arrow so well aimed that it pierced the shoulder of the King, who fell, mortally wounded. The castle was soon taken, and Richard ordered all the garrison to be hanged, but commanded that the crossbowman who had given him his death-wound be brought before him. Looking reproachfully at the young man, the King demanded why he had shot him.

"You killed my father and two brothers," was the defiant reply; "I am

thankful that it was my privilege to kill you, and you may take what revenge you like."

The King was so struck by the words and daring of the youth, that he gave him his forgiveness and ordered him released. After Richard's death, however, the leader of the royal troops caused his assailant to be tortured to death.

You have learned of the great good that was brought to England and the Continent by the Crusades, themselves a series of the greatest follies in which a civilized people ever engaged. The Eastern civilization was far superior in many respects to the rough, uncultured civilization of the West. There were few Latin and no Greek scholars in England, whose people were compelled to admit that those whom they had looked upon as barbarians, were more learned and advanced in the arts and sciences than themselves. The Arabians had translated the classics into their own tongue, and from them England first learned of the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, as well as the elements of arithmetic, geometry, algebra, and astronomy. This infused new life into education, and helped the growth of the universities of Cambridge and Oxford. More important than all was the social and political revolution wrought by the Crusades. The people began to *think*, and to realize for the first time their wretched condition. King Richard had been obliged to grant charters to towns, and the nobles were compelled to confer similar privileges upon those under them. Immense estates were dissolved, and not only did the common people acquire new rights, but they acquired, at the same time, the spirit to defend and maintain those rights.

Still the civilization of England, as compared with that of later years, was crude and uncouth. An immense forest inclosed London, and the Tower, built by William the Conqueror, was filled with armed men to hold the inhabitants in subjection and to keep off enemies. At night, the streets were lighted by kettles of burning pitch which the watchmen carried on their rounds. When it became dark, the ringing of the curfew bell warned all the taverns to close. The greatest pleasures of the townspeople were bear-fights and bull-baiting. Nearly all were heavy drinkers, and quarrels and fighting were common. Often, in the morning, several dead bodies in the alleys or narrow streets told of the affrays of the night before.

Richard, having no children, was succeeded by his brother John, one of the greatest scoundrels that ever cursed England by his rule. When Henry II. died he had left John dependent on his brothers, and in jest gave him the nickname of "Lackland," which clung to him through life.

Now, the elder brother Geoffrey had left a son named Arthur, and the inhabitants of Anjou, which belonged to the English kings from the time of Henry II., wished to have this boy, instead of his uncle John, as their ruler.



The French King took the side of Arthur, who had lost his mother a short time before.

"You know your rights," said the King to the young prince; "do you not wish to become king?"

"I do," was the emphatic reply.

"Very well; two hundred knights are ready to march with you against your own provinces while I advance into Normandy."

Fired by the ambition of asserting his own rights, Arthur placed himself at the head of the little force, which was as eager as he, and advanced against the little town of Mirebeau in Poitou, where his grandmother was living. Arthur had been taught by his mother to hate this woman, and he believed that by making her prisoner he could gain better terms from his uncle, King John; but the old queen stoutly defended herself and held the castle long enough for her son to hurry to her aid. One of Arthur's noblemen delivered up the town on the night of July 31, 1202, to John, first exacting a promise that no harm should be done to the prince. The besiegers were made prisoners, while Arthur was first shut up in a neighboring castle, from which he was shortly taken to Rouen and thrown into a dungeon. Then, like many a proud ship that sails out upon the ocean, no certain tidings ever came back from him. It is generally believed that on the night of April 3, 1203, the King came to the prison, accompanied by his esquire, Peter De Maulac, and that they took the prince from his dungeon and rowed out in a small boat on the Seine. Arthur was in great fear and begged his uncle to spare his life, promising to do whatever he wished if he would only allow him to live. But the wretch made a signal to De Maulac, who refused to do the horrible deed, whereupon the King himself drove a dagger into the body of the poor youth and flung his body overboard. There is little room for doubt that Arthur was slain in this dreadful manner, for no more was ever heard of him.

Philip, King of France, charged John with the crime and ordered him, as Duke of Normandy, to appear at Paris for trial. John was too frightened to obey, whereupon he was proclaimed a traitor, and all his lands on the continent were declared forfeited. After losing a great deal of territory, he made an effort to regain it, but was crushingly defeated, and Philip seized Normandy and took away from John all his possessions north of the Loire. This seeming misfortune was a great benefit to England, for her kings were now compelled to live among their own subjects and to centre their interests and energies in them.

John came back from his defeat soured and revengeful. He insulted and ill-treated the clergy to such a degree that Pope Innocent III. interfered. The King still proving stubborn, the Pope laid England under an interdict. This

meant the entire suppression of all religious services. For two years the church bells were silent, and the churches draped in mourning. All sacraments were denied to the living and funeral prayers to the dead. The Pope next excommunicated John, who laughed with scorn and treated the priests with such brutality that they fled from the country. Then the Pope took his final step by deposing the King and ordering Philip of France to seize the throne.

This brought John to his senses, for he saw himself abandoned on every hand. He kneeled at the foot of the Pope's representative, whom he had refused to allow to enter England, and promised to pay a yearly tax of more than \$60,000 for permission to keep the English crown upon his head. This satisfied the Pope, who removed the interdict and excommunication, and peace was restored.

But though the Pope had vanquished the wretch, John was too evil by nature to restrain his evil courses. He taxed the miserable people to the point of starvation; he flung those whom he disliked into prison, and refused to bring them to trial; he robbed right and left, and made himself abominated by all, both noble and peasant. In short, he trampled upon the worm until it turned.

One day in the summer of 1213, there was a secret meeting in London of the leading men, including Stephen Langton, the newly appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, and a prime mover in the object that had brought them together. They were earnest in their purpose and agreed to form a new code of laws, taken from the ancient charter given by Henry I., and to compel the King to sign it. A few days later, the King was at Mass in the Tower of London, when he was scared almost out of his senses by hearing the steady tramp, tramp of men and the angry shouts of the people themselves. In a short time the multitude filed through the streets into the open space in front of the Tower. The trembling King went out and timidly asked what it all meant. He was told that the barons had risen against him and the citizens were welcoming them. The terrified John ran out of the back of the Tower to the river-side, and was rowed across that he might escape the vengeance he so well merited.

As a result of this, a famous historical event took place on the 15th of June, 1215, at the meadow of Runnymede, on the banks of the Thames. It was a bright sunshiny day, and the air was laden with the fragrance of flowers and cooled by the soft breezes that rippled the river and dipped the heads of the rushes on the banks. On the shore stood a couple of tents, from one of which banners were flying, while sounds of merriment floated from within, where the King made sorry attempts at jesting, while awaiting the action of the stern men in the other tent, at whose head was Stephen Langton.



The parchment, still preserved in the British Museum, which was laid before the King and which he did not dare refuse to sign, was the **MAGNA CHARTA**, or Great Charter of England. It was the first agreement ever entered into by an English king and all his people. It contained sixty-three articles, most of which have become obsolete with time, but three imperishable provisions remain: 1. No free man shall be imprisoned or proceeded against except by his peers or equals, or the law of the land; 2. Justice shall not be sold, denied nor delayed; 3. All dues from the people to the king, unless otherwise clearly specified, shall be laid only with the consent of the National Council. Although the last provision was dropped during the next reign, the principle was plainly proclaimed.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the adoption of the Magna Charta. It made the English people a united body, and cemented and protected the interests of all classes. The estimation in which the charter was held is shown by the fact that during the following two centuries it was confirmed thirty-seven times.

Now, do not give King John any credit for granting the Magna Charta to his subjects, for, as I have shown, he could not help himself, and no sooner had the assembly broken up, than he raged like a madman and swore that he would find means to break every one of the laws which with a hypocritical smile he had signed. He begged the aid of the Pope, who in response declared the Charter of no effect, promising that if the barons would submit they should not suffer; but they could not be cajoled, and Langton would not pronounce excommunication against them, for which refusal he was suspended by the Pope. The infuriated John summoned his mercenaries from the Continent, and began ravaging England, invading Scotland to punish the northern barons and their leader, the King of the Scots. It was his custom each morning to burn the house in which he had slept during the night. Finally the barons became so desperate that they offered the crown to Louis, eldest son of the King of France. Louis brought over a French army, but began giving away so much land to his own countrymen that the barons became alarmed, and a number joined John. In the midst of the fighting, John died, October 28, 1216, from vexation, and some said from stuffing himself with peaches and ale, while others whispered that he was poisoned by a monk. According to the old but truthful record, he died, "a knight without truth, a king without justice, a Christian without faith."

His eldest son Henry was crowned at the age of nine and became King Henry III. During the lad's boyhood, his guardians ruled in his name, and all went fairly well. The greatest English leader of the day was Hubert De Burgh. He drove the French Prince Louis from the country, and defeated the

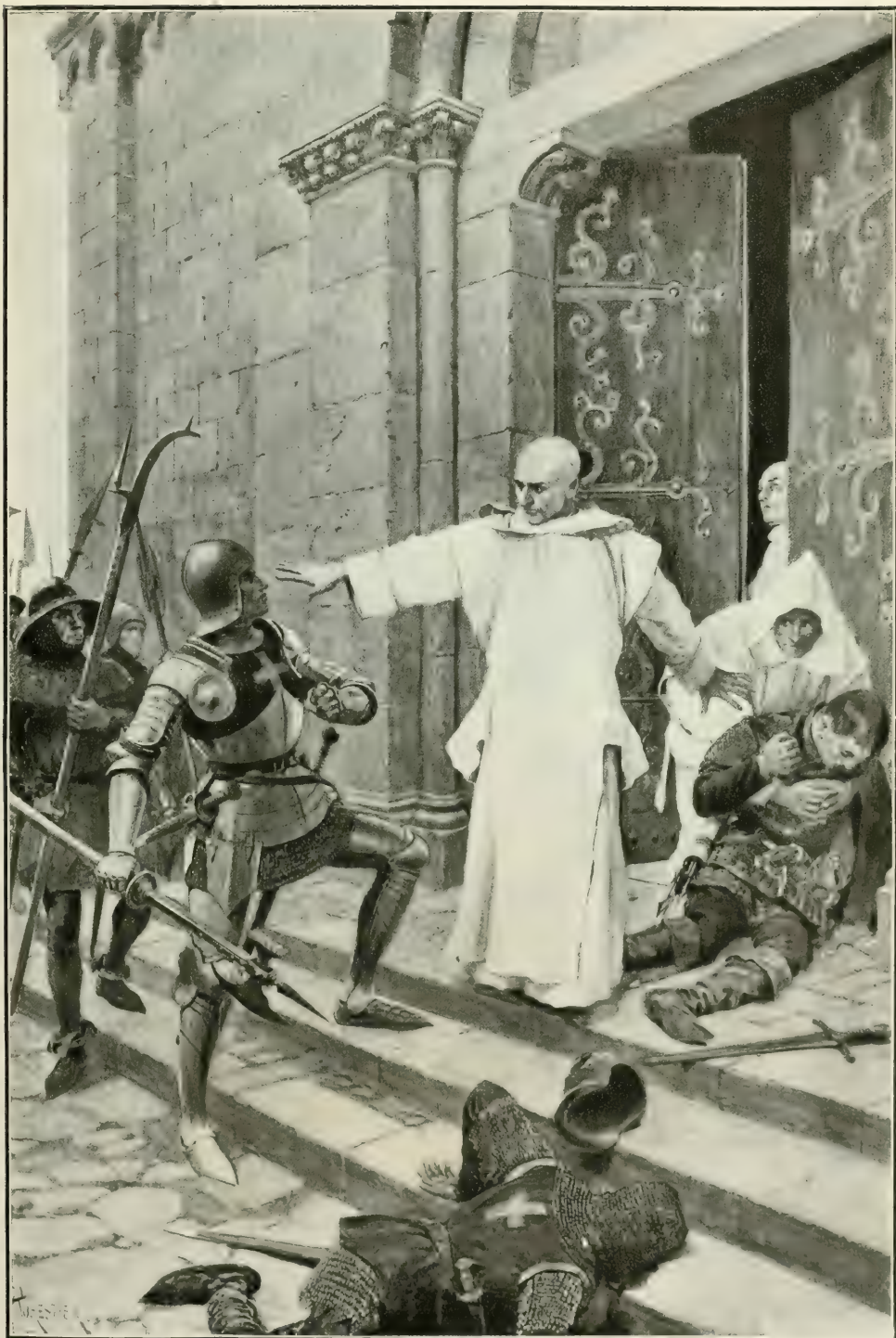
noted French sailor, Eustace the Monk, thus making England for a time supreme upon the northern seas. When, however, King Henry came of age, he showed himself a degenerate son of his degenerate father. He was extravagant, fond of display, and without any ability whatever. Turning against his able minister, he ordered his arrest. Warned just in time, De Burgh sought sanctuary in a church, whither his enemies followed him. He was dragged from the altar, but such was the opposition raised by this violation of the house of God, that the king returned his prisoner to another church. Then a guard was set around the building, until starvation forced De Burgh to come out and surrender himself.

Once more, however, he escaped, and so great was his reputation among the people that the King was compelled to abandon the contemptible vengeance that had been planned against the minister. De Burgh was allowed to live in retirement, but in safety.

During Henry's minority, his guardians had twice renewed the Great Charter. By the first renewal, the article reserving the power of taxation to the National Council was omitted, and one added that no man should forfeit life or limb for hunting in the royal forests. In return, the council granted the King a fifteenth of their personal property. The idiotic extravagance of the ruler and his causeless and unsuccessful wars crushed the country under a colossal debt which in these times would be equivalent to \$65,000,000. To meet the clamors of his numberless creditors, Henry mortgaged the right of extorting money from the Jews to his brother Richard, and violated the Charter over and over again.

When twenty-nine, Henry married Eleanor, daughter of Count Raymond of Provence, a French land bordering on the Mediterranean Sea. Eleanor was brilliant and beautiful, but quickly made herself detested by the subjects of her husband. When she came to England, she brought her four uncles and a large number of relatives and friends, upon whom Henry showered favors, giving them money and lands, and castles to live in, and appointing a number to bishoprics and offices of high honor.

You remember that King John promised to pay a yearly rental to the Pope, who naturally looked upon Henry III. as his vassal. The Pope sent a legate to England who returned to Rome so laden with treasure, that the Great Council of England met to discuss what could be done to avert the impending ruin of the country. The barons were present, and the lesser knights were summoned, but though they conferred earnestly, they were not able to do anything. Finally, the man for the hour appeared in the person of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. He was a Frenchman, who gained his title from his mother, and had married the sister of the King's wife. Because Simon was a foreigner.



the people did not trust him at first, but he soon convinced them that he was as much an Englishman at heart as they, and was ready to risk anything to help them. Even the King recognized the stern stuff of which his brother-in-law was made. One day, when the royal barge was caught in a thunder-storm on the Thames, the earl, seeing His Majesty's terror, tried to soothe him with assurance that the tempest would soon pass. "Ah," replied the King, "I fear *you* more than all the thunder and lightning in the world."

When the people came to recognize Simon de Montfort's nobility of character, they gave him the name of "Righteous Simon." He held his peace as long as he could, but the mountains of debt continued to pile up, and Henry kept plunging into the most foolish of wars and taxed the people beyond their ability to bear. There came a terrible year, when the harvest failed, and, in the famine that followed, thousands of poor peasants died in their miserable huts. It was in this fearful crisis that Henry demanded that one-third of the revenue of the country should be sent to the Pope.

Simon the Righteous could stand it no longer. When the Great Council met at Oxford, he was at the head of the armed barons who crowded into the assembly. They resolved that a number of councillors should be appointed whose permission should be necessary before the king could act. To this the King perforce agreed, and the resolutions passed at this meeting were known as the "Provisions of Oxford." The good government, which promised so well, did not, however, last long, for the members of the council quarrelled among themselves, and Henry was soon at war again with the barons. His eldest son, Prince Edward, who had been at times on his father's side, and at other times against him, thought perhaps it would be best to support his parent, and he now joined the royal troops. The two forces met in Sussex, and in the battle of Lewes, in May, 1264, Henry was taken prisoner by the barons, and Prince Edward gave himself up as a captive. For most of the year following, England was ruled by Simon de Montfort and his councillors.

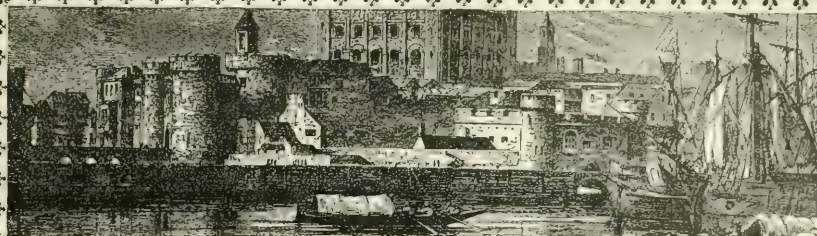
The most famous act of this patriot was the change he effected in the Great Council of the kingdom. Hitherto that body had been composed mostly of the barons and bishops, but Simon thought it fair that the lesser tenants, or knights of the shire, should have a voice in making the laws of their country. He, therefore arranged that two knights out of each shire should be summoned by writ in the king's name to the national assembly. He provided further that each town and borough should send two citizens or burgesses to the Great Council, as the direct representatives of the wishes of the people. This was the beginning of the House of Commons, and the Great Council was, for the first time, called the *Parliament*, while Simon de Montfort was at the head of affairs.

Unfortunately the sons of Simon were wholly unlike their father, who was inspired in everything by unselfish motives. They were overbearing and contemptuous in their treatment of others, and, after a while, the barons fell to quarrelling among themselves. Prince Edward effected his escape and began gathering an army. The disaffected barons rallied to him, and the supporters of Simon rapidly fell away, most of them being Welshmen led by Prince Llewellyn. Simon, the younger, allowed himself to be surprised by Edward and his army at Kenilworth, after which Edward marched against the elder Simon at Evesham, in August, 1265. By displaying in front the banners captured at Kenilworth, he deceived Simon and his followers into the belief that friends were approaching. As soon as the royalist ensigns were shown, Simon exclaimed: "May God have mercy on our souls, for the King has our bodies!" The little company made a valiant fight, but were overpowered, Simon being among the slain. The defeat gave back authority to Henry, who reigned for fifty-six years, his death occurring on the 16th of November, 1272.



KING RICHARD FEASTING





THE TOWER OF LONDON

Chapter CVI

ENGLAND'S RISE TO POWER UNDER EDWARD I. AND EDWARD III.

HENRY'S son, Prince Edward, was in the Holy Land on a Crusade, when his father died, and did not reach home for two years. Though his accession is dated in 1272, he was not crowned till 1274. While in the Holy Land he was struck by the poisoned dagger of an assassin, but exerting all his great strength, he turned the dagger upon his assailant and slew him. Edward's life, it was said, was saved by his wife Eleanor sucking the venom from the wound. Good authorities, however, doubt the story, and think that he was saved by the quick excision of the flesh surrounding the hurt.

Edward I. was surnamed Longshanks, because of his towering stature, which raised his head and shoulders above those of ordinary men. He was immensely powerful, a fine horseman, and wonderfully skilled in knightly accomplishments. Moreover, his mind was of a superior order, and he ranks as

a great statesman and ruler.

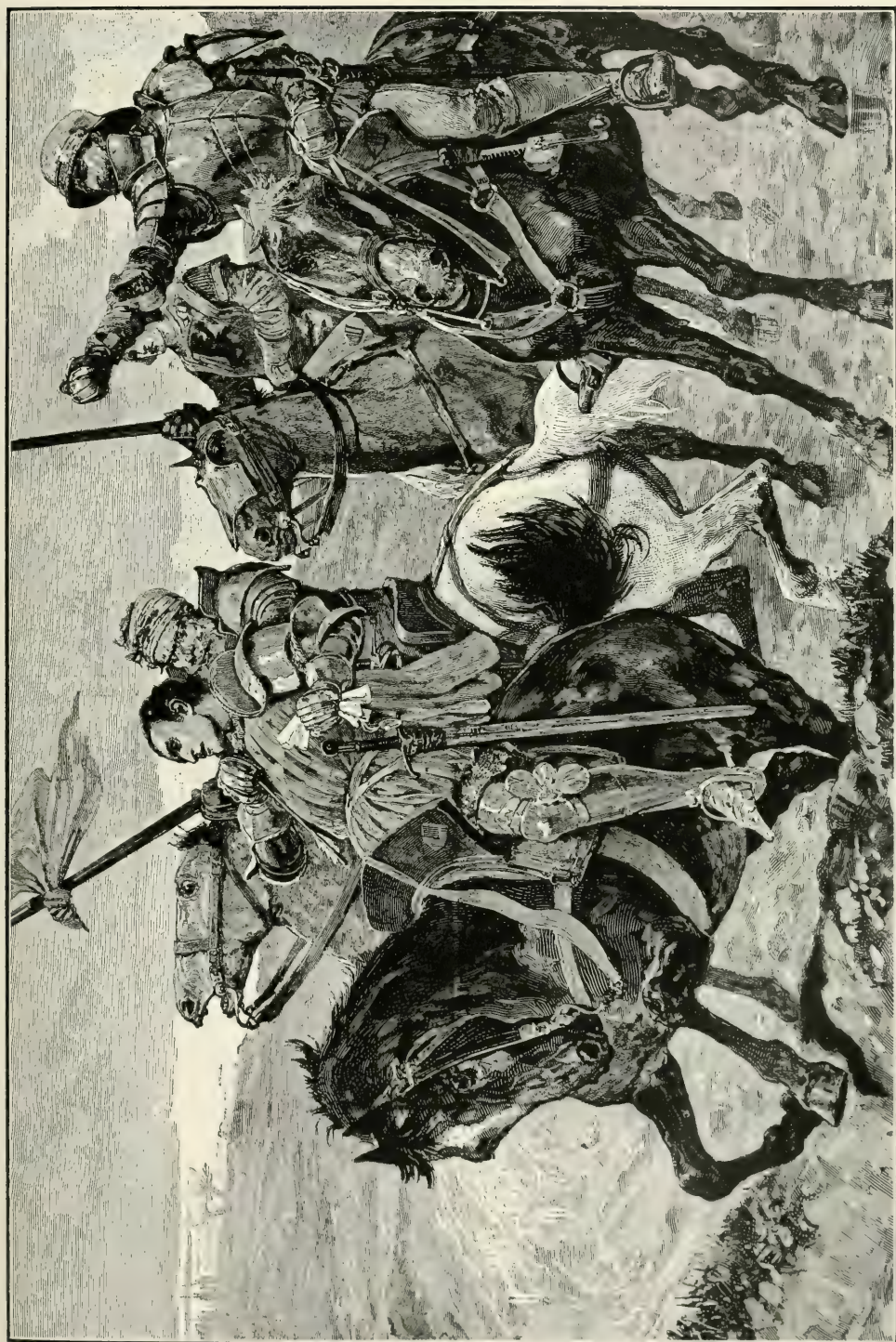
He had not been in England long, when he convened a parliament to which the representatives of the people were called. This body declared that all the laws should be impartially executed, and there should be no interference with the elections. In 1295, toward the close of his reign, the regular Parliament

was established with its two branches of Lords and Commons. The term Lords you must remember included the higher clergy.

The ambition of Edward I. was to bring all the island of Britain under his single rule. To the north, Scotland was virtually independent, while Wales on the west was in continual ferment. At the beginning of his work, the King set out to annex Wales. He led a strong force thither, and, after a number of successes, seemed to have gained his end. To hold his possessions, he built several splendid castles, and garrisoned each with troops, ready to act on the first necessity. Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, after a sturdy resistance was subdued, and peace reigned for several years, though the prince and his people were restless and eager for a chance to free themselves from their yoke. The first one to rise in revolt was David, the brother of the Prince. He had fought against Llewellyn, and was under many obligations to Edward. The insurrection became formidable in 1282, but Llewellyn having been slain in an encounter with an English knight, the Welsh chieftains yielded, and delivered up David, who was executed in September, 1284. Then Wales was united to England, and Edward did all he could to win the good-will of his new but turbulent subjects.

It is said that the sovereign promised to give the Welsh a ruler who could not speak a word of English, but who understood their own language as well as any of his age. The King's son Edward was born in the castle of Caernarvon, in April, 1284. Of course he could not utter a syllable of English, and understood the Welsh tongue as well as any other infant of his age, besides which he was unquestionably a native of the country. When, therefore, the King presented the young prince to the Welsh as their future ruler, what could they say? Seventeen years later, the infant was created *Prince of Wales*, and ever since that time the title has been conferred upon the eldest son of the ruling sovereign of England.

While the King was making ready to conquer Scotland, a curious opportunity offered for asserting his authority. Two claimants for the Scottish throne presented themselves in the persons of John Baliol and Robert Bruce, the latter a forebear of the famous king and general of the same name. Both were of Norman descent, and agreed to leave the settlement of their dispute to Edward, who accepted the office of umpire on condition that whoever he selected should first acknowledge the overlordship of England. This was agreed to, and Edward named Baliol; but hardly had the latter been crowned, when he renounced his allegiance and allied himself to France. Edward pushed his campaign so inflexibly against the Scots that they were compelled to yield. Baliol surrendered the crown in 1296, and Edward seized Scotland as a forfeit fief. He received the homage of the Scottish parliament and placed Englishmen in all



the leading offices. At the Abbey of Scone, near Perth, the English seized the piece of rock on which the Scotch kings were always placed at their coronation. According to legend, this stone had been the pillow of Jacob at Bethel, and wherever the talisman was, there the Scots should reign. Edward placed the stone, inclosed in a throne, in Westminster Abbey, where both remain. Every sovereign since then—including Edward VII. in 1902—has been crowned upon them.

Scotland would not stay subdued, and William Wallace was the leader of his countrymen in their revolt against the English. He made a determined fight, but was unsuccessful, and, after eight years of incessant war, was captured and executed on Tower Hill, in 1305.

Still the struggle continued. Robert Bruce, grandson of the previous claimant to the throne, proposed to Comyn, a powerful Scottish lord, that whichever of the two established his claim to the crown, should bequeath the kingdom by way of indemnity to the other. Comyn, who was known as the Red, made the agreement, but he intended treachery from the first, and took the earliest occasion to send warning of the conspiracy to Edward. Bruce was in England at the time and would have been arrested, but for a warning which was sent in a curious way to him. One day, a messenger called and handed Bruce a pair of spurs. Now, since spurs are used to hasten the speed of a horse, Bruce could not mistake the meaning of the present. He immediately mounted his horse and made off, with no suspicion of the person who had betrayed him. While fleeing, he met a servant of Comyn who was bearing papers to the King. Bruce took the paper from him and thus discovered who the traitor was. Hardly a week later he and Comyn met at Dumfries. The former called his false friend into a neighboring chapel, and told him what he had learned. The proof was too clear for Comyn to deny the charge, and he blustered. A fierce quarrel followed, and Bruce drove his dagger into the other, who fell on the steps of the altar. Horrified at what he had done, Bruce hurried out and met one of his friends, who, observing his agitated manner, asked what had taken place.

"I think I have killed Comyn," replied Bruce.

"You *think* so," said his friend, "then I will make sure of it."

Hurrying into the chapel he slew Comyn, as well as the uncle who tried to defend him, and then returning to Bruce, their little band fled away.

Feeling that he was now an outlaw, Bruce raised the standard of independence, and, surrounded by a number of priests and lords, was crowned at Scone. Thus on the Day of Annunciation (1306) Scotland had again a king.

The great blot upon the reign of Edward was his expulsion of the Jews. In answer to the demands of the people, who accused them of extortion, he

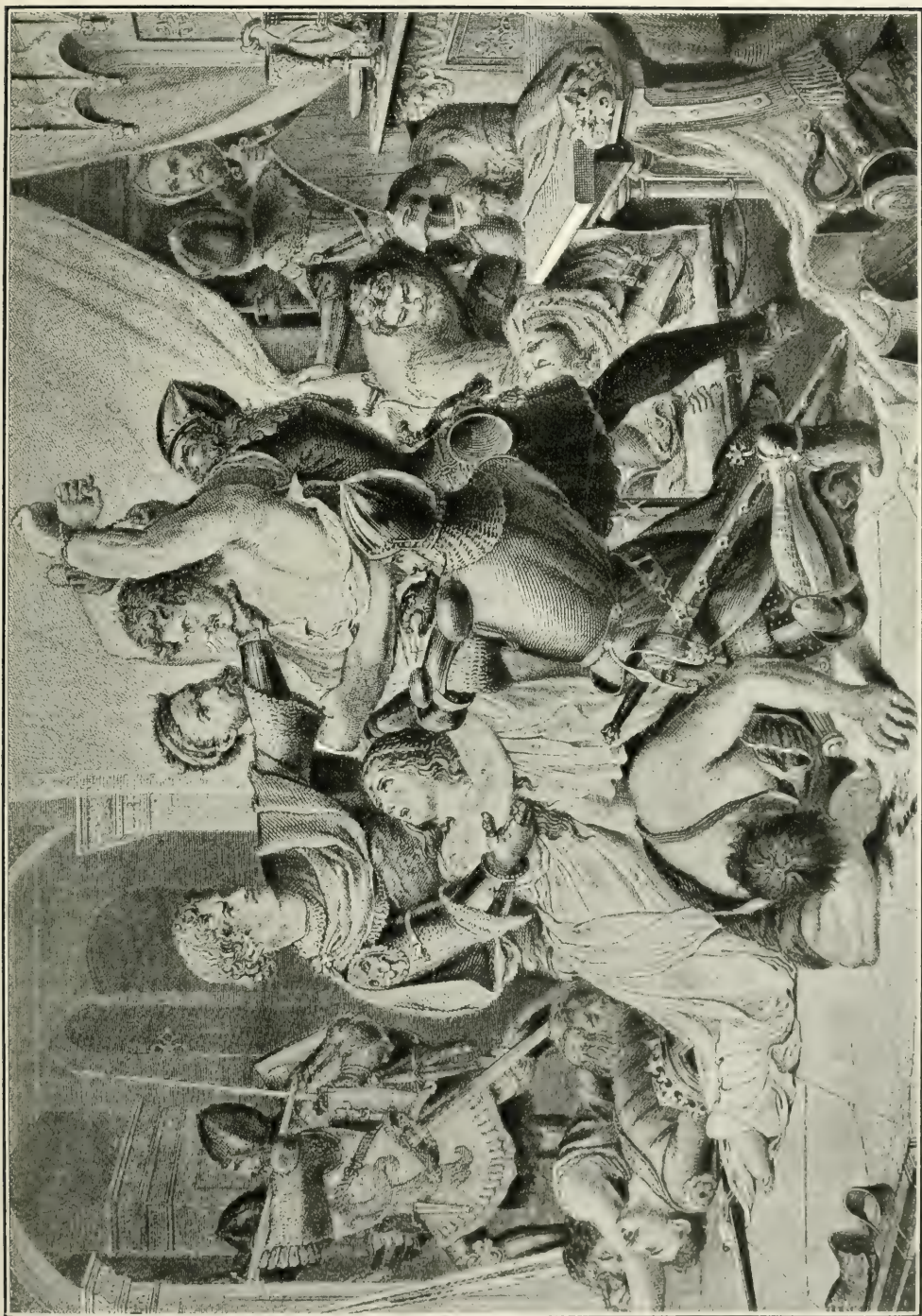
stripped the unfortunates of their possessions, and drove them, to the number of 16,000, from the country. The woful procession tramped off into exile, many perishing on the road, and so completely did they vanish from English history that not until the time of Cromwell, more than four centuries later, were they heard of again.

It is a striking proof of the frightful condition of England at the time that, in order to clear the highways of robbers, the King ordered all roads between market towns to be kept free of underbrush for a distance of two hundred feet on each side, so as to prevent the outlaws from killing the travellers from ambush. The Statute of Winchester was another effective measure, for it made the inhabitants of each district responsible for the crimes committed within its confines. Each walled town closed its gates at dusk, and no one was admitted unless he was known, or some person became surety for him. All citizens were compelled to keep their armor and weapons in order, and to aid in the pursuit and capture of criminals.

In addition to these reforms and the conquest of Wales and Scotland, the landed proprietors of the country were made more directly answerable to the crown; the inordinate growth of church property was checked; Parliament was permanently organized, and the Great Charter, with new articles for the protection of the people, was confirmed by the King, and the power of taxation was immovably fixed in Parliament only.

It was while marching against Robert Bruce in Scotland, that King Edward I. died, in the year 1307, at one of the little border villages. He was succeeded by his son Edward II., who, as you remember, was born in the castle of Caernarvon in Wales. Edward II. was a weak, contemptible scamp, without the first virtue or quality that should mark the ruler of a great people. Robert Bruce said he feared the new King less than he had feared the mere bones of Edward I., and it did not take young Edward long to draw upon himself the abhorrence and scorn of all his subjects.

When a boy, the new King had a playfellow by the name of Piers Gaveston, who was a Frenchman. Gaveston was so evil and his influence so bad upon the prince, that Parliament, with the consent of Edward I., banished him; but Edward II. was no sooner crowned than he brought him back, heaped lavish honors upon him, and made him governor of the realm, while the King went away to be married to Isabelle of France. When Edward returned he found the barons so indignant that he was compelled, sorely against his will, to permit the banishment of his favorite. It was not long, however, before Gaveston turned up again, and matters became more scandalous than before. Utterly disgusted, the nobles, in a council held at Westminster, took the control of affairs out of the King's hands and vested it for a year in a body of barons and



bishops, at the head of which was the King's cousin, the Earl of Lancaster. Because of the ordinance which this body drew up for the government of the country, it was known as the Lords Ordainers. For the third time Gaveston was hustled over the border, but the King coaxed him back and made him secretary of state.

"We will banish him once more," said the Lords Ordainers grimly; "and it shall be to a country from which no traveller returns," whereupon they besieged him in Scarborough Castle, took him prisoner, and cut off his head (June, 1312).

Spurred by the miserable weakness of the King, Robert Bruce resolutely pressed his struggle for the independence of Scotland. Edward set forth, in 1314, with a fine army to stamp out the rebellion, but in the battle of Bannockburn, June 24, he was utterly routed by Bruce's greatly inferior force.

Again and again during the remainder of Edward's reign did Bruce and his forces ravage the northern counties of England and withdraw unpunished. At last, in 1328, the kingship of Robert Bruce and the full independence of Scotland was formally acknowledged by treaty.

The Scotch King thereon resolved to absolve himself of his many crimes by going on a crusade to the Holy Land. He died before he could follow out his purpose, and his chief lord, James of Douglas, took the dead king's heart from his body to bear it to Jerusalem. James perished in contest with the Saracens, but his followers fulfilled his mission, and the heart of Scotland's greatest leader was entombed in the Holy City. The independence of Scotland was never again seriously disputed, and the two halves of the British island remained separate until they were peaceably united in 1603, under the sway of a common sovereign, James I. of England and VI. of Scotland.

Meanwhile, the degenerate Edward II. had picked up two new favorites in England, Hugh Despenser, ninety years old, and his son. The Despensers promptly won the hatred of the barons, for the couple were selfish wretches, who felt not a spark of interest in the country. The depraved Isabelle of France, wife of the King, detested him, and brazenly formed an attachment for Roger Mortimer, one of the chief barons. Under Mortimer's lead a force was raised which captured and executed the Despensers, and locked up the King in Kenilworth Castle, Warwickshire. Commissioners from Parliament were sent to him with a demand that he should surrender the crown. The drivelling coward complied, and then, whimpering and blubbering, thanked his callers for making his young son his successor. Some time later, his wife, the "she-wolf of France," incited Mortimer to murder her wretched husband. It was a horrible act, but it proved that in England was a power that had outgrown the King, and that could make and unmake sovereigns at will.

Edward III. being only fourteen years old when his father was deposed, the government rested nominally in a council, but the real rulers were Queen Isabelle and her guilty partner Mortimer, who treated the new King as if he were also a prisoner. They were soon to find, however, that he was made of sterner stuff than they supposed. The dissatisfaction with the Queen and Mortimer was so intense that young Edward found friends all around him. With their help he shook off his restraints, and, in company with a number of daring companions, entered Nottingham Castle by a secret underground passage, and dashed into the room where the Queen and Mortimer were staying. Mortimer, despite the wild protests of the Queen, was carried off prisoner and soon after brought to the gallows (November, 1330). The Queen was placed in confinement in Castle Rising, Norfolk, and kept there for the rest of her life.

We come now to that dreadful period in history known as the Hundred Years' War, for though there was not fighting all the time, the periods of peace were no more than temporary truces, soon broken by all the horrors of wholesale murder. For some time, the English and French kings had been bitterly jealous of each other. There were quarrels over the lands owned by England in France, and over the homage which the King of England had to pay because of these lands, to the King of France as his "overlord." The enmity was intensified by the action of the French ruler in helping the Scots in their war against England, and by the vicious affrays between the sailors on the French and English ships in the English Channel. Such was the state of affairs when Edward III. came to the throne in 1327. He lost no time in allying himself with the people of Flanders, against whom the French King had made determined war. Flanders was of great importance to England, which sent a valuable stock of wool thither, where it was made into cloth. A good many weavers had accepted the invitation of Edward III., and settled on the coast of England. The manufacture became so great that wool-growing soon became one of the leading industries of England. Afterward, to impress the fact upon the people, it became the custom to fill a square red bag with the stuff and to use it as the seat of the Lord Chancellor in the House of the Lords. Such was the origin of the "woolsack" of which you hear in these days, for the custom is still kept up.

When the French King died, Edward claimed the throne through his mother, who was the daughter of Philip IV., an earlier king of France. The claim was a poor one, but Edward thought his course would please his Flemish friends, besides giving employment to hundreds of turbulent barons, who were dangerous so long as they were left idle. Edward gained his first victory with his ships off Sluys, in June 1340.

After several years of desultory fighting Edward, in 1346, was making a



raid through the French territories of Normandy, when King Philip of France pursued him with a force far larger than his own. Edward was on the bank of the River Somme, and dared not fight with the stream in his rear lest his little army be pushed back into it by sheer force of numbers. All day he rode along the shore of the Somme looking for a ford. His men were hard pressed and exhausted; the French close behind them. At length the ebbing tide gave Edward a chance to cross. A few French knights on the other side endeavored to hold him back, but were easily defeated. Then the returning tide covered the ford, and King Philip and his huge army could pursue no farther till the next day.

Edward, advancing at leisurely pace, planted his army in a strong place near the village of Crecy. "Here," he said, "we will await the Frenchmen."

The famous battle of Crecy that followed on the next day, August 26, 1346, was the greatest of King Edward's victories. During the desperate contest Edward, Prince of Wales, only sixteen years old, was placed in such peril that the Earl of Warwick, who was near him, became greatly alarmed and sent an urgent request to the King for reinforcements.

"Is the prince wounded?" asked the King.

"Thank God, not yet, sire."

"Is he unhorsed?"

"No, sire, but he is in the greatest possible danger."

"He shall have no aid from me; let him win his spurs."

The son was called the Black Prince, because of the color of his armor, and right well did he win his spurs on that eventful day, for no veteran knight could have acquitted himself more bravely. The French were completely defeated and fled in despair. Edward the Black Prince is one of the most heroic figures in English history.

Another fact that gives importance to the battle of Crecy is that small cannon were used there for the first time. The "bombards" were employed mainly to frighten the horses of the French cavalry. The invention of gunpowder, as you have learned, is generally attributed to the learned English monk, Roger Bacon, though others have been credited with the discovery, and it was certainly known to the Chinese and Arabs centuries before.

Edward's next act was to march against Calais, which, after a siege of nearly a year, he conquered through famine. So exasperated was he by the city's prolonged resistance that he swore that all the inhabitants should be put to the sword. Finally he consented to spare them on condition that six of the leading burgesses, barefooted, bareheaded, and with halts about their necks, should come forward and place themselves at his disposal. Eustace of St. Pierre, one of the richest, immediately offered himself, and five others, of hardly less

prominence, promptly did the same. When they came into the presence of the King, he savagely ordered their heads struck off, but his wife, Queen Philippa, threw herself at his feet and begged so piteously that they might be spared that he yielded. Edward settled Calais with a colony of English in whose possession the city remained for more than two hundred years.

Through the efforts of Pope Clement VI., a truce was now brought about, but the Scots had taken advantage of Edward's absence to invade England. They were defeated at Nevill's Cross, in October, 1346, and David Bruce, their king, was taken prisoner.

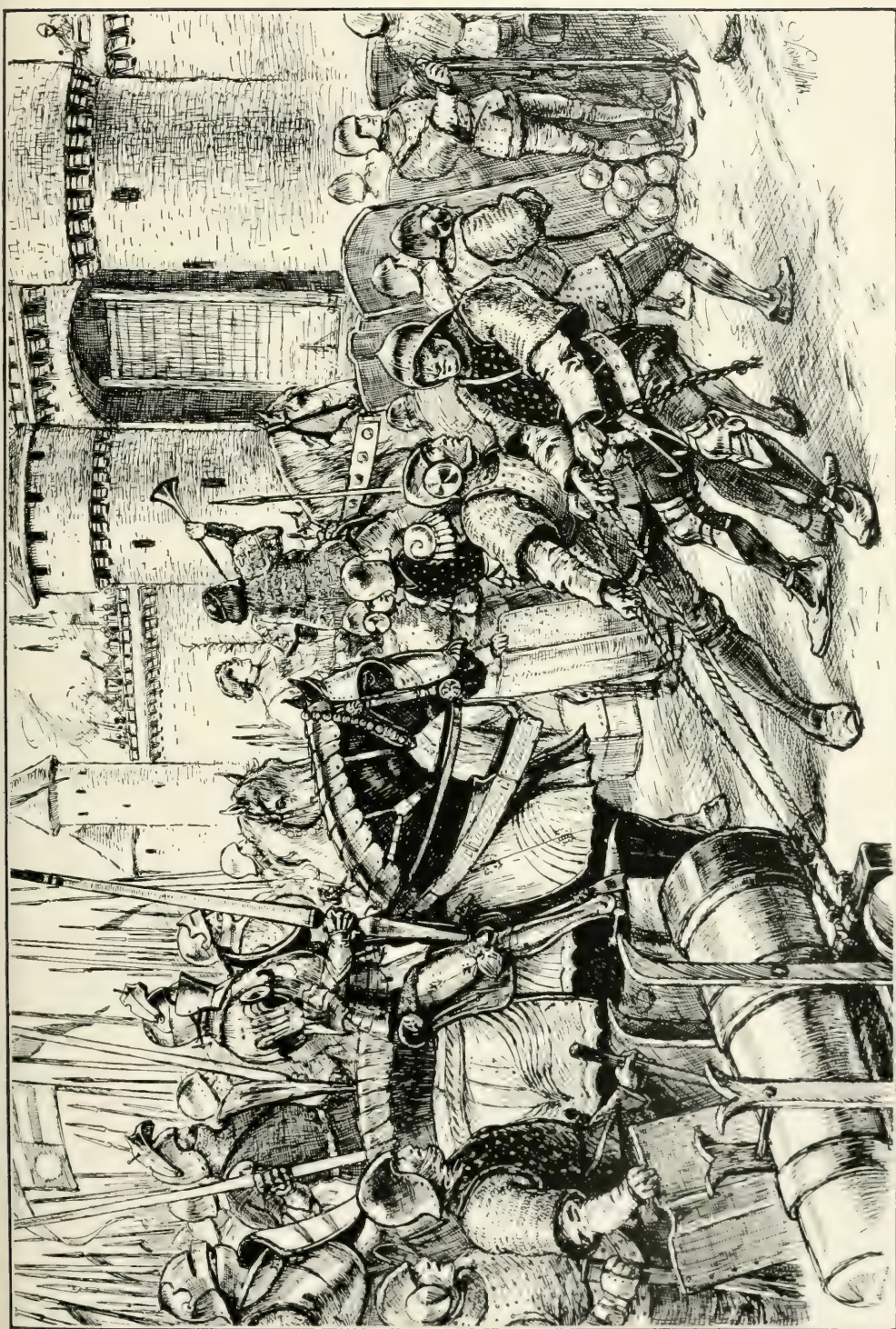
It was in 1349 that the appalling plague known as "The Black Death" rolled like a prodigious Car of Juggernaut over Europe, as though Divine wrath had determined to destroy man because of his wickedness. When the awful scourge swept out of England one-third of the people lay stretched in death, and those that were left were dazed by what seemed a blast of the day of judgment. But they soon rallied from the spell and resumed murdering one another with their usual enjoyment.

One effect of the Black Death was that laborers were so scarce that they could command extravagant wages. King and Parliament tried to check this by the passage of the Statutes of Laborers, compelling them to work for their former hire, and forbidding them to pass from one shire to another, but the difficulty was only partly met.

The truce ended, and war with France was renewed in 1355. Edward the Black Prince was once more its hero. He started from the English possessions in southern France and made a raid similar to that in which his father had formerly devastated Normandy. The French, under a new king, John the Good, pursued him with a force vastly outnumbering his own. So fast indeed did the Frenchmen ride that they got between the prince and his destined goal, shutting him off from escape. He was in a trap.

Before attacking the little band of sturdy Englishmen, King John the Good sent one of his churchmen, Cardinal Perigord, to urge Edward to surrender. The Prince, knowing his men exhausted as well as overmatched, was ready to agree to almost any terms of peace. So all day long Perigord was kept riding between the hostile camps. King John, however, would listen to nothing less than the absolute surrender of Prince Edward with one hundred of his best knights. That would be to accept the battle as lost without fighting it, and the English scornfully refused.

So on the 19th of September, 1356, was fought the battle of Poitiers. It was the counterpart of Crecy. The English bowmen and the English knights were invincible. The vast horde of Frenchmen fled. King John was taken prisoner. The Black Prince treated him with the greatest courtesy, compli



mented him on the courage he had displayed in battle, and waited upon him at supper that evening.

A peace was made at Bretigny in May, 1360, which checked the endless fighting for the time. By the terms of this treaty, Edward yielded his claims to the throne of France, but retained Aquitaine, Calais and some other districts, while John was given permission to ransom himself for three million gold crowns. Being ruler at Bordeaux, as Prince of Aquitaine, the Black Prince aided the dethroned King of Castile, Pedro the Cruel, and by a victory at Navarette regained his kingdom for him. Pedro had promised to pay the expenses of Edward, but now refused to do so. The prince was not only deeply involved in debt, but his health was broken and he went back to Bordeaux a changed man. He levied a burdensome tax, and the resentful nobles appealed to the French king, Charles V., who immediately renewed the dreadful war. The prince, though weak in body, made a brave fight, and, retaking Limoges, stained his name by a general massacre of the inhabitants.

After this cruelty, the Black Prince returned to England and another truce was declared. The King's third son, the Duke of Lancaster, called on account of his birthplace John of Ghent, or Gaunt, took control of affairs, for the Black Prince was near death, and his next brother was worn out and feeble. The last days of the King himself were sorrowful, for the Black Prince passed away, and Edward fell into the power of selfish schemers, one of whom was an unprincipled woman named Alice Ferrers, who, after the death of the Queen, obtained absolute control of the King, and, when he was dying, plucked the jewelry from his person and fled from the palace (1377).

Before proceeding with the story of Edward's successor, we must take note of a remarkable man, who was his opposite in every respect. This was John Wycliffe, who was a scholar at Oxford, when England was desolated by the Black Death. He was born near Richmond in Yorkshire, and first drew notice to himself by attacking the order of the Black Friars, who, though once humble and devout toilers for the good of their fellow-men, had become lazy, and in some cases vicious and depraved. Moved to indignation, Wycliffe assailed the religious and political corruption of the times. He organized the "Poor Priests," who went about clothed in red sackcloth cloaks, barefooted and dependent upon the alms given them, while they preached God's word and labored to carry on the reforms that had been abandoned by the Black Friars.

The only Bible in use at that time was the Latin version, a language of which the poorer people knew nothing, and which was understood by only a few of the priests. Wycliffe translated the Bible into plain English, and had it circulated by his Poor Priests. Since printing was not yet known, the volume was too costly to be generally used, but many gave nearly their all for

copies of some portions of the Scriptures. Still, there must have been a good many complete works written, for to-day there are a hundred and sixty-five copies, more or less perfect, preserved in England. The disciples of Wycliffe were nicknamed Lollards or Psalm Singers. They, to a large extent, became communists, who demanded that all ranks should be abolished and all property equally divided. The Church looked upon them as heretics, and forty-four years after the peaceful death of Wycliffe, in 1384, at his rectory of Lutterworth, his body, by decree of the church council of Constance, was dug up and burned. But he had cleared the way for Luther's Reformation, which came in the sixteenth century.

The first work in English prose was written during the reign of Edward III. It was a volume of travels purporting to be by Sir John Mandeville, who had spent thirty years in the East. He deemed what he saw there of so much interest that he prepared an account in Latin for the learned, one in French for the nobles, and one in English for the common people. The most remarkable thing in the work was the author's statement that the earth is round, and can be circumnavigated,—a declaration at which the wildest dreamer of those days in England laughed.

And now, with the death of King Edward III., a boy was once more heir to the throne; for Richard, son of the Black Prince, was only eleven years old when he became King in 1377. Parliament decreed that the government during his minority should be vested in a council, but it did not take John of Gaunt long to gain control of affairs. He was unprincipled, extravagant, an enemy of reform, and detested by the laboring classes.

England was in a critical condition, for war had again broken out with Scotland and France, the national treasury was empty, and debts were rapidly piling up. So desperate, indeed, were affairs that it was determined to raise a poll tax, that is, a tax upon the head of each person. All over the age of fifteen were included, and it was so heavy that the tax upon a family of three persons was equal to their whole pay for two weeks.

Before this the country was ready for revolt, and the poll tax was the spark that fired the magazine. A brutal collector went into the house of a workman named Wat Tyler, and so shamefully insulted his daughter that the father caught up a hammer, ran in, and with a single blow stretched the ruffian dead on the floor. The news of what had been done spread like wildfire, and the excited peasants left their huts and fields, armed themselves with clubs or any rusty weapons upon which they could lay hands, and, with Wat Tyler at their head, hurried to London to demand justice.

They felt that the only way of securing what they wished was by violence, and gave full vent to their anger. When they passed near a deer park, they



levelled the fences and slew the animals. Reaching London they held the city for three weeks, burnt the law-courts and killed the lawyers, looking upon them as their enemies. Then, with their numbers swelled to a hundred thousand, they straggled on to Smithfield, still eager for violence. There the young King rode boldly out to meet them. He assured them that from that time forward they should all be free men and never again be held as serfs. Some were satisfied and went home. But in a few days the storm broke again, and once more the King rode out to meet them. Wat Tyler laid his hand on Richard's bridle, whereon Walworth, mayor of London, struck the rebel down with a dagger. His death caused consternation in the ranks of his followers, and the insurrection collapsed as quickly as it had risen. Parliament set on foot a series of merciless executions, and refused to discuss any of the schemes that Richard had promised, and which he was disposed to favor; so it may be said the last condition of the peasants was worse than the first.

You would suppose, from the courage displayed by Richard in the presence of the furious mob, that he would make a spirited and excellent king, but unhappily such did not prove to be the case. He was excessively proud and vain, with a disagreeable temper, and was extravagant and childishly fond of shows and pageants. He too had his favorites, who easily persuaded him to do what they wished. In 1387, the opponents of the King gained the upper hand and banished or executed a number of Richard's friends; but he soon secured control, and took savage vengeance upon those who had offended him. He governed well for nine years, when his first wife, who gave evidence of liking the doctrines of Wycliffe, died. This was in 1394, and two years later the king married Isabel, daughter of Charles VI. of France, a girl only eight years old. His purpose in taking this amazing step was to secure an extended truce with France, but the act was very unpopular with his own countrymen, who hated France. Since his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, had led the opposition to him, Richard by a daring act of treachery had him seized in 1397, and carried off to France. He was placed in charge of the governor of Calais, who soon sent back the desired message that he had died. Since there was no doubt that the duke had been murdered by order of the King, his enemies were terrified into quietude.

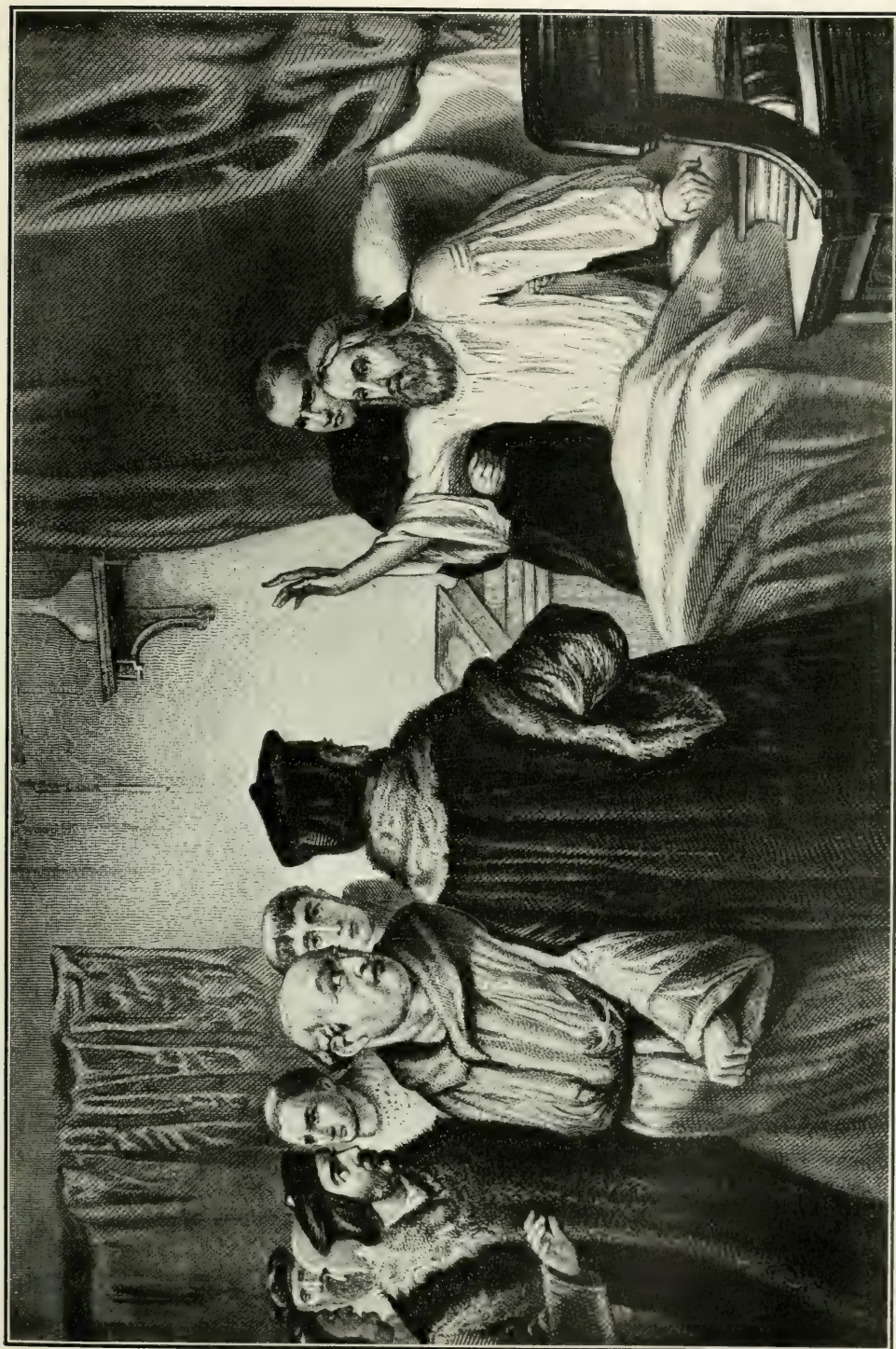
Two of the noblemen who had aggrieved him remained still unpunished. They were Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, and Henry of Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, a son of John of Gaunt. Each suspected the other of betraying him, and a duel was arranged. Just as they were about to fight, Richard stopped the contest and banished Hereford for ten years, Norfolk for life. John of Gaunt died shortly afterward, and the King seized his estates which should have passed to Hereford. The latter, now Duke of Lancaster, waited until Richard

went on an expedition to Ireland, when he came back to England. Accompanied by Archbishop Arundel, another exile, he landed July 4, 1399, with a few armed men, at a seaport on the Humber, where they were immediately joined by the influential northern family of Percy. Followers flocked to them until their number swelled to 60,000, while Edmund, Duke of York, uncle of the King, who was acting as Regent, also turned against his master.

A fortnight passed before Richard heard of what was going on. He was so perplexed that he remained still longer in Ireland, but his troops steadily deserted, and he was persuaded to leave his hiding-place by Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who turned him over to Henry of Lancaster. The King was brought to London, where, under compulsion, he resigned his crown, and the next day, September 30, was formally deposed by the Lords and Commons on the charge of misgovernment. When this was done, Henry of Lancaster claimed the crown, on the ground of being a descendant of Henry III., and the fact that he was already actual master of the realm. Archbishop Arundel conducted him to the throne, and the people who had swarmed into Westminster Hall greeted him with applause. Thus Henry of Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster and son of John of Gaunt, became King of England in 1399, as Henry IV. Richard had rebuilt Westminster Hall, and the first Parliament which met there did so to depose him. He was confined in Pontefract Castle, Yorkshire, where he died after Henry's accession. There is reason to believe that his death was due to violence or starvation, which might have been voluntary or forced upon him.

From the twelfth century to the latter part of the fourteenth, three written languages were used in England: Latin by the clergy and learned men, French among the aristocracy, and English among the common people. *Old English*, which one could hardly recognize in these days, speedily disappeared. The fad of using a foreign language died out during the reign of Edward III., and the English tongue was established in courts of law in 1362. You often hear the expression "King's English," which meant the form of the language which was used at court, in distinction from the various dialects used in the rural districts.

The Old English Chronicles, which had been kept up for so many centuries, came to an end in 1154, the year of Stephen's death. Mention has been made of the book of travels written by Sir John Mandeville. The best known of the historians were William, the monk of Malmesbury, and Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welsh monk who wrote the History of the Britons. The thirteenth-century writers include Matthew Paris, a monk of St. Albans, who wrote a good history of his own times. In addition, there were many romances, devotional works, and songs composed during the thirteenth century. The leading poets of the



age were Geoffrey Chaucer and John Gower, both of whom wrote in the new English of the court, which had become the standard national language. Chaucer's greatest poem is the unfinished "Canterbury Tales," which consisted of a series of stories, represented as told by a party of pilgrims, while on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas Becket at Canterbury.



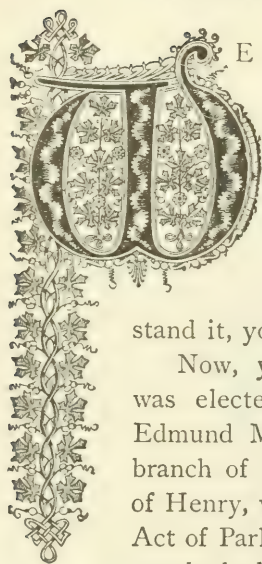
EDWARD II CARRIED TO PRISON



HENRY VI CONFERRING THE REGENCY ON RICHARD OF YORK

Chapter CVII

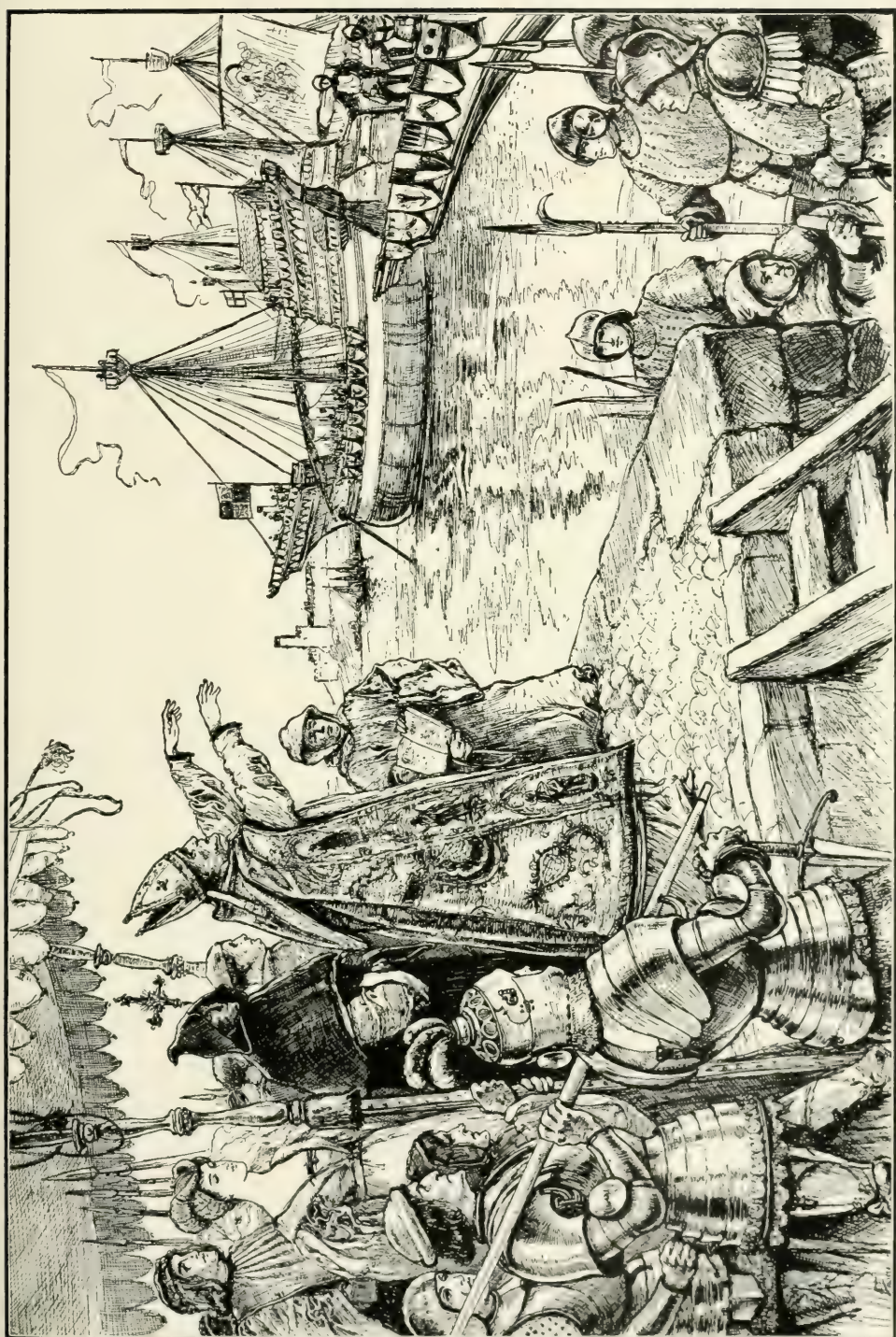
THE HOUSES OF LANCASTER AND YORK



WE are now to study one of the most absurd and inexcusably criminal episodes in the history of England. The solitary redeeming feature about it is that it affected the upper classes only, and the losses, deaths, and disasters fell upon them, where they ought to have fallen; for men who play the fool should suffer the consequences of their folly. The episode to which I refer is known as the "Wars of the Roses," and, in order to understand it, you must keep a number of historical facts in mind.

Now, you have just learned that Henry IV. of Bolingbroke was elected king in 1399. He was not the legal heir, because Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, was descended from an older branch of the family, and his claim therefore was superior to that of Henry, who, I repeat, was *elected* king, being chosen by a special Act of Parliament. Edmund Mortimer was a young child, and the people had had enough of boy kings, so they willingly assented to a setting aside of the regular succession, and the choice of a man as their ruler.

When Henry IV. came to the throne, the wretched dethroned king, Richard, was pining in Pontefract Castle. Almost immediately the new monarch learned of a plot to release Richard and restore him to power. The conspiracy was readily crushed, and a month later Richard was found dead in his apartments. As I have said, there can be little doubt that he was put to death by order of Henry, who had his body brought to London and exposed to public view, in order that the people might not make any mistake in the matter.



You would think that such evidence could not be questioned, but a good many believed the body shown was not that of Richard. Among these was Owen Glendower, a prominent Welshman, who had been a devoted friend of Richard, and who proved his sincerity by gathering a large number of men to make a fight for the restoration of Richard's rights. King Henry led his forces in vain against Glendower, who was soon aided by still more powerful friends.

Henry never would have obtained the throne but for the help of the wealthy and influential Percy family. They spent immense sums to aid him, and naturally expected a royal recognition of their services. This being denied, they turned against the King and joined Glendower in the attempt to win the crown for Richard, if still alive, or else for the Earl of March. What specially angered Sir Henry Percy was the refusal of Henry to ransom the brother-in-law of Percy, who was a prisoner of Glendower. This relative was Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle of the boy of the same name, who was the hereditary heir to the English throne. Young Sir Henry was such a fiery fighter against the Scots that they nicknamed him "Hotspur." You can understand what a formidable alliance was made by this impetuous youth, his father, and his uncle the Earl of Worcester, when they joined Glendower and the Scotch Earl Douglas in the resolution to dethrone Henry IV.

The two armies met at Shrewsbury, on the border of Wales, July 23, 1403, and fought an obstinate battle. It is said that Henry was told that a number of his enemies had sworn to seek him out and slay him. To baffle the plot several knights donned armor like the King's, and every one paid with his life for the chivalrous act. The revolutionists, however, were routed, Hotspur was killed, and Worcester taken prisoner and executed as a traitor, as were a number of his leading companions. The elder Percy, who was not present, declared that his son had acted contrary to his orders, and he thus escaped punishment, only to lose his life in a subsequent rebellion. Although the power of Glendower was broken, he never made submission, and there were continual insurrections in Wales.

A statute was passed in 1401 against the heretics, which decreed that all who refused to abjure their heresy, or, after abjuration, relapsed, should be delivered to the secular authorities to be burned. The first Wycliffite martyr was William Sawtry, a London clergyman, who was burned at Smithfield, in London, February 12, 1401. A poor tailor, John Badbee, was the second. He remained true to his belief, though offered his life and a yearly pension if he would recant.

Henry's health broke before he was fifty. It is said that he often suffered from the reproaches of his conscience, and had arranged to go on a Crusade, but while praying at the tomb of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey,

he was stricken with a fatal illness, and, being carried to an adjoining room, died a few days later, on March 20, 1413.

The son of the dead king reigned from 1413 to 1422, as Henry V. While Prince of Wales he was a wild, roistering fellow, the jolly "Prince Hal" of Monmouth, who was continually drinking, carousing, and misbehaving himself, though his geniality of manner, kindness to all, devotion to his father, and freedom from small vices, made him the most popular young man in the kingdom. The thoughtful ones felt misgiving when he came to the throne, but the responsibility sobered him, and he turned his back forever upon his swaggering, loud-mouthed comrades in revelry, and gave his energies to his new duties.

The opportunity for attacking France was too good to be lost, for its king was the insane Charles VI., its queen-regent was vicious, and the country torn by the intriguing and ambitious dukes, who hated one another more than they hated the English. So Henry raised an army and invaded the distracted country. He sailed from Southampton in August, 1415, followed by the blessings of his people and the Church. With hardly eight thousand troops he reached a point halfway between Crecy and Calais. The French troops were six or eight times as numerous as the English, but a drenching rain fell during the night, and made the ground so soggy that the land which the French had to cross became a mass of mud, into which the horsemen floundered helplessly. A great advantage rested with the English bowmen, who, being dismounted, could move readily, while sharpened stakes were driven deep into the earth in front of each archer, effectually checking the charges of the cavalry. The English gained a striking victory, which is known in history as Agincourt, because of the name of the castle standing near the battle-ground.

Great was the rejoicing in England over this wonderful triumph of her yeomen. King Henry was received on his return with the most extravagant outbursts of joy, and there was no longer any question of his right to sit upon the throne. Ballads were sung:

" Agincourt, Agincourt,
Know ye not Agincourt?
When our best hopes were nought,
Tenfold our foemen,
Harry led his men to battle,
Slew the French like sheep and cattle—
Huzza, our bowmen!"

The memory of Henry's great deeds lingered long in popular memory. Shakespeare has made the King's victories in France the subject of one of his finest plays, a pæan of rejoicing over England's greatness.



The young King led a second and larger army to France in 1417, and, profiting by the dissensions of the French, captured one city after another, until all Normandy was in his hands. By the treaty of Troyes in 1420, Paris itself surrendered. Henry married Catharine, the daughter of the mad French King, and was to succeed his dying father-in-law upon the throne. Such of France as he had already conquered became England's property at once.

So here was a second crown ready to fall into the hands of this remarkable man, as yet scarcely out of his youth. It was too much of good fortune. Henry died in 1422, while still busy crushing out the smouldering sparks of discontent in his new realm of France. Two months later the mad French King followed him to the grave. Henry's body was brought back to England and buried in Westminster Abbey, where you may see his saddle and helmet suspended over his tomb.

He left a son—also named Henry—only nine months old, whose title was "King of England and France," and whose uncle, the Duke of Bedford, reigned as regent. This uncle carried on the war in France, where some of the nobles upheld the son of Charles VI. to succeed his father. This new king, the young Charles VII., was defeated again and again, until the victorious British laid siege to Orleans. And this brings us to that marvellous event in history, where the siege of the city was raised through the inspiration of the peasant girl, Joan of Arc, the particulars of which you learned in the story of France. In the end, the English were driven out of France, and the Hundred Years' War closed in their defeat in 1453. England no longer owned a foot of Norman soil, her only possession being the city of Calais, while France began climbing to the position of the leading European nation.

By this time Henry VI. had been nominally King of England for thirty years, but he was of feeble intellect; and his wife, Margaret of Anjou, a ferocious woman, and her adviser, William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, continually meddled with the government, and, to add to the distressful situation, the barons wrangled with one another for power. The Duke of Suffolk was banished, but the disorder did not stop. The trouble was that the barons had become so accustomed to wars that they could not endure peace. They lived in their great halls, with their bands of followers as idle and ripe for mischief as they. Then there were a large number of disbanded soldiers, who, not being employed as servants, became tramps and highwaymen, shot the king's deer, and robbed the rich travellers who came their way.

Serfdom had disappeared, so that there were no more men who were obliged to work without pay, and who could be sold and bought with the land they occupied; but many were in a miserable state, for the lands which they used to till had been turned into sheep-farms to furnish the wool that was in great

demand in Flanders. Perforce, these suffering men joined the beggars, and some of them also became highwaymen. Since the sheep-farms took the place of wheat fields, less grain was grown, and bread became dear. And on top of this woful condition of the country came the disgraceful close of the war with France, that had consumed so much money and cost so many lives, for all of which there was nothing to show. So extreme was the universal poverty, that it is said there were times when the royal couple actually went hungry.

But there were magnificent exceptions to this wretchedness. The Earl of Warwick and other great lords had gathered colossal fortunes out of the wars. Warwick, at his regal mansion in London and at his different castles, had more than thirty thousand men in his service, and when he went to Parliament he was attended by six hundred liveried retainers.

Human nature could not submit to all this. The greatest dissatisfaction was among the men of Kent, who, after talking over the matter, decided to go to London and secure redress, even if it had to be done by violence. Their leader was Jack Cade, whose main grievance was that the people were shut out from a free choice of their representatives, and could only elect those whom the nobility approved. He led twenty thousand men into London, first encamping on Blackheath, from which he sent a statement of their grievances to the King. These, it cannot be denied, were very many and very serious. Cade made little effort to control his followers. Indeed, he set them an example by murdering an unpopular member of the government, Lord Saye, on the charge of having sold England's possessions in France. The rioting continued for three days; then the plundering of a number of houses turned the citizens against Cade, and with the aid of soldiers from the Tower they defended London Bridge against him. The Council promised to consider the complaints sent to them and to pardon the turbulent mob, which gradually dispersed. Cade fled, and was hotly chased by Iden, sheriff of Kent, who overtook and killed him.

In 1453 a son, Edward, was born to Henry. This promised to perpetuate the rule of the Lancastrian kings who had come into power with Henry IV. Now, there were still living descendants of the older branch of the royal family, who had vaguely hoped to be some day recalled to the throne. Chief of these at the time was Richard, Duke of York, nephew of the Edmund Mortimer who had been set up as a rival to Henry IV. This Richard ranked as the highest nobleman of the kingdom, and when the feeble King Henry VI. became in 1453 temporarily insane, Richard of York was appointed regent.

He took advantage of his power to crush the leading nobles of the Lancastrian party. The King's friends, alarmed, declared him once more capable of reigning, and would have ousted the Duke of York from the regency, but



Richard took up arms to maintain himself. "Not against the king," he said, "but against those who falsely pretend to act in his name."

The Earl of Warwick, the wealthiest and most powerful man in England, joined Richard, and the "Wars of the Roses" began. They were to devastate England for thirty years. The peculiar name "Wars of the Roses" was given them because the badge of the party of the King, the Lancastrians, was a red rose, while that of the rebellious Yorkists was a white rose. Shakespeare has a famous scene in which he represents the quarrelling leaders as choosing their symbols. They stand in a London garden, and Richard of York, that is, Richard Plantagenet, cries out :

"Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me."

Somerset, leader of the Lancastrians, answers :

"Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

Then the Earl of Warwick speaks :

"I love no colors ; and, without all color
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet."

This terrible civil struggle, which went on for thirty years, was, in truth, merely a shameless scramble for spoils, there being no real principle involved. In the first conflict at St. Albans, in 1455, the Yorkists gained a victory, as they did at Bloreheath, Staffordshire, and at Northampton, where Henry was taken prisoner, and Queen Margaret fled with the young Prince Edward to Scotland. Richard demanded the crown, but Henry made a spirited refusal. Finally a compromise was agreed upon, by which Henry was to remain in possession of his throne till his death, when Richard or his heirs was to succeed him.

The indignant Queen, however, refused to allow her son thus to be set aside. She hurried down from Scotland to the north of England, and was joined by several powerful lords. The Duke of York, with some five thousand men, set out in the winter of 1460, to meet her. He lodged in a castle near Wakefield, and Queen Margaret dared him to come out and fight her. His generals urged him to wait where he was until joined by his brave son, the Earl of March. Well would it have been for the duke had he heeded this

advice, but he was so stung by the taunts that he accepted the challenge. His forces were cut to pieces, and he was made prisoner. His exultant captors set him upon an anthill, twisted grass about his head, and mockingly bent their knees to him. "Hail, king, who has no kingdom! Hail, prince, without a people; we trust your Grace is well and happy!"

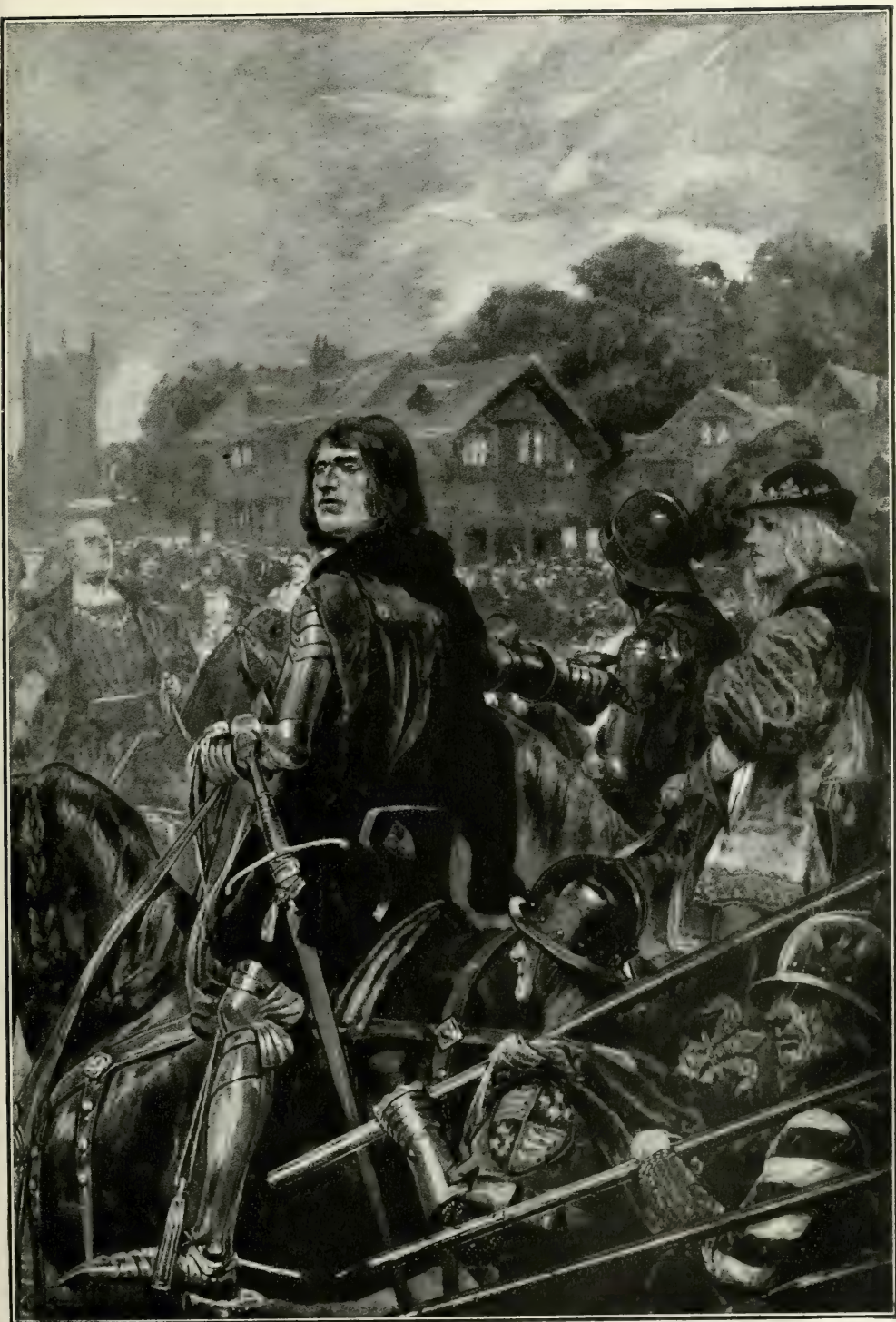
Then they cut off the head of the miserable man, fixed it on the end of a pole, and handed it to the delighted Margaret, who could hardly keep from dancing with glee. She had some paper doubled up in imitation of a crown, and placed it on the head, which was then fastened on the walls of York. From that time forward neither side gave quarter in their battles.

The next year the Lancastrians suffered a bloody repulse at Towton, where the snow was crimsoned by more than twenty thousand corpses. It is one of the incomprehensible mysteries of human nature, that these friends and neighbors should thus murder one another for no other object than to help the ambitious schemes of a set of wretches, who never should have been permitted to cumber the earth. But so it has been for centuries, and even yet the incredible folly has not disappeared from earth.

The Earl of Warwick, who commanded the Yorkists at Towton, earned the name of the "King-maker." He had made Richard almost King. Now he set the eldest son of the murdered duke firmly upon the throne, as Edward IV. Margaret and Henry took refuge in Scotland, and, refusing to obey the summons of the new government, were proclaimed traitors. Henry was captured four years later and imprisoned in the Tower of London, where he seems to have felt a great deal more contented than in trying to balance himself on the wobbly throne.

All through the reign of Edward IV. (1461-1483) the Wars of the Roses raged, with both sides as ferocious as so many ravening wolves. The King married Elizabeth Woodville, who had no rank or money, and he distributed grand titles and estates so lavishly among his lady's relatives, that the Earl of Warwick became jealous. To make good his rights as "King-maker" he managed to oust Edward from the throne and set Henry down in his place. A few months later, however, Warwick was killed at the battle of Barnet (1471), and the wretched King Henry was sent back to the Tower, where he was secretly murdered on the same day that Edward resumed his briefly interrupted reign. Margaret kept up the struggle; but the fates were against her, and in the desperate battle of Tewkesbury (1471) her son was slain and she was made prisoner. After five years of captivity she was ransomed by Louis XI. of France, and died in her own country of Anjou.

Edward IV. lived a pampered life, with no fear of another rebellion, since the Wars of the Roses had carried off or ruined about all the barons. He





added to his enormous wealth by compelling his subjects to give him large sums of money, which he called "benevolences." There was only one person whom he had real cause to distrust, and that was his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, a deformed monster of iniquity, who plotted for long years to obtain the throne of England. Miserable and worn out, Edward died in 1483, leaving his widow, five young daughters, and two little sons, Edward, the heir to the throne, and Richard, Duke of York. When the King died, these boys were staying with their mother's relatives at Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire. Edward, who is called Edward V. though he never received the crown, was only twelve years old, and was placed under the guardianship of his uncle, the hunchback miscreant Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who was appointed Lord Protector of the realm until the lad should become of age.

Meeting the princes on the road to London in charge of their half-brother, Sir Richard Grey, and their uncle, Lord Rivers, the hypocritical Duke of Gloucester insisted on taking personal charge of the young King. Then, on the pretence that the prince would be safer in the Tower of London than at Westminster Palace, he sent him to the great gloomy prison to pine in solitude.

The incredible villainy of Richard was not long in showing itself. Lord Hastings had voted to make him Protector, but he was too honorable to assist him in seizing the crown. In pretended passion, Richard abruptly accused Lord Hastings of treason, and had him beheaded without a hearing or trial. This left the way clear for the duke to carry out his atrocious purpose toward his two young nephews.

The Queen mother saw with horror the intention of her brother-in-law. She took her other son and his two sisters, and fled for protection to the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey, where she sat alone and sorrowful, with a breaking heart, on the rushes of the floor. After long persuasion, with profuse promises and partial force, Richard induced her to yield her other son to his care. She parted from him in despair, believing she would never see him again. She kissed and embraced the child repeatedly, and clung to him, until he was forced from her arms. Her presentiments were justified, for she never afterward saw either of her boys in this world. Some have hesitated to believe the awful charge that, by direct orders of Richard, the princes were smothered to death in the Tower of London, but the finding, a couple of centuries later, of the skeletons of two children corresponding in age to the princes, and buried or hidden at the foot of the stairs leading to the room where they were imprisoned, leaves little doubt as to the fate of the unhappy lads.

Richard gained enough influential friends to bring about his accession to the throne as Richard III. He strove to win the good-will of his subjects. He summoned Parliament, and encouraged it to pass a number of satisfactory

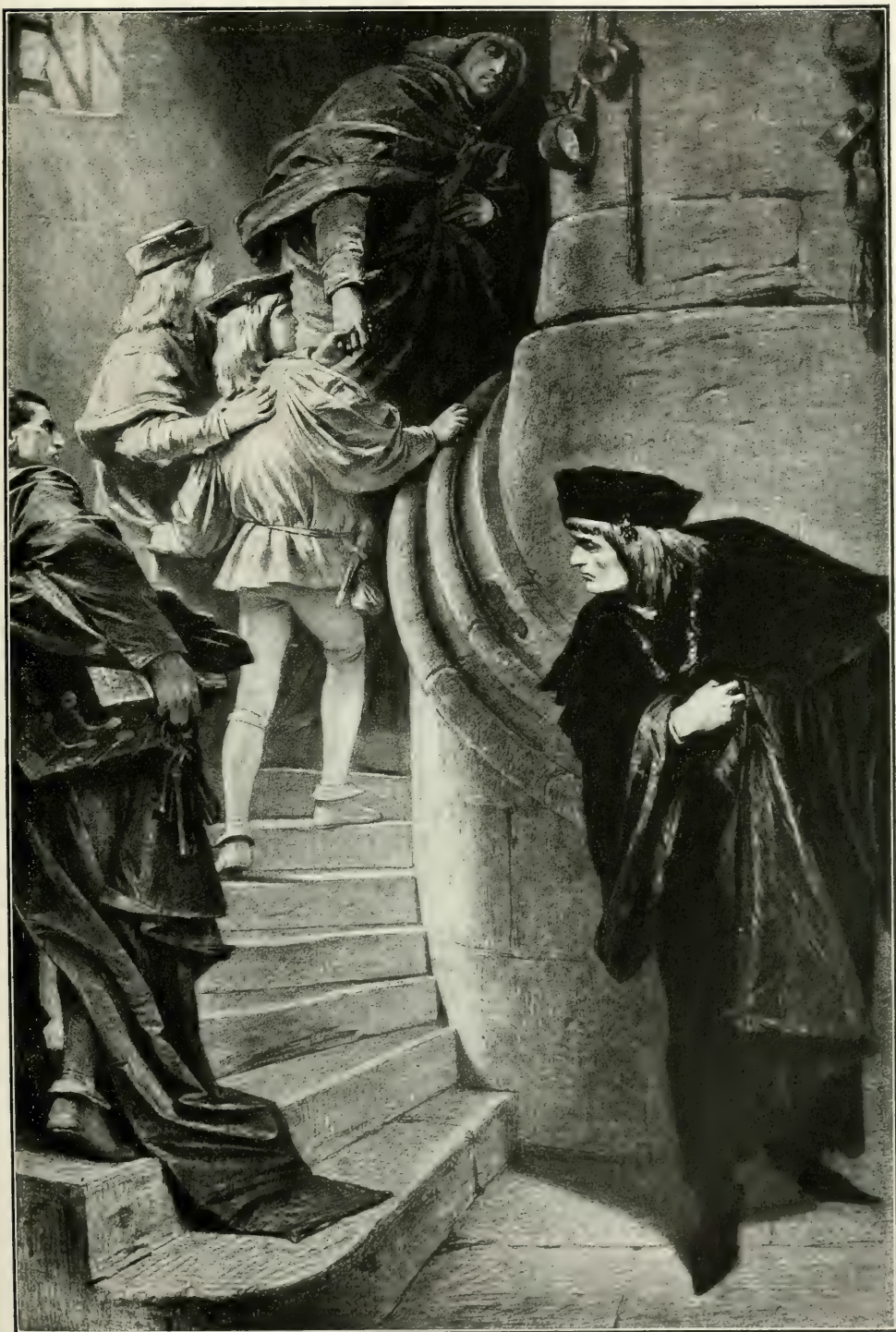
laws, but his cruelty and blackness of heart created an undercurrent of implacable enmity toward him. Inquiries, too, began to be heard as to what had become of the two princes, and whispers of their horrible fate passed from lip to lip. Richard reigned only two years, during which several revolts broke out, but they were speedily crushed, and the executioner took care that the leaders should never be able to head another uprising.

Before Richard became King he persuaded or compelled the widow of that Edward (son of Margaret the Queen) who was killed at Tewkesbury, to become his wife. He meant that his own son should marry Elizabeth, the eldest sister of the two murdered princes, thereby strengthening the succession of his family to the throne. But the son died, the King "disposed" of his own wife, and then determined to marry the Princess Elizabeth himself. He, the murderer of her two brothers!

But the princess was already affianced to Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, who had been patiently waiting for years to strike a blow for the crown which he claimed by virtue of his illegitimate descent from the House of Lancaster. Convinced that his opportunity had come at last, he landed with six thousand men at Milford Haven, Wales, in 1485, and pushed on against King Richard.

It was said of the Plantagenet line that, however great their faults, there was not a coward among them, and the bravery of Richard III. cannot be questioned. He met Henry, August 22d, 1485, at Bosworth Field, in Leicestershire, where the decisive battle was fought between the rival and pestilent houses of Lancaster and York. Richard strove with a skill and desperation that would have won the day, but for the treachery of many of his followers. At first, his army was twice as numerous as Henry's; but its disaffection more than equalized the strength of the combatants. Nothing daunted by desertions, Richard plunged into the thickest of the fight, and, catching sight of Henry among a group of his knights, strove furiously to reach him. He hewed down the Lancastrian standard-bearer, fiercely unhorsed a knight, and struck viciously at Henry himself, but Sir William Stanley parried the blow, and the swarming foes struck Richard from his horse and killed him as he lay on the ground.

After the battle the crown of Richard was found under a hawthorn bush where it had rolled. Picking it up, stained with blood as it was, Lord Stanley set it on the head of Henry amid cries of "Long live King Henry!" So, for the only time in English history, a king was killed and a king was crowned on the field of battle. On the same woful night a horse was led up to the church of the Gray Friars at Leicester, with a sack tied across its back. In this was the naked body of the last of the Plantagenet line, King Richard III., slain in the thirty-second year of his age, after a brief reign of only two years.

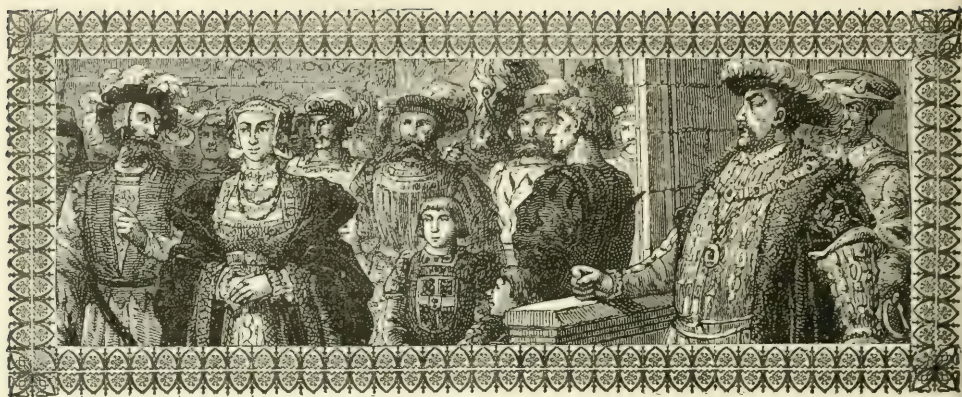


During the ferocious Wars of the Roses, which had lasted thirty years, fourteen battles and innumerable skirmishes were fought, with losses almost beyond estimate; eighty princes of the blood and more than half the nobility of the kingdom fell, and all to gratify the intriguing ambition of a few.

It is an inexpressible relief to turn aside from this record of brutality and crime to another revolution, infinitely further-reaching in its effects and of inestimable benefit to mankind. Printing, as you know, was invented in Germany. It was during the Wars of the Roses that it was introduced into England. The man to whom the honor belongs was William Caxton, who was a poor peasant boy born in the village of Kent in 1422. At the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to Robert Large, a rich London mercer. At the death of the latter in 1441, Caxton went to Bruges, where some twenty years later he seems to have become governor of an association of English traders in foreign parts. He wrote an excellent hand, and the Duchess of Burgundy, who lived there, encouraged him to make copies of a book which he had translated. Over these copies Caxton toiled till his head ached and his eyesight grew dim. He knew a man named Colard Mansion, who had a small, crude printing-press in an old church tower, and to him Caxton turned in his difficulty, watching with open-eyed wonder the working of the press. The shrewd merchant saw what a great boon printing would be to his country, and, since it was at peace, he determined to take a printing-press thither. In a little nook, close to Westminster Abbey, he set up his printing-press about 1474, and pasted a notice on the door, inviting people to come and buy his books. In this little office Caxton toiled for many years at translating and printing.

There has been much speculation as to the first book printed by Caxton; but the first volume that it is known with certainty was published in England was the "Dictes and Notable Wise Sayings of the Philosophers," which was issued in 1477. All the eight fonts of type from which Caxton printed were what is known as Black Letter. Of the ninety-nine productions that it is certain came from his press, thirty-eight survive in single copies or fragments. He continued his work of translation and printing up to his death, which took place near the close of 1491. How impressive is the contrast between the good done by this faithful, intelligent man and the ruin spread by the rioting, murdering barons!

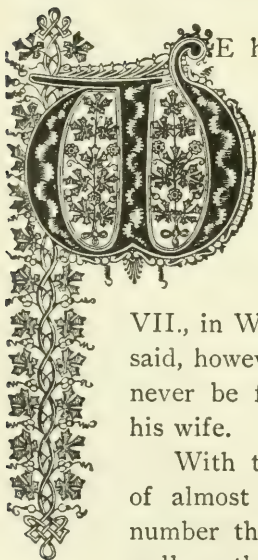




HENRY VIII MEETING ANNE OF CLEVES

Chapter CVIII

THE GROWTH OF ROYAL POWER UNDER THE TUDOR KINGS



WE have reached a turning-point in English history. Feudalism was dead, and the old England was passing away. The marriage of Henry VII. to the Princess Elizabeth, sister of the murdered princes and true heiress of the House of York, blended the white and the red roses and closed the civil war. The wedding took place a few months after the King's accession, and to-day in the east window of stained glass in the chapel of Henry VII., in Westminster Abbey, you may see the Roses joined. It is said, however, that the King's dislike of the House of York could never be fully overcome, and that he showed little affection for his wife.

With the House of Tudor there was ushered in a long period of almost absolute kingly power. The nobility were so few in number that they were no longer to be feared, and the clergy as well as the people welcomed strong, centralized, conservative government. No wonder that all were weary of the bloody strife, and glad to have one who ruled with a rod of iron. Although Parliament had put certain restraints on the crown, these were a dead letter. Henry was cunning and avaricious. By keeping out of foreign wars, he avoided the necessity of calling Parliament together and asking for grants of money. He strove to avoid taxing the poorer classes, since they were the most numerous, and he was anxious to hold his popularity with them. He revived the system of "benevo-





lences," and with the aid of his chief minister, Cardinal Morton, wrung large sums from the rich, so that it was not long before his coffers overflowed.

The rapacious monarch also took other methods of raising money, of which, indeed, he could never get enough to satisfy him. He accepted bribes for pardoning rebels, sold offices of church and state, and, under the pretence of needing money to put down fancied insurrections, obtained liberal grants from Parliament, which he hoarded in his bloated treasury. The most oppressive system, however, was that put in force by two of his lawyers, who went through the country mousing among old and forgotten laws, which they revived, and thereby reaped a prodigious harvest of wealth. The rapacity of these two scamps earned for them the nickname of the King's "skin-shearers."

One ancient statute thus brought to life imposed immense fines upon every nobleman who equipped his followers in military costume, or used a badge for the purpose of designating them. The court which was organized to enforce this statute met in a room whose ceiling was ornamented with stars, because of which the body was known as the Court of the Star Chamber. The original purpose of this court was to punish such crimes as were committed by influential families, whom the minor courts were afraid to deal with. The Star Chamber was not permitted to inflict the penalty of death, but could impose exorbitant fines and terms of imprisonment. In one instance, when the Earl of Oxford had his retainers drawn up in uniform to do honor to the King, who had dined with him, the King had him fined more than half a million dollars for violating the Livery Law.

Gunpowder was coming gradually into use, and the introduction of artillery added immensely to the power of the monarch, for he was shrewd enough to keep the valuable invention in his own possession. In short, no means was neglected that could add to his strength, which became so great that the groaning barons saw the uselessness of making protest or resistance.

The reign of the first of the Tudor line was marked by the appearance of two pretenders to the crown. One of these was Lambert Symnel, who claimed to be Edward V., the dead nephew of Richard III. Symnel was readily quashed, and was held in such contempt by the King that he declined to punish him, except by giving him employment as a scullion in his kitchen. Perkin Warbeck boldly declared he was Richard, Duke of York, who was supposed to have been murdered in the Tower by his uncle, Richard III. There are some even at this late day who are inclined to believe he was not an impostor. He first appeared at Cork, and was warmly welcomed. Then he passed over to France and Flanders, where he was also accepted as being what he claimed to be. He went to Scotland in 1496, and King James IV. gave him his kinswoman, Katharine Gordon, in marriage. Warbeck raised an army; but in

Cornwall, upon the approach of the royal troops, he withdrew from his men and took refuge in a sanctuary, surrendering a few days later on the promise that his life should be spared. He was hanged at Tyburn in 1499, after being held prisoner for nearly two years.

Henry VII. greatly advanced his own interests through the marriages he arranged. That of his daughter Margaret with James IV. of Scotland opened the way for the union of the two kingdoms, while the marriage of his eldest son Arthur to Catharine of Aragon, daughter of the King of Spain, secured not only an enormously valuable marriage portion to the prince, but the alliance of Spain against France. When Arthur died a few months later, his father obtained a dispensation from the Pope which permitted him to marry his younger son Henry to Arthur's widow, and it was this son who became Henry VIII. of England. The rapacity of the King enabled him, when he died in 1509, to leave a vast fortune to Henry VIII., who was scarce eighteen years old when he succeeded to the throne.

The century which had just drawn to a close was a memorable one, for it had seen great advances in discovery, art, and science. Columbus had found a new world, Copernicus the astronomer had discovered a new heaven, and men had learned that it was the earth which circled about the sun, instead of the other way, as had been universally believed, and that the earth instead of being a flat plain, was a globe. The Cabots had coasted a portion of North America, and established the claim of England to the greater part of the American continent. The explosive gunpowder had been invented and brought into general use. An extraordinary revival of learning had taken place at Oxford, and Erasmus, the renowned preacher, was establishing schools and hewing the path for Luther the Reformer. It has been shown, too, that printing had brought about the greatest of all revolutions.

The highest hopes centred in Henry VIII. He was handsome, frank, good-humored, strongly in sympathy with the revival of learning, and everybody liked him. He was fond of talking with the wise men who brought the "new learning" from Florence to Oxford, and who longed to make the English wiser and better. The most zealous of these new scholars were the Dutchman Erasmus, the young clergyman John Colet, and Thomas More, who afterward became Lord Chancellor. They were ardent in the study of Greek, for the knowledge thus gained brought students in direct communication with the profoundest thinkers of the past.

As is always the case, a good many opposed the innovation advocated by these scholars, but Henry stood by them and was their staunch friend. Colet was made Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and Erasmus was appointed professor of Greek at Cambridge, where he began the work of preparing an



THE TUDOR AND STUART KINGS

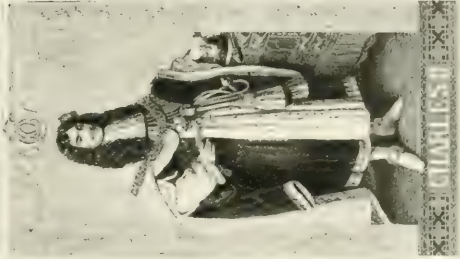
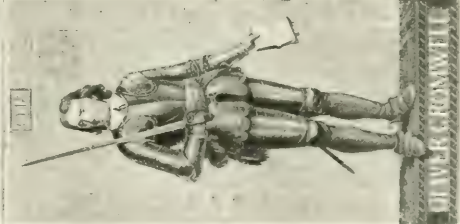
(England's Sovereigns During the Rise and Fall of Kingly Power)

Specially arranged for the present work

HENRY VII, the first Tudor sovereign, begins a new period in English history. The power of the barons was completely broken. They became in England what nearly two centuries later they became in France under Louis XIV, mere courtiers, powerless without their king. Thus Henry VII had more real control over England than any earlier monarch; and this authority was increased by his able descendants, Henry VIII and Elizabeth. Thus for over a century England's kings were almost wholly her masters.

But when Elizabeth died, she left no direct descendants; she was the last of the Tudors. Her nearest heir was a cousin, King James VI of Scotland. Thus the royal family of Scotland, the Stuarts, inherited the English crown. James VI of Scotland became James I of England. The Stuarts were not shrewd, strong-handed, broad-minded tyrants such as the Tudors had been. On the contrary they were narrow, vain, obstinate and weak. They tried to claim even more power than the Tudors, and so drove England to her great rebellion. All the power that Elizabeth had won and consolidated, the four Stuart kings, James I, Charles I, James II and Charles II, hastened to disrupt and throw away. Hence we say that monarchical power in England was built up under the Tudors and destroyed under the Stuarts.





edition of the Greek Testament, accompanied with a Latin translation. Until then, the Greek Testament existed only in written form, but its publication in print added in a marked degree to the study of the Scriptures, hewed the path for the Reformation, and prepared the way for a revised translation of the Bible much better than Wycliffe's. Under the impulse of his creditable sentiments, Henry VIII. founded Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterward extended Cardinal Wolsey's endowment of Christ Church College, Oxford. Alas! that the promise thus held out and the hopes thus awakened were to be so bitterly disappointed.

Within a few years after Henry's accession Luther began his great battle against the doctrines and power of the papacy. You will recollect that it was in 1517, he nailed on the door of the church of Wittenberg his protests which led to the movement against the Church of Rome. Henry VIII. was a firm Catholic, and some time later published a reply to one of Luther's works and sent a sumptuously bound copy to the Pope, who was so pleased that he conferred on him the title of "Defender of the Faith," which, rather strangely, has been retained by every English sovereign since that time.

France and Spain were becoming powerful nations, and Henry was ambitious to take a hand in the continental wars that he might gain some advantage therefrom. There was jealousy between the Emperor of Germany and the King of France, and each naturally tried to gain the favor of the English King. He coquetted with both by turns, actuated at all times by selfish motives. In alliance with the German Emperor in 1513, he defeated the French cavalry at Guinegate, who fled in such headlong haste that the conflict was called the "Battle of the Spurs." The Scots took advantage of the war and invaded England, but were defeated by the Earl of Surrey, September 9, 1513, at Flodden, where their King James IV., with some of the foremost of the nation, was left dead on the field, and Scotland itself lay as helpless as her dead leaders. Peace was made the following year, and, in June, 1520, a series of friendly meetings took place between the new French King, Francis I., and Henry, which were on such a scale of splendor that the meeting-place was called "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." The grand display, however, proved of no advantage to the French King, for Henry soon made an alliance with the Emperor Charles V., and in 1522 a new war was launched against France, which closed three years later with an agreement of the French sovereign to pay a large annual pension to the English King.

Such a depraved wretch as Henry VIII. grew to be, was certain to break before long with the Church, of which he was at first so valiant a defender. He had as his adviser one of the ablest and most unscrupulous of men in Thomas Wolsey, a priest who was able to reach the loftiest position, and to

make the King almost smother him under honors. He climbed upward as Archbishop of York, chancellor, cardinal, papal legate, and hoped, with seemingly good reason, to become Pope himself.

The best government of Henry's reign was when Wolsey was at the head of affairs, or from 1515 to 1529, though it cannot be denied that the policy of this great man was dishonest and tortuous. But as the years passed, the joyous temperament of the King gave place to gloom and dissatisfaction. He had not only "tasted every cup of pleasure," but had drained the cup to the dregs. He was sated and nauseated, and, instead of seeking happiness, where it can alone be found, in humbly following the will of God and obeying the Golden Rule, he reached out for new and guilty indulgences. When he was only twelve years old, he had been betrothed to Catharine of Aragon, the widow of his brother Arthur. He tired of her, and then, under the pretence that he believed the marriage unlawful, he determined to be divorced, in order that he might marry Anne Boleyn, a lady of his court, for whom he had formed a fancy.

Cardinal Wolsey favored this divorce because he hated Spain, and saw in it the means of detaching England from its alliance with that country, while the hope of making a new union with France, through the marriage of the King with a princess of that country, was the scheme that appealed to this conscienceless minister. He therefore, in 1527, did his utmost to persuade the Pope to consent to the divorce.

Pope Clement VII. was in a dilemma. Francis I. of France supported England, while, on the other hand, Charles V. of Spain threatened. The Pope temporized, and, to gain time, issued a commission to Cardinal Campeggio and Wolsey to try the question. Meanwhile, the impatient King discarded Catharine who was six years older than he, and lived with Anne Boleyn, proclaiming his intention of marrying her so soon as he could secure a divorce. This turn of affairs knocked Wolsey's schemes awry, and, losing all wish to get the divorce, he favored procrastination as much as did Pope Clement, who finally revoked the commission, and transferred the question to Rome.

This step virtually ended the papal power in England. The King and Anne Boleyn were exasperated against Wolsey, because they were sure he had tricked them, and they resolved to punish him. Under a law of Richard II. no representative of the Pope had any legal authority in England. It mattered not that the King had consented to Wolsey's holding the office of legate. Since he had dared to thwart the will of the King, he should now pay the penalty. Feeling his helplessness, he meekly folded his hands and gave up everything—riches, power, and rank. He was allowed to go into retirement, but a year later was arrested on the charge of treason. While painfully making his



A KINGLY COURTING

(Henry VIII Wooes Anne Boleyn, a Lady of His Brilliant Court)

From a painting by the German master, Carl von Piloty (1826-1886)

HENRY VII ruled shrewdly and strongly, and kept his land at peace for a quarter of a century. Then he died and was succeeded by his son, a lad of eighteen, the notorious Henry VIII. Never did sovereign succeed to a brighter prospect. He had no rivals, no enemies, no power which could stand against his. England had grown wealthy and his court was splendid. Moreover he proved himself a clever statesman; reaching out into the troubled sea of European politics, he gained more than he lost against such masters of statecraft as the German emperor, Charles V, and the brilliant French king, Francis I.

One fact, however, soured Henry's life and turned it all astray. He had, when a mere child, been wedded by his father to a Spanish princess much older than himself, Catharine of Aragon. He never cared for her, and soon became a gallant wooer of other ladies. Finally when he had been king for twenty years and saw no hope of having a son by Queen Catharine, he determined to divorce her and wed another. This wedding was to be for his own pleasure and his choice fell upon one of Catharine's maids of honor, Anne Boleyn, who is described to us as the court beauty, "a sprightly brunette of nineteen with long black hair and strikingly beautiful eyes." The divorce was not easy to get; but after five years of waiting and of courting Henry was free, and married the very willing Anne.





way to London, he fell grievously ill, and tottered into the Abbey of Leicester to die. Well has Shakespeare shown him as saying :

"O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye :
Give him a little earth for charity !"

A new ministry was formed in October, 1529, in which, for the first time, the highest places were given to laymen. Sir Thomas More, of whom you have heard as greatly helping in the revival of learning, was made Chancellor, and the chief adviser of the King was Wolsey's old assistant, Cromwell. About this time, Dr. Thomas Cranmer, of Cambridge, advised the King to lay his divorce question before the universities of Europe. Henry eagerly did so, and by the use of bribes, a favorable response was drawn from the majority. The King was so heartened by this verdict that he charged the whole body of the English Church with being guilty of the same offence that Wolsey had committed. Quaking with fear, they bought the pardon of the irate ruler by the payment of a sum amounting to several million dollars. This was clinched by the declaration that the King was the supreme head on earth of the Church in England. Thus, as has been said, the Reformation entered that kingdom by a side door.

Henry married Anne Boleyn in 1532, after having lived with her as her husband for some five years. Cromwell succeeded Wolsey as the confidential adviser and friend of Henry, and Anne was crowned in Westminster Abbey. The indignant Pope ordered the King to put her away, under the threat of excommunication, and to receive back Catharine. Henry answered through his obsequious Parliament, which in 1534, passed the Act of Supremacy, which made the King absolutely the head of the Church. The denial of this was to constitute treason. The act of 1534 was the most momentous in the ecclesiastical history of England.

While many sympathized with Henry in thus cutting off England from allegiance to Rome, he committed crimes so horrible that they are without the shadow of palliation. He was given the right to declare any opinion heretical, and to punish it with death. Cromwell was his ready tool in this infamy, it being their rule not to allow any accused person to be heard in his own defence. The venerable Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and the great and good Sir Thomas More could not conscientiously accept the decree that Henry was head of the Church, and, for heeding the voice of conscience, both were brought to the scaffold. These two men died the sublime deaths of Christians. More bade his orphaned daughter a tender farewell ; then as he came to the steps leading

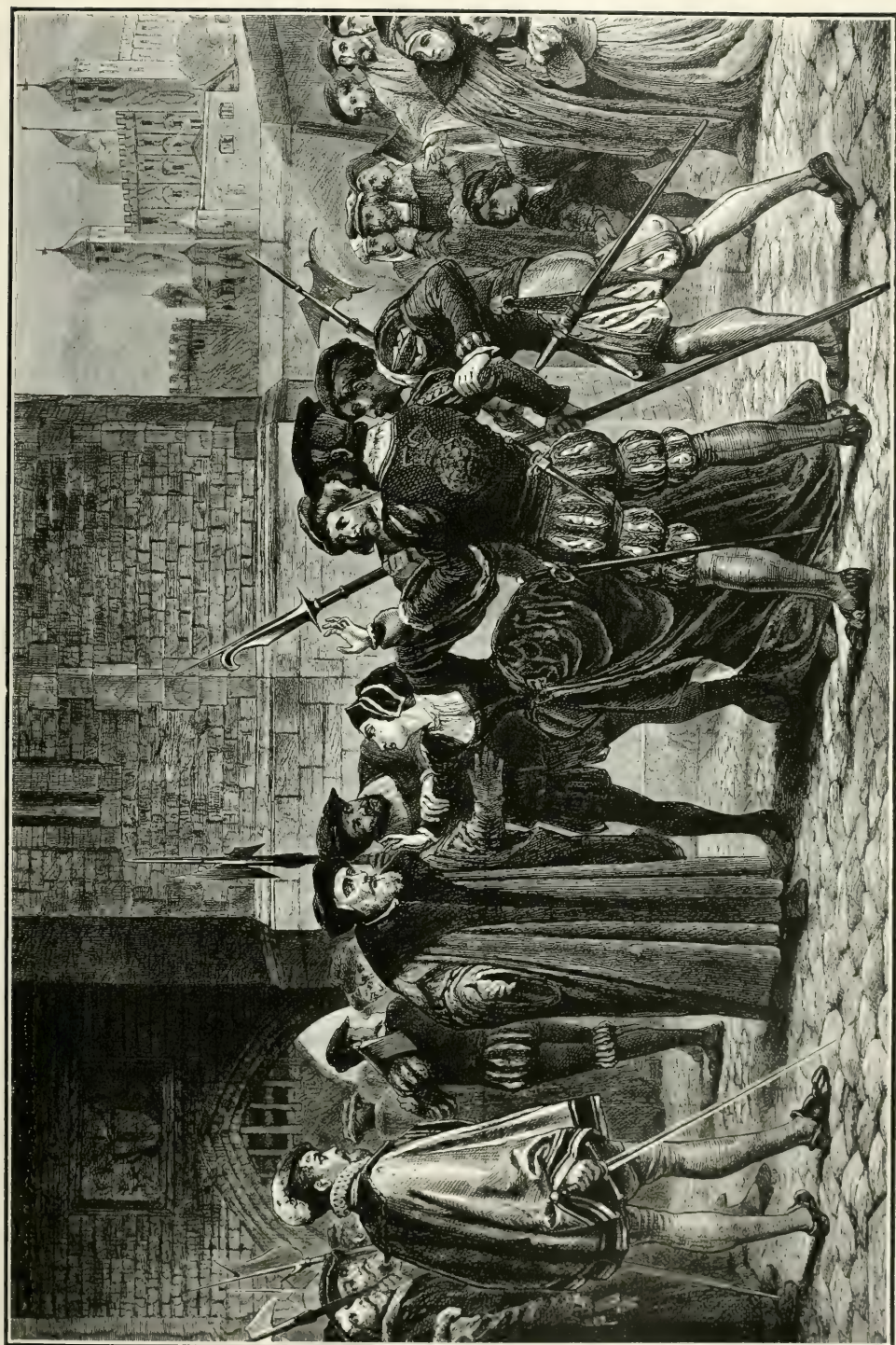
to the scaffold, he turned to the governor of the Tower and, with a twinkle of the eye, said: "If you will see me safe up, I will come down without help."

All Europe was horrified by these atrocious murders, and Henry's own ally, Francis I., remonstrated. But what good could that do the poor men who were beyond human help? The worst consequence of the crime was the alienation of the German Protestants, who, despite all Cromwell's efforts, held aloof from any alliance with this bloody Henry. From that time forward, it may be said the course of the English King was so monstrous that no man or woman sympathized with him. So long, however, as they feared and obeyed and submitted, what cared he?

The Pope hurled his excommunication against the tyrant, whom he had once dubbed "Defender of the Faith," and Henry retaliated by suppressing the monasteries. Many of these had sunken into debauchery and viciousness; but such crimes were the pet ones of Henry himself. He coveted the monks' wealth. The monasteries first abolished were the weakest and the worst. The disbanded monks increased the ranks of the disaffected, and the hordes of vagabonds that had subsisted upon monastic alms had now to be supported by the yeomen.

These drastic measures caused a fierce insurrection in the north, where the rebels became so powerful that terms had to be made with them and certain concessions granted, one of which was a general amnesty. The leaders, however, were executed, and the suppression of the rebellion was followed, in 1537, by the dissolution of the larger monasteries. In this same year an order in council placed the English translation of the Bible in every church that all might read it. But to prevent any one supposing he had the right of judging for himself in religious questions, an Act of Uniformity was passed. Certain articles of religion were drawn up, modified and framed into those known as the "Bloody Six Articles." In substance, the doctrines were those of the Roman Catholic Church, and, while making no pretension of forming a complete or systematic creed, they named the points on which there was the most diversity of opinion, and warned all of the fearful penalty of refusing to accept the decisions of the English Church. Thus, whoever denied the first article, that of transubstantiation, should be declared a heretic and burned without an opportunity of recanting. Whosoever spoke against the other five articles should, for the first offence, forfeit his property, and for the second should die the death of a felon.

This act caught the truculent Cromwell. He had used his influence as a member of the government to thwart the execution of the law by staying proceedings and granting pardons, but Henry had become his enemy and put him



to death. Cromwell's merciless persecutions of the monasteries led to his being called the "Hammer of the Monks."

The marriage experiences of Henry VIII. constitute one unbroken record of infamy. Anne Boleyn, who was the mother of Elizabeth, destined to become one of the very greatest queens England ever knew, was charged with unfaithfulness, and it is more than likely the charge was true. She was executed, and then he married Jane Seymour, who died a year after the birth of a son, who became Edward VI. In 1540, Cromwell arranged a marriage with Anne of Cleves, who was so homely in looks that the King could not abide her and quickly brought about a divorce. It was in that year that Cromwell was beheaded, and, though the accepted reason was that which has just been given, it was partly due to the resentment of the King for having cajoled him into the distasteful marriage. His next union was with Katharine Howard, who had been a wanton. She strove to keep the dreadful fact a secret, but Henry found it out, and, charging her with treason, she suffered the fate of Anne Boleyn. His sixth and last marriage was with Katharine Parr, who, too, would have gone to the block on the charge of heresy, but for her shrewdness, which knew how to flatter the King's conceit and to make him believe she thought him a profound theologian.

War broke out in 1542 with Scotland, where the King, James V., was a Catholic, and unwilling to form an alliance with his uncle Henry VIII. A Scottish army invaded England, but fled in a disgraceful panic before an insignificant force of English at Solway Moss. James was so mortified that he did not survive long, and left as his successor an infant daughter, Mary Stuart. The politic Henry negotiated a marriage between her and his son Edward, but the Scots repudiated the treaty, and Henry sent an army to enforce it. The troops ravaged the country and sacked Edinburgh. Exasperated with France because of her intrigues in Scotland, Henry made an alliance with Charles V., entered France in 1544, and captured Boulogne, but in the end agreed that it should be returned in eight years, upon the payment of a heavy ransom.

Henry, although not yet three-score, was old, diseased, unwieldy, and in continual pain, due to his excesses and debauchery. His condition became so loathsome that it was almost impossible for any of his friends to remain in the same room with him. He succumbed to his own foulness, and died on January 28, 1547, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He was execrated equally by Catholic and Protestant, for he persecuted both with relentless fierceness. The former were put to death because they would not own him as head of the Church, while the Protestants were burnt at the stake because they refused to believe the Roman Catholic doctrines. It was Sir Walter Raleigh who said of Henry VIII.: "If all the pictures and patterns of a merciless prince were lost

to the world, they might all again be painted to the life out of the story of this king." On that dismal winter night when the wretched creature lay dying, he sent for Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, to receive his last words, and passed away, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." The world was well rid of him, and yet it is a strange truth, shown not for the first time in the life of Henry VIII., that England owed one of the greatest of all debts to the worst of men; for he hushed her turbulent mediævalism, encouraged her middle classes, and started her toward the highest plane of progress.

Parliament had given Henry special powers regarding the succession. His son Edward, who was only nine years old, was of course the rightful heir, but Henry ordered that, if his son died childless, the kingdom should go to Henry's daughters, first to Mary and her heirs, and then to Elizabeth and her heirs. After these two, it was to pass to the descendants of his younger sister Mary. You must keep these facts in mind in order to understand the events that follow.

The throne went first to the feeble, sickly son of Jane Seymour, who was crowned as Edward VI. in 1547, entering London in triumphal procession, more than three centuries and a half before the next Edward, the seventh, was to follow him.

On account of the old troubles over Henry's divorce, that question was sure to turn up and plague the kingdom and the prospective heirs of the throne. The Duke of Somerset, uncle of Edward, was appointed to reign during the new king's minority. England then had two great parties—Roman Catholics and Protestants—and the momentous question was which was to become the master of the kingdom. Somerset, the Protector, was a Protestant, and he brought that faith to the front. He really cared nothing for religion itself, but was politic and selfish in all he did. He was ambitious, but the plain people liked him, for he treated them well.

He was a fine soldier, and in the first year of his rule invaded Scotland with the purpose of compelling the marriage of Mary with the young English King; but Mary eluded him, and, being sent to France the next year, became the betrothed of the French Dauphin, who was afterward Francis II. Somerset showed a brutal ferocity toward the Catholics, inspired thereto by his rapacity and his contempt for all forms of religion. Disregarding law and order, he sent savage mobs to throw down altars, to shatter the colored windows in the parish churches, and to rob the Catholics of their wealth. Many of the Protestants were horrified by these wanton outrages of the sacred convictions of those whose faith was different from their own. There were riotings, furious fights, and bloodshed, all in the name of Him who taught peace on earth and good-will to men.

But they who sow the wind, must reap the whirlwind. The bitterest enemy



of Somerset was his own brother, Thomas Lord Seymour of Sudeley, High Admiral of England, who had married Katharine Parr, the widow of Henry VIII. He aimed to supplant the Protector, but was destroyed by a bill of attainder, shut out from making any defence, and beheaded March 20, 1549. Somerset was not long in following him, for his rule was detested at home and was a failure abroad, and in 1552 he was beheaded on a charge of conspiring against his rival John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and against other lords of the council.

Northumberland, who now took the management of affairs, resembled Somerset whom he had supplanted, for he had no religion, but professed to be a rigid Protestant. Seeing that Edward could not live long, he feared the coming to the throne of Lady Mary, who was sure to make an end of his arbitrary power. He, therefore, persuaded Edward to do an illegal thing by altering the succession, and, shutting out his sisters, to settle the crown on his cousin Lady Jane Grey, daughter of the Duke of Suffolk and granddaughter of Mary Tudor and Charles Brandon. The hope of Northumberland was to raise his fourth son, Lord Guilford Dudley, who had just married Lady Jane, to the throne of England. Edward died July 6th, 1553, and some believed that Northumberland used poison to hasten his death.

Lady Jane Grey had married at the age of sixteen, and she and her husband were devotedly attached to each other. They lived in a castle in the beautiful park near Leicester, her prayer being that they would be left alone to enjoy their quiet existence. She and her husband found the sweetest happiness in their admirable life, looking prayerfully forward to a serene future for both, and dreading above all things any step that would force them into the stormy political affairs of the country.

But one day her father-in-law and several nobles came into Lady Jane's presence, and kneeling at her feet, hailed her as the Queen of England. She was terrified, and assured them that she had no wish to reign, and would not do so. They insisted, and when her father and mother urged her for their sakes to accept the honor, she most unwillingly consented; but it was with a sinking heart, and the conviction that the end to all happiness for her had come. She was proclaimed on the 10th of July; but Mary was the rightful heir, and at Norwich on the 19th of the same month was also proclaimed Queen. Mary entered London at the head of a band of friends, without a single hand being raised to defend Lady Jane Grey, whom none were ready to accept as their Queen, since, as I have said, she had no moral or legal claim to that honor. The Duke of Northumberland was brought to trial and beheaded, and Lady Jane and Guilford Dudley were sent to the Tower. If you ever visit that famous building you may see the name "Jane" cut in the wall of the Beau-

champ Tower, which is a part of the main structure, among scores of other names that are a sad reminder of those gloomy days of that long-ago. Lady Jane and her husband were beheaded February 12, 1554.

Returning to Mary Tudor, whose reign began in July, 1553, she was a devout Catholic, the daughter of Henry VIII., and in her veins ran the blood of those Spanish kings to whom mercy was unknown. She married her cousin Philip II. of Spain, who was a languid bigot, and who married her because it suited his father's policy. She was eleven years older than he, a sunken, cadaverous little woman, for whom he did not feel a particle of affection. When he came to England he was received with coldness and distrust. He went back to his own land to become King of Spain and of the Netherlands, after which he never returned, except once to urge the Queen to join him in a war against France. She did so, and the results were disastrous to England. In January, 1558, Calais was captured by the French, after the English standard, planted there by Edward III., had waved above its walls for more than two hundred years. It was destined to fall in the course of time, and its loss was no harm to England, though Mary was so oppressed and humiliated that she declared that when she died "Calais" would be found written on her heart.

She was a fanatic, but a sincere one. The dearest ambition of her life was to restore England to the Church of Rome. Like most people of those times, and, sad to say, like some in the present age, she believed that those who thought differently from her, should be compelled to renounce their opinions, and, if they refused to do so, should be punished with death. It is a ferocious violation of the sweet charity taught by the Founder of Christianity, and has been the cause of crimes beyond the power of human computation.

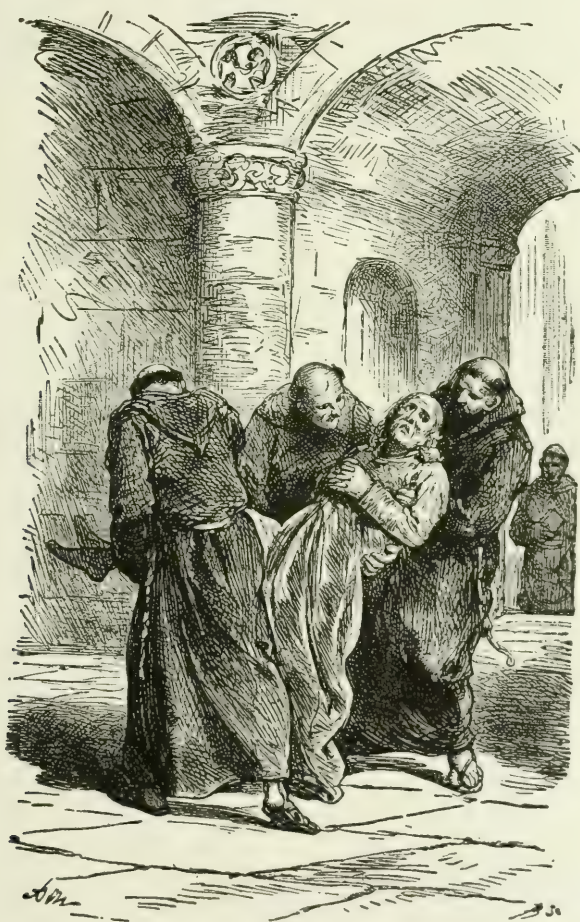
The fires of persecution that blazed during Mary's reign have led to her being called "Bloody Mary." John Rogers, a canon of St. Paul's, who was working upon a translation of the Bible, was the first victim, and by the close of her reign more than two hundred men and women had perished at the stake. The most notable of the martyrs were John Hooper, late Bishop of Gloucester, Ridley, late Bishop of London, and the venerable Latimer. Ridley and Latimer were burned together at Oxford, October 16, 1555. Latimer, exhorting his friend to die like a man, declared, "We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Cranmer, the leader of the church of Henry VIII., recoiled and recanted, but was again brought to the stake. In the brief respite given him, he had pulled himself together, and, abjuring his recantation, bravely thrust the hand which had signed it into the flames and held it there while it shrivelled in the heat. Yet both Cranmer and Latimer had been zealous in sending others to the stake who differed with them. Let it be remembered, too, that persecution in Eng-



Caton Woodville

land never reached the appalling extent that it did on the continent. The fiendish Philip II. of Spain whitened the lowlands of Holland with the bones of thousands of Protestants, who had died the most cruel of deaths.

Broken in health, neglected by her husband, and hated by her countrymen, Mary died November 17, 1558, after a reign of only five years.



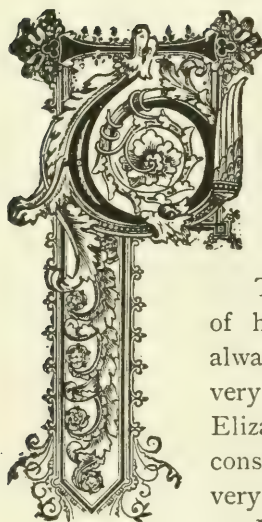
WOLSEY BORNE INTO LEICESTER ABBEY



FLIGHT OF MARY STUART FROM SCOTLAND

Chapter CIX

THE GLORIOUS REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

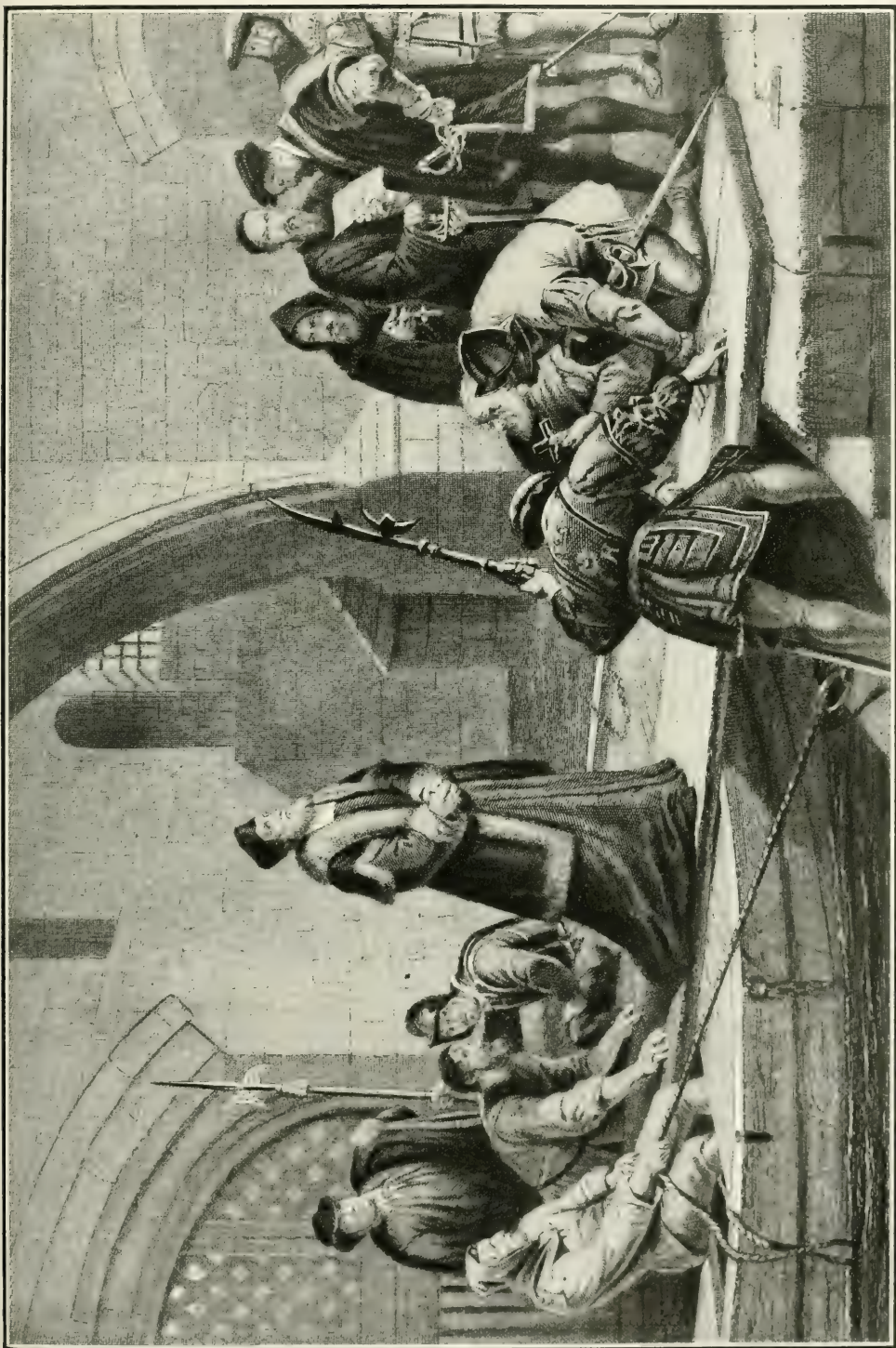


HE woman who now came to the throne, and whose greatness the whole world has admitted, stood for years seemingly much nearer the scaffold than the crown. She was the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn, second wife of Henry VIII., whereas Mary, who had just died, was daughter of his first wife, Katharine of Aragon, so that the two queens were half-sisters.

The legitimacy of Elizabeth depended on the validity of her father's divorce from Katharine, and Catholics had always denied that he was legally divorced. So Elizabeth's very existence was an insult to her sister Mary. And Elizabeth was a Protestant! Mary kept her in prison, in constant expectation of death. Sometimes that death was very near.

It is claimed that Philip II. of Spain turned the scale, which was so delicately balanced that a hair would have moved it. Mary Stuart of Scotland was the next heir to the throne. She had married the Dauphin of France, who was Philip's greatest enemy and rival. Mary Stuart's accession would elevate France, to the dwarfing of Spain, and, though both Philip and Mary were Catholics, he preferred that England should become Protestant rather than destroy his own political dominance, and give to France the balance of power in Europe.

So Elizabeth became Queen of England in 1558, when she was twenty-five years old. She was a most extraordinary woman. Surrounded and advised as



she was by some of the ablest of statesmen, she was wiser in some respects than all, and could outwit them at their own games. She read unerringly the trend of public sentiment, and saw the right hour when to yield so gracefully that it appeared to many she was leading instead of following such sentiment. No one comprehended more clearly than she the *truth* regarding her country, and the almost innumerable complications in which she and it were involved from the first. She was a consummate statesman, if the word be allowable, and the forty-five years that she sat on the throne were in many respects the grandest that England has ever known.

Yet Queen Elizabeth had ridiculous weaknesses and failings. When her peppery temper was roused, she would swear like a pirate, beat her maids of honor, box the ears of some nobleman who had offended her, or spit on a courtier's new velvet suit. She was always hungry for flattery, and, when past sixty years of age, forbade any pictures being sold of her, since they did not do her justice, when in truth she was one of the homeliest women in all England. She had a genius for lying, and, if detected in some outlandish falsehood, would smile and wonder why the one whom she had deceived, did not suspect it from the first. But it was an age of intrigue, when falsehood was universal, and the man least believed of all would have been he who told the truth.

Mary Stuart of Scotland had become Queen of France, and claimed the English crown through her descent from Henry VII., on the ground that Elizabeth had no such right, because the Pope of Rome had never recognized the marriage of her mother Anne Boleyn with Henry VIII. France and Rome maintained this claim, while Philip II., as I have said, supported Elizabeth, whom he hoped to marry and thus add England to his dominions. Scotland was in a turmoil, while Ireland was eager to join any power that attacked England. These were formidable perils, but a still greater one was the division of England itself into two determined religious parties—Protestants and Catholics. There were also two minor divisions, which made up in earnestness what they lacked in numbers. The Jesuits, or Society of Jesus, was founded by St. Ignatius of Loyola about this time, and was pledged to do everything in its power to extirpate heresy, no matter how violent the means necessary. Within the Protestant Church itself sprang up a band that were bent on *purifying* the reformed faith of every vestige of Catholicism. Those who remained within the English or Episcopalian Church were called *Puritans* or *Non-Conformists*, while those who left it were *Independents*. The Independents controlled the government in Scotland and were gaining strength in England.

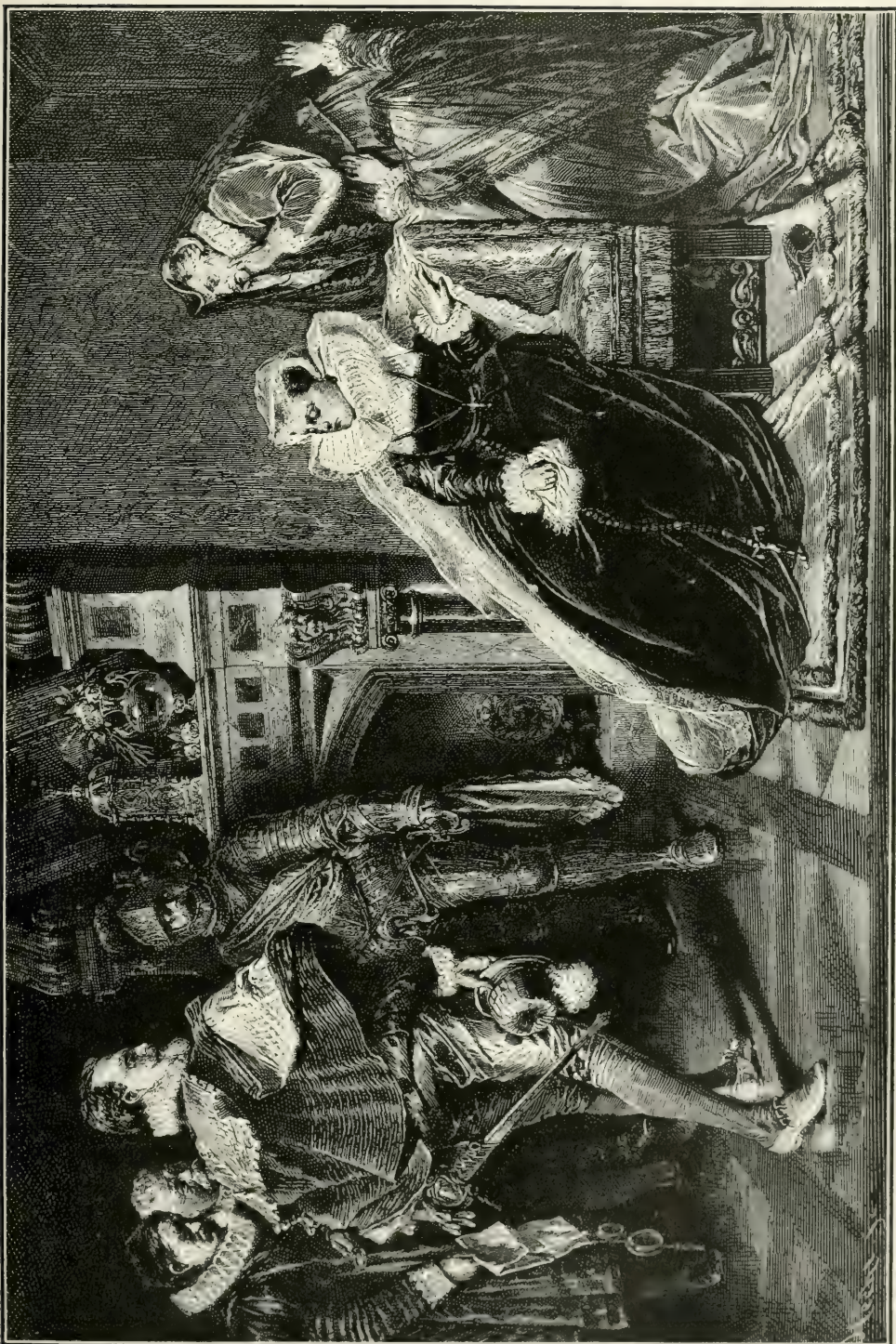
As I have said, no one comprehended more clearly than Elizabeth the difficulties which faced her, for the two religious divisions were numerous and

powerful. She chose wise advisers, who were often forced to flatter her personal vanity in order to carry through their measures; but even with that marked weakness in her character they were never able to obtain dominion over her or to obscure her greatness as a sovereign. A good deal of her success as a ruler belonged to William Cecil, later Lord Burleigh and Lord High Treasurer, while Sir Francis Walsingham and Robert Cecil, son of Lord Burleigh, were prominent among her counsellors.

But while tearing down the work done by her Catholic sister Mary, Elizabeth prayed to the Virgin in her own private chapel, and the Reformation she aided was a mild one, lacking the aggressive nature of that which was pressed so fiercely in Germany and France. Although a Protestant, it cannot be believed that she possessed much personal religion, for she never showed the enthusiasm of the sincere believer. Her attitude was more political than religious, the great point she made being in insisting upon uniformity and obedience to the Established Church in England. Queen Mary had restored the Roman Catholic Latin Prayer-book. When Elizabeth was crowned (and the Bishop of Carlisle would not administer the coronation oath until she bound herself to support the Church of Rome), a petition was presented to her, reciting that it was the practice on such occasions for the new sovereign to set free a certain number of prisoners, and the signers respectfully prayed Her Majesty to release the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, including also the Apostle Paul, all of whom for some time had been imprisoned in a foreign language. She complied by "releasing" them, and the English Service Book, with a few changes was restored.

Some time later a law was passed ordering all clergymen under penalty of life imprisonment to use only the Service Book. Moreover, a heavy fine was placed upon all who refused to attend the Church of England on Sundays or holidays. You will note that Church and State were looked upon as one, and such was the view everywhere. It was the sovereign who prescribed the religion for the subjects, and whoever refused to support the State Church was a rebel against the government. To make sure of the enforcement of this harsh law, the High Commission Court was organized for the trial of all rebels. It cruelly punished many Catholics, because of persistence in their allegiance to the Pope. Sad to say, some two hundred priests and Jesuits were put to death, and the Puritans also felt the heavy hand of the oppressors. You do not need to be told that hundreds of them preferred to exile themselves that they might secure freedom to worship God as they believed right, and, crossing the stormy Atlantic, they became in the next reign pioneers in the settlement of New England.

As soon as Elizabeth was crowned, the Pope declared her illegitimate, and



commanded her to resign the crown and submit to his direction. You can understand how such an order was received. Parliament promptly re-enacted the Act of Supremacy, to which every member of the House of Commons was obliged to subscribe. Thus all Catholics were shut out from that body, but the Lords, being non-elective, were not included in the law. Six months later the creed of the English Church, first put in form under Edward VI., was made into the Thirty-nine Articles, as it is at the present time.

Grand as was the reign of Elizabeth, it was harassed by innumerable plots against her life and against the Protestant religion. Her most formidable enemy was Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, who you remember, had married the French Dauphin some years before. She claimed the English throne as granddaughter of a sister of Henry VIII., while Elizabeth was excluded from such right on the old ground of illegitimacy. Mary urged Elizabeth to smooth matters by naming her as heir to the throne; but no matter how much inclined Elizabeth might have been to do this, she dared not for fear that the Roman Catholics would then find means of putting her out of the way, to make room for the Queen of Scots.

Philip of Spain, her brother-in-law, wanted to marry Elizabeth that he might hold England as a Roman Catholic country. The Queen was anxious to keep peace with Spain and France, for she had not the money nor the ships with which to go to war. So she dallied and delayed her replies to both requests, until Philip, awaking to the hard truth, declared that she had ten thousand devils in her. The Pope was also kept waiting and hoping, until he, too, saw through her plans, and issued his edict of excommunication against her. When Mary's husband, the King of France, died, she went back to Scotland, assumed the Scottish crown, and boldly asserted her right to that of England.

Mary was a wonderfully beautiful and fascinating woman, and, a few years after returning to Scotland, married Lord Darnley. He became infuriated because of the favoritism she showed her Italian secretary Rizzio, and, with several companions, seized him in her presence, dragged him into an ante-chamber, and stabbed him to death. A year later, Darnley was murdered, and it was generally believed that his wife and the Earl of Bothwell, whom she soon married, instigated the crime. The people were so outraged that they seized and put her in prison, compelling her to abdicate in favor of her infant son James VI. She escaped and fled to England. Elizabeth feared that if Mary crossed to France, as she was quite certain to do, she would stir up that country to war. So she had her rival thrown into prison, and kept there for some nineteen years.

Finally, Mary became involved in a plot for killing the English Queen and seizing the government in the interest of the Roman Catholics. It was a

period when the Protestant faith was in peril everywhere. The awful massacre of St. Bartholomew had occurred in France; William the Silent, who expelled the Catholics from a part of the Netherlands, had been assassinated by one of that faith, and the Puritans in the House of Commons demanded the death of Mary. Impelled by a sense of her own peril, Elizabeth signed the fatal warrant, and Mary was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire.

It was characteristic of the guile of the English Queen that, fearing the political consequences of this act, she viciously berated the minister who advised it, and fined her secretary so heavily that he was ruined. She even had the impudence to write a letter of condolence to James VI., whose heart was far from being broken by the death of his mother, solemnly assuring him that Mary had been beheaded by mistake. Yet no historical fact is more clearly established than that Queen Elizabeth was the direct author of the death of Mary Queen of Scots.

Even after her death Mary's devices threatened the destruction of England, for she had been so disgusted with her cowardly son James, who deserted her and accepted a pension from Elizabeth, that she left her claim to the throne of England to Philip II. of Spain. You must bear in mind that this sovereign was the most powerful ruler in Europe. He determined to conquer England, add it to his own immense possessions, and restore it to the religion of the Pope, who had made it over to him. The fleet which Philip prepared consisted of one hundred and thirty vessels, larger than any that had hitherto been seen in Europe. The land forces were to be conducted by the Duke of Parma, twenty thousand of them being on board the ships of war, while thirty-four thousand more were assembled in the Netherlands ready to be transported to England. Since no doubt was entertained of the success of the fleet, it was styled the Invincible Armada (*armada* signifying in Spanish an armed force).

England was thrown into consternation by news of the coming of the terrible Armada, for there seemed no earthly hope of a successful resistance. All that the kingdom had in the way of a navy were thirty ships of the line, very small in comparison with the huge galleons of the enemy. Nor did the prospect on land offer any more hope, for it must be remembered that the Spanish soldiers were well disciplined and trained in campaigning. England however, possessed one marked advantage, because her ships were much more manageable, and the courage and seamanship of the mariners were immensely superior to that of their enemies. Merchant ships were added to the little navy until its strength was doubled. The command was entrusted to Lord Howard of Effingham, a skilled officer of great valor, while under him served Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, hardly second in renown and capacity. An



other squadron, numbering forty vessels, English and Flemish, under Lord Seymour, lay off Dunkirk to intercept the Duke of Parma.

Misfortune seemed to attend the Invincible Armada from the first. While the fleet was preparing to sail, Santa-Croce, the admiral, died, as did the vice-admiral Paliano. The command of the expedition was then given to the Duke of Sidonia, who had no experience in sea affairs. Hardly had he left the port of Lisbon, when a violent tempest sank a number of the smaller ships, and compelled the remainder to put back to the harbor. When they started again a fisherman, who was taken aboard, said that the English fleet, learning of the dispersion of the Armada by the storm, had returned to Plymouth, where most of its marines had been discharged. This news was false, and caused the Spanish admiral to refrain from going to the coast of Flanders to take aboard the troops stationed there, and instead to sail directly for Plymouth, with the purpose of destroying the English shipping.

All England was alert, and beacon fires blazed on the hilltops to warn the people of the approach of the Armada. When it hove in sight, the English captains were playing bowls at Plymouth Hoe. "No need of haste," remarked the veteran Drake; "we have time enough to finish our game and beat the Spaniards too," and those grim sea-dogs did finish their sport before engaging in the most important duty of their lives.

The Armada was arranged in the form of a crescent, with a distance of seven miles between the two ends. Effingham, seconded by Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, attacked it at a distance, delivering their broadsides with admirable accuracy and effect, but avoiding too close action because of the inferiority of their ships, guns, and weight of metal. In the action, however, two galleons were disabled and captured. As the Armada came up the channel, the English kept up their attack on the rear, like so many hounds baiting a bull or bear. Their fleet continually increased, as other vessels sailed out of the ports and joined them, and, with the confidence thus inspired, they ventured into closer action and compelled the Spanish to run for shelter into the port of Calais.

Lord Howard now filled eight of his ships with combustibles and sent them one after the other among the larger vessels of the enemy. In terror of being destroyed the Spanish ships made desperate efforts to get out of the way of the fireships, and were thrown into great confusion. Taking quick advantage of the panic the Britons sailed among them, and the decisive climax of the series of battles began. Ages yet to come will celebrate in poetry the splendor of that fight. Every Englishman was a hero. Admiral Sir William Winter forced his little ship squarely between two Spanish galleons and defeated them both. The English captured or destroyed a dozen sail of the enemy.

Thoroughly disheartened, and driven to the coast of Zealand, the Duke of Medina Sidonia held a council of war, at which it was decided that since the ammunition was running low, and the Duke of Parma refused to venture his army under the Armada's protection, it should return to Spain by sailing round the Orkneys, as the winds were contrary to the ships going directly back. They therefore headed northward, followed by the English fleet as far as Flam-borough Head, where they were fearfully broken by another tempest. Some time later, seventeen of the ships, with five thousand men on board, were wrecked on the Western Isles and the coast of Ireland. Of that mighty fleet which sailed away in high spirits from Spain, only fifty-three battered wrecks limped back. The survivors excused their overthrow by the desperate valor of the English, and the tremendous fury of the winds and waves. The deliverance of England seemed so miraculous that even the stony heart of Elizabeth was impressed, and she went in state to St. Paul's to give thanks for the victory. The medals which she caused to be struck, bore the inscription: "God blew with His winds, and they were scattered."

Ireland had been only partially conquered under Henry II. The native tribes continually fought one another, and the English were determined that all should accept the Protestant religion, which they execrated. The rulers sent to Ireland were greedy miscreants who so intensified the misery of the wretched country that Elizabeth declared, if the horrible warfare lasted much longer, she would have nothing but corpses and ashes to rule over. At last the few miserable survivors ceased resistance, and Ireland was "pacified."

The first real poor law was passed in England in 1601. It compelled each parish to provide for such paupers as could not work, while the able-bodied men were obliged to support themselves. A great abuse was the granting of monopolies or the exclusive right to deal in certain articles. The Queen favored the practice, until Parliament took the matter in hand and reformed it, she as usual making a virtue of necessity and yielding with grinning graciousness.

The death of the great Elizabeth was gloomy and pathetic. Although she had been urgently entreated to marry, she coquetted, and in the end refused all offers. She had many favorites, but none could ever acquire dominion over her.

In her old age she adopted, as the last of these changing gallants, a young man thirty years her junior, the dashing and unfortunate Earl of Essex. For him she seems to have entertained a real affection; but she expected him to treat her not as a mother, but as a gay young miss. She exacted from him the double devotion of a lover to his lady, and of a subject to his queen. She made him captain-general of all her forces; the most conspicuous man in her



kingdom. Yet at the same time, his real power was as nothing the moment it crossed any whim of his sovereign.

At last, when he attempted to offer some advice, Elizabeth boxed his ears in the presence of the whole court. Essex was with difficulty restrained from returning the assault. "I would not have stood as much from her father," he cried, "and I will not from a petticoat." Later, he led his friends in a confused uprising, endeavoring to drive away by force of arms those of the Queen's Council whom he deemed his enemies. He was arrested, and after much wavering Elizabeth had him executed for treason. Then she became dejected, and her strength gradually passed from her. She died on the 24th of March, 1603, in the seventieth year of her age, after a reign of nearly forty-five years.

In the north aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel is her tomb, with her full-length, recumbent effigy, while in the opposite aisle are the tomb and effigy of Mary Queen of Scots. Robert Cecil, her chief minister, said that Elizabeth declared by signs that King James VI. of Scotland should succeed her, and though this is uncertain, he was proclaimed King of England.

Let us repeat the assertion that the reign of Elizabeth was one of the grandest in the history of England. Protestantism was firmly established, and the money formerly given to monasteries was spent in building schools, colleges, and hospitals. The Queen loved peace, and trade and commerce made immense advances. The geographical discoveries greatly aided foreign trade with North America, South America, and Africa. There was an increase, too, in the commerce with the West Indies, and in the wool trade. The foundations of the colossal East India Company were laid in 1600, and ships brought their valuable cargoes directly to England by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Because of the peace with other nations, the English towns carried on a brisk trade, and the farmers and land-owners reaped their harvests and raised cattle in safety. People began to build comfortable houses, some of them on a marked scale of magnificence.

The name of the "Golden Age of English Literature" has been well applied to the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, for to it belong as poets Jonson, Spenser, Marlowe, and the peerless Shakespeare, with Sidney, Hooker, and Jewell the leading prose writers, while the name of Francis Bacon, the philosopher, would have made luminous any period in the history of the greatest people. There is no real evidence that Shakespeare and Elizabeth ever came in direct contact; but it has ever been the pleasure of poets and artists to picture them together, and imagine the possible influence of the one great mind upon the other.

One of the finest characters in English history was Sir Philip Sidney. He

was of wonderfully handsome appearance, highly gifted as a poet and writer, of stainless integrity and purity, and among the bravest of the brave. He won a high reputation at Oxford and Cambridge for scholarship, after which, as was the custom of those days, he went abroad on his travels. He was in Paris when the massacre of St. Bartholomew took place, and escaped by a hair's-breadth being one of the victims. He returned home at the age of twenty-one, perfected in all the manly accomplishments. He at once became a great favorite with Queen Elizabeth, and so remained until his death. No stronger proof of her high regard for him can be given than her failure to resent his remonstrance against the proposed marriage between her and Henry, Duke of Anjou.

When Sir Philip meditated sailing with Sir Francis Drake in 1585, on one of his expeditions, the Queen refused permission, saying she was not willing to lose "the jewel of her dominions." She afterward appointed him governor of Flushing, whither he went to take part in the war between her allies, the Hollanders, and the Spanish. He displayed conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Zutphen, in Gelderland, where his horse was shot under him, and he received a mortal wound in the thigh. While being borne on a litter from the field, he suffered from a raging thirst, and water was brought to him by his sorrowing attendants. As he was raising it to his lips, his eyes fell on a wounded soldier lying near on the ground. The wistful look in the eyes of the poor fellow so touched Sir Philip that he handed the bottle to one of the men, saying: "Give it to him; his need is greater than mine." He died October 7, 1586, in the thirty-third year of his age, and it is not too much to say that all England was prostrated with grief, for, of a truth, no character was more lovable or beautiful than his, and his memory will always be fragrant among his countrymen.

It was a time, too, of daring enterprise, for the English sailors were the finest in the world. Drake persuaded the Queen to send him across the Atlantic to attack some of the rich Spanish colonies, or to rob their ships of their treasures. Some may have called this business "enterprise," but its right name was piracy. The Queen did not require much solicitation from her valiant admiral, for he allowed her to share in the spoils he brought back. A more shameful fact is that much of the money was gained by kidnapping and selling poor Africans, for the slave trade was established under Elizabeth.

While playing the freebooter, Drake landed on the Isthmus of Panama, connecting North and South America. Climbing a tree, the grim old sailor peered out upon the gently heaving waters of the mightiest ocean of the globe. The grand scene inspired him to pilot his little vessel, *The Golden Hind*, across both oceans and around the world. When he sailed homeward he was as



eager as ever to attack the Spaniards; and there were many of his countrymen of the same mind, the majority of whom carried out their wishes.

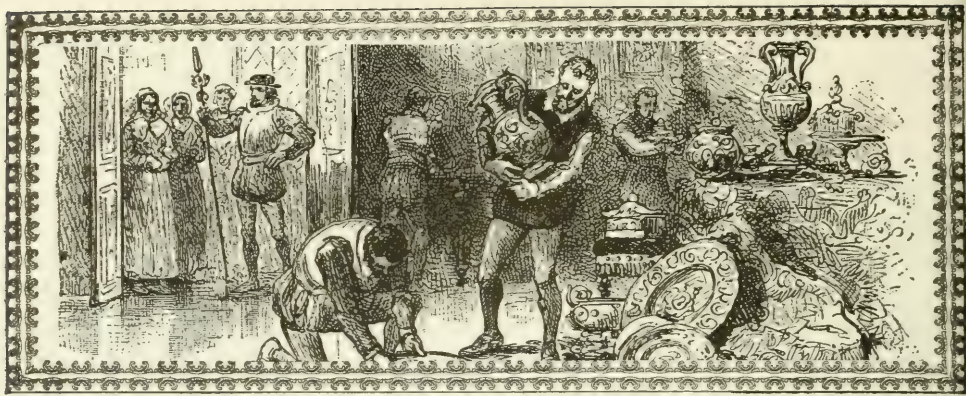
Naval success became like a religion to these daring founders of Britain's supremacy on the sea. Once Lord Howard with only six ships chanced upon a fleet of over fifty Spanish men-of-war off the Azores Islands. He made good his escape; but one of his captains, Sir Richard Grenville, refused, even in face of such impossible odds, to turn his back upon the enemy. He had only one hundred well men in his little ship, the *Revenge*; but in deliberate defiance of the admiral's commands he awaited alone the attack of the whole Spanish navy.

The fight that followed is unrivalled in history. All afternoon, all night, and far into the next day, the *Revenge* battled against the huge galleons which encircled her with a ring of fire. Four of them she sank. Fifteen of them her little band of heroes beat back, one after another, as they attempted to board her. Two thousand of the Spanish sailors were slain. Then, at last, her powder being all gone and most of her men dead or so repeatedly wounded as to be beyond resistance, the *Revenge* was captured. Sir Richard Grenville was borne aboard a Spanish ship to die, and in a storm that followed the wreck of the *Revenge* sank, in company with nearly thirty more of the battered Spanish galleons.

It was deeds such as this that broke the power of Spain, and made Elizabeth's reign what it is, the glory of the English race.



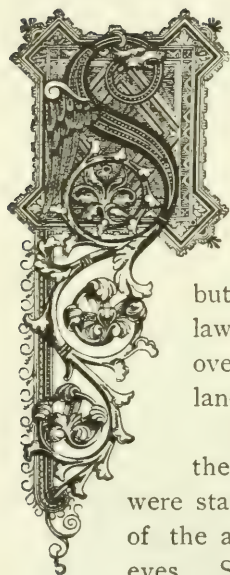
ELIZABETH AND HER COURT



CAVALIERS GIVING THEIR PLATE FOR THE ROYAL ARMY

Chapter CX

THE STUART KINGS.



SINCE Elizabeth was the last of the Tudors, the Stuart line begins with the coronation of James VI. of Scotland in 1603. You remember that he was the only son of Mary, Queen of Scots, and a great-grandson of Margaret, sister of Henry VIII. This made him the nearest heir, and Parliament chose him as James I. of England. His accession united England and Scotland under one king, but each had its own Parliament, its own Church, and its own laws. The strange sight was presented of a sovereign ruling over three kingdoms, each with a different religion, for England was Episcopal, Scotland Independent, and Ireland Catholic.

You cannot forget the hideous circumstances under which the infancy of James I. was passed, and the effects of heredity were startlingly shown in him. He never recovered from the shock of the assassination of his mother's secretary, almost before his eyes. Such was his mortal horror of violence that he shivered at the sight of a sword. His body was ill-supported, so that he wobbled like a drunken man when walking; he had big, protruding eyes, and his tongue was so cumbersome that it was hard to understand his thick utterance. He was always in fear of the assassin's dagger, and swathed himself in padded clothes. One of his terrors was witchcraft, and he caused the passage of a savage law under which many poor, old, friendless, decrepit women were put to death. His head was crammed with "job lots" of knowledge, all unreliable, but he always believed he was a profoundly learned man. He wrote common-



place stuff on theology and witchcraft, and verses which had no merit at all. Sir Walter Raleigh had introduced the use of tobacco in England, and King James directed one of his mushy fulminations against the noxious weed. Despite all this, he often displayed glimmerings of broad ability and statesmanship; but had he not been born to the purple, he would have attracted no attention from any one.

While on his way from Scotland to receive the crown, an immense petition was presented to him from the Puritan clergy, asking that they might be permitted to preach without wearing a surplice, to perform the marriage ceremony without using the ring, to baptize without making the sign of the cross on the child's forehead, and to dispense with bishops. The King held a conference at Hampton Court near London, eager for the chance to display his learning. But he distrusted the Puritans. He was an unshakable believer in the divine right of kings to rule, and looked upon this petition of the Puritans as a dangerous step toward the disputing of that right. To all arguments he replied with a wag of the head, and mumbled his pet maxim, "No bishop, no king," meaning that the two were inseparable. He would not grant any of their prayers; persecutions of the Puritans became so violent that, as you know, many of them left the country, and some crossed the Atlantic to settle in New England.

The most notable result of the Hampton Court Conference was the order of the King for a new translation of the Bible. This was published in 1611, and constituted the Authorized Version, which is still used by the Protestants everywhere. When the King told the Puritans they must conform to the practice of the Episcopal Church, three hundred of their clergymen surrendered their parishes. Parliament was displeased with James' harsh treatment of the Puritans, while the Catholics were angry because he refused to grant the indulgences upon which they had counted.

The King added to his growing unpopularity by the vehemence with which he insisted upon his "divine rule." He maintained that his authority was derived directly from God and was above and beyond the English Constitution, a theory that placed every man's life and liberty completely at his mercy. The people would have laughed but for the danger of the claim, which led James continually to violate the law of the land. He turned out legally elected members of the House of Commons, and thrust in prison those who found fault with his action. This fight lasted throughout the whole twenty-two years of his reign.

Robert Catesby, a prominent Catholic, formed a plot to blow up the Parliament House, on the day the King was to open the session, November 5, 1605. The government having been thus hoisted out of the way, he expected to per-

suade the Catholics to rise and proclaim a new sovereign. The plan was to select one of the King's younger children, since it was expected that the eldest would be with his father when the catastrophe occurred.

A cellar under the House of Lords was rented, and barrels of gunpowder were secretly carried thither. Guy Fawkes, a soldier of fortune, of considerable military experience and of dauntless courage, was the most determined of the little knot of conspirators. The plan was for him to fire the explosive and then flee to Flanders on a ship that was waiting in the Thames. The Roman Catholic peers, and others whom the conspirators wished to save, were to be prevented from going to the house by some pretended message on the morning of the fateful day. Where so many were in the plot, it is not surprising that it was revealed to the King and those selected for destruction. On the morning of November 5th, a little after midnight, Guy Fawkes was arrested as he was coming out of the cellar under the Parliament House, dressed as for a long journey. Three matches were found on him, a dark lantern burning in a corner within, and a hogshead of thirty-six barrels of gunpowder. Under torture Fawkes confessed his guilt, but would not betray his associates, though they were traced out and either killed on being captured, or died on the scaffold.

The obstacle to James enforcing his divine right was that he was always in need of money, and Parliament, which was groping back toward its moorings, refused to make the grants without the concession of reforms on his part. In order to get money to support his army in Ireland, James created the title of baronet, which any one could buy for a round price. The people did not seem so anxious for the honor as he expected, so he ordered that every one who had an income of £40 or more a year, derived from landed property, must either buy knighthood or pay a big price for the privilege of not buying it. It was a sort of "Hobson's choice," and honors were plentiful.

You know how the name of Sir Walter Raleigh is identified with the settlement of the southern part of this country. Without the slightest foundation for the charge, he was accused of conspiracy and kept for a number of years in the Tower. Then the avaricious King let him out, to go on an expedition in quest of treasure in a distant part of the world. Raleigh not only failed to get the treasure, but was foolish enough to become embroiled with the Spaniards on the coast of South America. The Spanish king hated Raleigh because of the part he had taken in the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and he demanded of James that the latter should punish his subject for the flurrying in South America. The English sovereign was so angry because of Raleigh's failure to secure him the coveted wealth, that he revived the fifteen-year-old charge of conspiracy, and had the once popular favorite beheaded.



The great Lord Bacon was proved guilty of having accepted bribes while acting as judge. Not only that, but he admitted his guilt and was sentenced by the House of Lords to pay a fine equal to \$200,000 and to undergo a long term of imprisonment. He had, however, been a most servile tool of the King, who straightway pardoned him and remitted the fine.

King James I. has received the most fulsome praise, and the demand has been lately made that he should be canonized, but he was a despicable wretch, who died from confirmed drunkenness and gluttony (1625). The Duc de Sully made the pointed remark of him that he was "the wisest fool in Christendom." The marked features of his reign were the planting of the colonies in America, which proved the germ of the present United States; his prolonged fight with the House of Commons, in which the latter showed themselves the stronger, and the steady growth of the Puritan and Independent forms of religion in the kingdom.

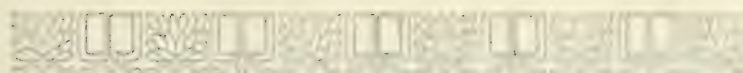
The wife of James I. was Anne of Denmark, and their children were Henry Frederick, Prince of Wales, who died in 1612; Charles, who was his father's successor; and a daughter, Elizabeth, who married Frederick V., Elector Palatine of Germany. Because the revolting Bohemians chose Frederick as king, Elizabeth is remembered as the Queen of Bohemia. It must be noted that James was the first to take the title of King of Great Britain, and it was he who formed a national flag, which symbolized the patron saints of England and Scotland, St. George and St. Andrew, the combination becoming known as the "Union Jack."

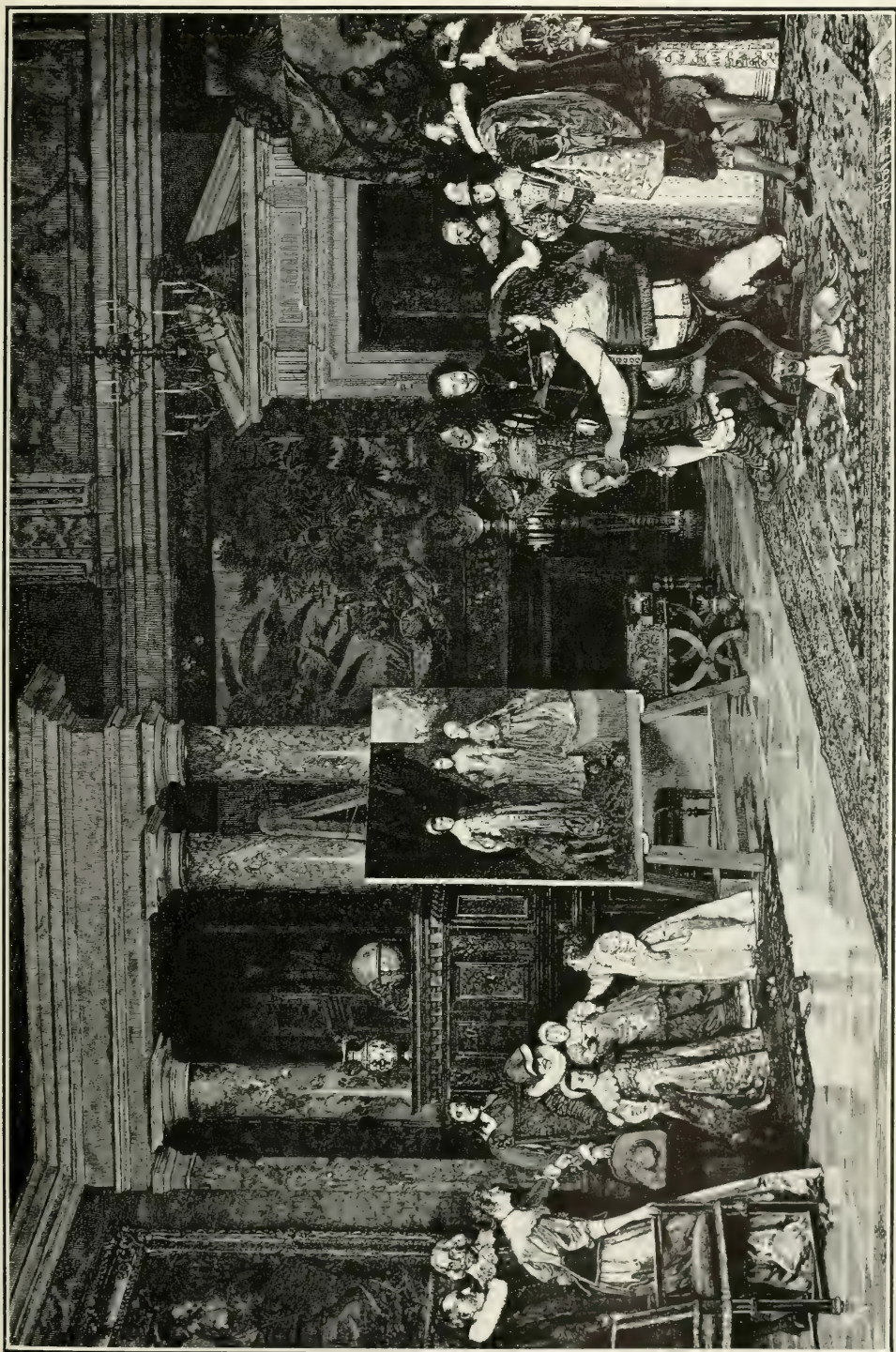
Charles I. was born in November, 1600, so that he was twenty-five years old when he succeeded to the throne of Great Britain. He was an extraordinary man, who may be described as having a dual or double nature. In his private life he was conscientious, honorable, and the most courteous of gentlemen. He was what he claimed to be, irreproachable in morals and conduct, scrupulous in all of his personal relations, and a model citizen. As a sovereign, he was exactly the reverse. This may be ascribed to his fanatical belief in the divine right of kings, which he had inherited from his father, and which was intensified in the son. As the ruler of his people, he considered himself above all law; the "king could do no wrong," and Parliament, instead of being his master, should be his servant. You have met persons who insisted that others should hew close to the line, and obey to the minutest particular the tenets of religion, while they themselves lived in open violation of them and seemed to think that by some special dispensation they had the right to belie their profession, and that, too, without committing sin. Such a man was Charles I. of England, who could never be made to see that his subjects had any rights which he was bound to respect.



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Van Dijk is the author of *Discourse and Power*.

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It was during this period that the famous Dutch painter, Van Dyke, came to England, and was made much of by the King. He painted several appreciative portraits of Charles and the various members of the royal family; and the grateful monarch knighted him as Sir Anthony Van Dyke. The royal gratitude was well bestowed, for it is probable that these sympathetic and artistic portraits of all that was best in Charles, did more than anything else to rouse the feeling in many breasts of future generations, that this poetic-looking King must have been a martyred saint.

As successor of the detested minister Buckingham, Charles chose an oily traitor, Thomas Wentworth, whom he made Earl of Strafford. Strafford had been one of the signers of the Petition of Right, but the King bought him and he became a pliant tool. Another able servant was William Laud, Bishop of London, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury. Both of these rogues gave all their brains and energies to making Charles absolute, and not inappropriately termed their scheme "Thorough." Laud strove savagely to drive the Puritans, like so many cattle, into conformity with the Church, while Wentworth became president of the revived Council of the North and acted the tyrant in that region. Transferred to Ireland he was equally harsh. The High Commission and the Star Chamber courts lent their help, and their once limited authority became practically unbounded. The Star Chamber not only heavily fined those declared guilty of showing contempt for the King's authority, but often inflicted torture. All sorts of devices were resorted to for raising money. One of these was to levy "ship money," so called because it was pretended that it was for the purpose of building a fleet. John Hampden, a wealthy country gentleman of Buckinghamshire, who could have paid his tax a score of times over without feeling it, refused as a matter of principle, and his courage heartened others to do the same. On his appeal, the corrupt judges decided against him, but Hampden was raised higher than ever in the estimation of his countrymen.

The story is told that Hampden became so disgusted with the tyranny of the King, that he resolved to join the Puritans who had crossed the Atlantic to America, and that in company with his cousin, Oliver Cromwell, a farmer like himself, he went on board a vessel in the Thames, but as they were about to sail the King forbade it, and they returned to their homes. What a difference there would have been in the history of England, if King Charles had allowed those two men to leave the country!

The Scots in 1637 rebelled against the attempt to compel them to accept a liturgy like that of England. Two years later Charles marched against them, but his empty treasury and mutinous soldiers forced him to make terms; and, no choice being left to him, he called a Parliament in 1640, of which he was

so distrustful that he speedily dissolved it. Then the Scottish war broke out more fiercely than ever, and, when an army actually invaded England, he quickly summoned the law-making body once more. This is known in history as the Long Parliament, because it lasted twenty years—longer than the life of the King.

It was composed of three divisions—the Independents, the Presbyterians, and the Episcopalians. Strafford was impeached and sentenced to execution. The King passionately refused to sign the death-warrant, but yielded to Strafford's own urgency, the minister bravely offering himself as a sacrifice in order to soothe the dangerously excited people. Then Laud was accused of attempting to overthrow the Protestant religion. Both were sent to prison and afterward executed. The Star Chamber and the High Commission Court were abolished, a bill was passed requiring Parliament to be summoned once every three years, and a law enacted forbidding the dissolution of the Parliament then in session without its own consent. The Grand Remonstrance, which set forth all the shortcomings of the King's government, was printed and circulated throughout the country, and added much to the distrust already felt for the King.

Charles was now at bay, and, urged on by his French Queen, did the most foolish thing conceivable. His leading opponents in Parliament were Hampden, Pym, and three others. He determined to arrest them. With an armed force he went to Parliament to drag them from their seats, but when he looked around for them their places were empty. They had received warning, and, slipping out of a side door, were safely sheltered by friends in the city. Charles angrily turned to the speaker and demanded where they were. That officer made obeisance, and, begging the King's pardon, replied he could neither see nor speak except by order of the house.

Baffled and furious, the King determined to make Parliament bend to his will through the use of military force. It must not be supposed that he did not have a large number of friends, and his confidence in his strength would seem to have been warranted. While England had no standing army, every county had a large body of militia, which was legally under the control of the King, and Parliament now insisted that he should resign that control into its hands. He refused, flung his standard to the breeze at Nottingham, August 22, 1642, and the civil war began.

In this lamentable strife the opponents were Royalists and Parliamentarians, or more popularly Cavaliers and Roundheads, the latter name being applied to the Puritans, who, to show their contempt of the prevailing fashion of long hair, wore their own cropped short. They were commanded by an able officer in Robert, Earl of Essex, a son of the favorite whom Elizabeth had caused to be executed. He met the Royalists at Edgehill, in Warwickshire, on the



23d of October, and fought an indecisive battle. The commander of the Cavaliers was Prince Rupert, son of the Queen of Bohemia, and nephew of the King, a brave, dashing officer, whose practice of looting caused many to look upon his acts with disfavor. The King was well provided with gentleman cavalry, whose horses were much superior to those of the raw levies of the Parliamentarians; but he had insufficient artillery and ammunition. The Queen, who had withdrawn to Holland, sold her own and the crown jewels, and bought considerable ammunition, which she sent to him. She herself returned to England in February, 1643, with four ships, and landed at Bridlington, where the house in which she lodged was bombarded so hotly that she had to run outside and take refuge in a ditch. A few months later the gallant patriot, Hampden, was killed in a skirmish with Prince Rupert.

In this civil war, it may be said that the western half of England stood by the King, while the eastern half with London opposed him. Both sides bent all their energies to the prosecution of the struggle. The Cavaliers melted their silver plate to obtain money for the troops. Parliament, for the people, imposed heavy taxes and for the first time levied a duty on ales, liquors, and domestic products. Every Puritan household was ordered to fast one day in each week and to give the price of a dinner to the support of the cause. An important measure passed was styled the Self-denying Ordinance, which made all officers holding civil or military office resign, the real purpose of the law being to weed out the incompetent leaders, that their places might be filled by abler and more aggressive men.

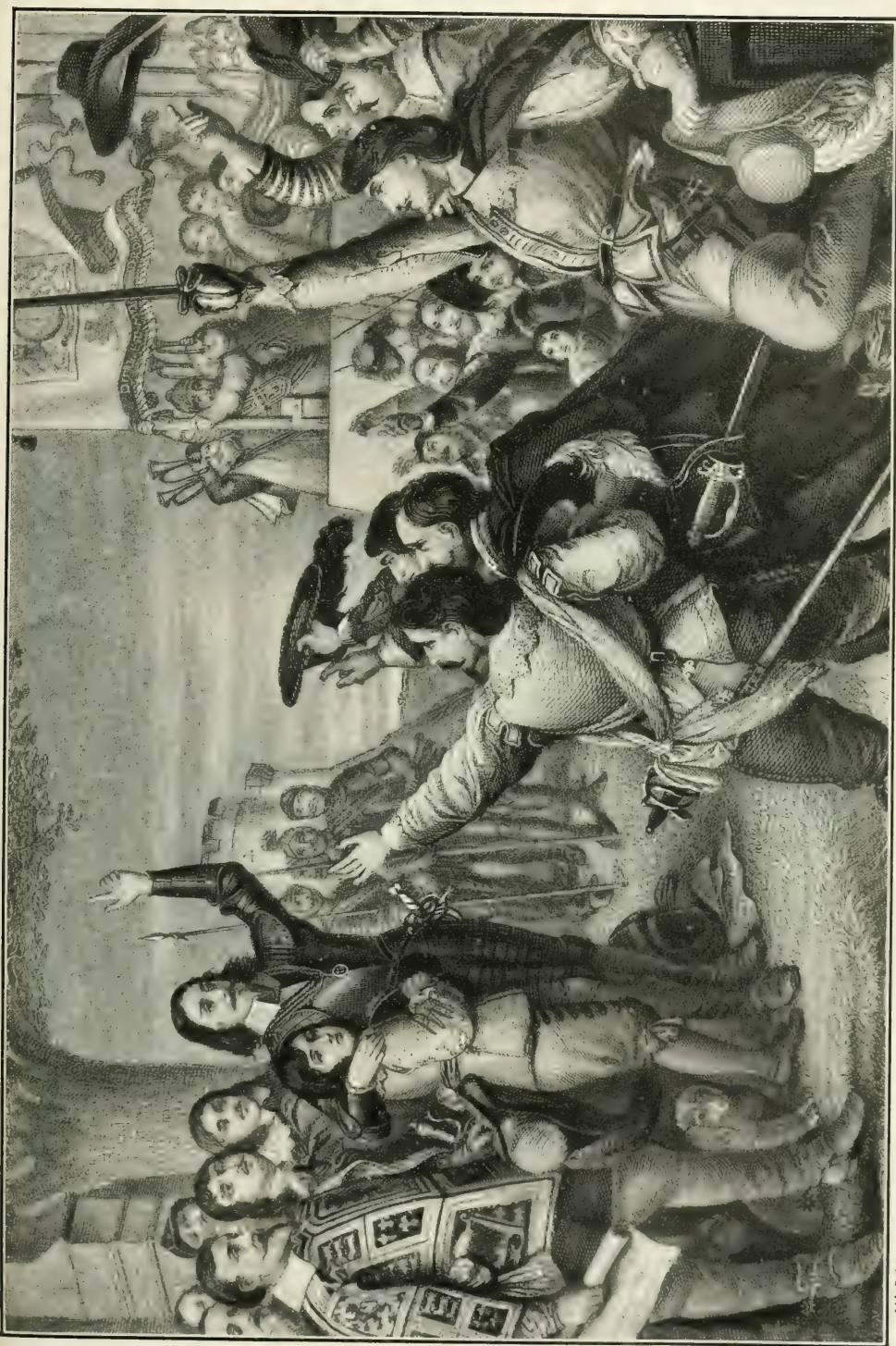
Parliament now formed an alliance with the Scots, who, in 1644, sent an army, while Charles made a treaty of peace with the Catholics in Ireland, so as to allow him to bring troops from that country. He then summoned those of the Peers and Commons who were loyal to him to meet in Parliament at Oxford, and they thence directed his cause. It failed because of the transcendent ability of one man.

Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntingdon in 1599, his father being a substantial country gentleman. Little is known of his boyhood, but he left college in 1616 to take the management of the estate of his father, who had died. In 1620, he married the daughter of Sir James Bouchier, thus proving his social position to have been above what his enemies described it. He associated himself with the Puritan party, who respected his earnestness and sagacity. He made his first appearance in Parliament in 1628, but had hardly taken his seat when he and his fellow-commoners were hustled home again by the King. Cromwell devoted the next eleven years to farming, but was sent to Parliament in 1640 as a member for the town of Cambridge. A description of his appearance at that time says: "He was dressed in a plain cloth suit, which seemed to

have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat-band; his stature was of good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervor."

In July, 1642, Cromwell moved in Parliament for permission to raise two companies of volunteers, having first supplied the necessary arms at his own cost. A month later he seized the magazine at Cambridgeshire and prevented the Royalists from carrying off the valuable plate in the university. Now that the opportunity came, Cromwell exhibited astonishing military genius. The troop of cavalry that he formed, his "Ironsides," resisted the battle shock of the fiery Rupert, who hurled his gallant cavaliers in vain against them. As lieutenant-colonel on the bloody field of Marston (July 2, 1644), and in the second battle of Newbury, three months later, Cromwell displayed admirable bravery and skill, but the backwardness of his superiors prevented their reaping the full fruits of victory. Cromwell complained in Parliament, and declared that unless greater vigor was shown a dishonorable peace would be forced upon them. He had already so demonstrated his ability that he was excepted from the provision of the "Self-denying Ordinance." In the new model army which was formed, Lord Fairfax, one of the few noblemen on the Puritan side, was appointed general, with Cromwell as lieutenant-general of the horse. At Naseby (June, 1645) Cromwell commanded the right wing of the Parliamentary forces, and the royal army was utterly routed and ruined. After the disorderly flight, the papers of the King were picked up on the battle-field, and proved him more perfidious than even his enemies had suspected. These papers revealed that he meant to betray those who were negotiating with him for peace, and was arranging to bring foreign troops to England.

Naseby practically ended the first civil war. The Royalists in the west were soon brought under submission. Bristol was carried by storm, and everywhere the cause of the King rapidly crumbled. In May, 1646, he escaped from Oxford in disguise, and finally, in his extremity, surrendered to the Scotch army, which delivered him to the English Parliament. After remaining a state prisoner for more than four months, he was carried off by a cornet of Fairfax's guard to the army, chiefly Independents, so set against Presbyterianism that it now became the rival of Parliament. Charles thought he could use one party against the other, and began negotiating with each, intending to betray both. The soldiers became so threatening that, believing his life in danger, he escaped from Hampton Court, and, in his bewilderment, flung himself into the custody of Colonel Hammond, governor of the Isle of Wight, who confined him in a castle, from which he tried in vain to escape.



At this time the country was in a critical condition. The Welsh were in revolt; a hostile Scotch army, made up of Presbyterians and Royalists, was bearing down from the north, and Rupert, to whom seventeen English ships had deserted, was preparing for a descent from Holland, while Ireland was rampant in its royalism. The promptest and most energetic measures were necessary to save the country, and Cromwell was the man to take them. The Welsh were forced to surrender, and Cromwell routed the Scots at Preston Moor.

The Presbyterian element dominated in Parliament, and the Independent in the army. They were jealous of each other's power, but Cromwell, with his usual sagacity, had the King removed from the commissioners' hands into those of the army, in June, 1647. Then some of the leading Presbyterians were turned out of Parliament by the army, and the Independents with Cromwell gradually gained the ascendancy.

Two years were spent in fruitless negotiations, when Charles, who was still a prisoner on the Isle of Wight, made a treaty with the Scots, in which he promised to establish the Presbyterian church in England if they would send an army to replace him on the throne. It seems strange that at that late day any one was foolish enough to place reliance upon the most solemn pledge of the King. The advance of the Scots into England and the flocking of the Royalists to their aid caused the civil war to break out again. On the return of the victorious Parliamentary army to London the Presbyterians were still temporizing with the king. In December, 1648, Colonel Pride drove more than one hundred of the Presbyterian members out of Parliament, the process being known in history as "Pride's Purge." Cromwell did not order this summary proceeding, but approved of it. Some sixty Independents were left, and the body was derisively called the Rump Parliament.

Cromwell saw that one step remained to be taken in order to bring peace to the distracted country. It was a fearful one, but he did not hesitate to take it.

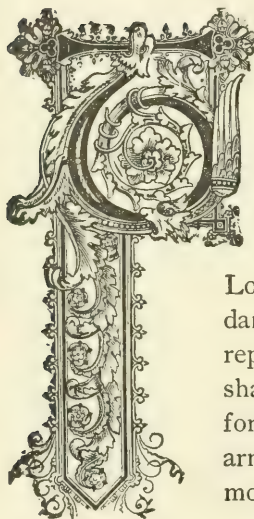
The Rump Parliament voted that the King should be brought to trial on the charge of treason against the government. The Lords refused to agree, whereupon the Commons declared that the supreme authority rested in them, and closed the House of Lords. A High Court of Justice was organized for the trial of the King, Cromwell, of course, being a member of it. On the 20th of January, 1649, the King was brought before this court. He bore himself with a dignity that compelled the respect of his enemies, and there were not lacking many expressions of sympathy for him. A week later he was found guilty, and sentence of death was pronounced upon him as a "tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy to the good people of the nation." He calmly accepted his fate, bade farewell to his children, and was beheaded on the scaffold before Whitehall, on January 30, 1649.



CROMWELL CLOSING THE RUMP PARLIAMENT

Chapter CXI

CROMWELL AND THE COMMONWEALTH.



THUS, in 1649, England ceased to be a kingdom and took the name of a "Commonwealth." Before the multitude which stared with mingled awe, exultation, and pity upon the beheading of Charles I. had separated, the House of Commons declared that no person should be proclaimed King of England, or Ireland, or the dominions thereof. Within two months the House of

Lords was abolished, not only as an incumbrance, but as a dangerous menace to the nation. England claimed to be a republic, governed by a Council of State, with John Bradshaw as president and the famous poet, John Milton, the foreign secretary. Fairfax and Cromwell commanded the army, but the centre, front, head, and heart of the Commonwealth was the grim, relentless, iron-willed Cromwell.

The young republic, like our own, was pestered by anarchists, who contended that all offices should be done away with and rank and property placed on an equality. These people called themselves "Levelers," and broke out in a vicious mutiny, which Cromwell crushed, as he would have stamped the life out of a venomous serpent coiling at his feet.

Fairfax soon resigned, and Cromwell became the head of the military forces of his country. The new government must have collapsed in a few weeks but for his amazing energy and ability. Even he found a herculean task on his hands. The Royalists were numerous and daring, and the Presbyterians detested the army and the Rump Parliament, from which they had been excluded



The dead King left six children—Charles, Prince of Wales, born in 1630; James, Duke of York, born three years later; Henry, who died young; and three daughters—Mary, Elizabeth, and Henrietta. Mary married Prince William of Nassau, Stadholder of Holland. It is remarkable that both of the older sons afterward became kings of England, as also did the son of Mary. The daughter Elizabeth died in 1650, a prisoner held by the Parliamentarians, in Carisbrooke Castle. The daughter Henrietta Maria, born in 1644, married the French prince, Philip, Duke of Orleans.

The Royalists in Ireland proclaimed Prince Charles, King, and Cromwell went thither to quell the uprising. He made a cyclone campaign, his fanatical soldiers showing no more mercy than so many Apaches, and in the space of nine months he had so nearly crushed the revolt that he left his son-in-law, Ireton, to finish the work, while he passed over to Scotland to stamp out the rebellion there. Young Charles had reached that country and been received as King, but Cromwell attacked the Scots at Dunbar, September 3, 1650, and routed them "horse, foot, and dragoons." While the great general was still engaged in subduing Scotland, Charles led his army across the border and pressed on as far as Worcester, where Cromwell overtook and defeated him on the anniversary of the victory at Dunbar. Charles made his escape, but three of his leading supporters were executed, Parliament having declared all his adherents rebels and traitors.

Cromwell yearned to get hold of Charles, and offered a reward of a thousand pounds for his capture. It seemed impossible for the prince to save himself, and he never could have done so but for the aid of devoted friends. He entrusted his life at different times to scores of persons, not one of whom betrayed him. Once with his hair cropped close, and dressed as a peasant, he lay in Boscobel wood; and again, hidden by the thick branches of a huge oak, he peeped through the leaves and saw the Parliament soldiers hunting here and there and passing under the tree, without once suspecting that the prize they sought was crouching only a few feet above their heads. His friends could not have been tempted to betray him by the offer of the kingdom itself.

When he had tramped until he was footsore, he was lifted upon the horse of a miller and helped on his way. Not daring to remain long at the house of the friend to whom he was taken, he left in the disguise of a servant to a gentlewoman, who rode behind him on a pillion, as was the fashion. He and his friend, Lord Wilmot, sailed in a collier from the small fishing-town of Brighton. The master recognized him, but willingly risked his own life. After passing many more dangers the prince landed in Normandy, where even the powerful arm of Cromwell was not long enough to reach him. Meanwhile the war in

Scotland was brought to a successful conclusion by General George Monk, one of Cromwell's officers.

It was at this time that John Milton, the famous poet who wrote "Paradise Lost," was made secretary of Cromwell's Council of State. He became the defender of the Puritan cause with the pen, as the Protector was with the sword. These two great men were possibly personal friends before either had achieved fame, and we can imagine them visiting each other as simple country gentlemen. At any rate, they seem to have understood each other from the start, and there was never any jar in their political relations.

War broke out with Holland in 1652, and was noted for the resolute strife between the great Dutch sailors, Martin Tromp and Michael de Ruyter, on one hand and Admiral Robert Blake on the other. Tromp, having defeated Blake, sailed through the Channel with a broom at his masthead, as an intimation of the manner in which he had swept the seas of the British. But Blake had his revenge. Tromp was slain in a naval battle in 1653, and peace was made with dejected Holland the following year.

Cromwell had urged the need of calling a Parliament which should represent the country and provide the necessary reforms. Some of the members were distrustful of him, suspecting that he wished to place the crown on his own head. When, in 1653, a bill came up for calling a new Parliament of four hundred members, it declared that the present members should retain their seats, with the right to reject such newly elected members as they saw fit. Cromwell believed this was a device of the Rump Parliament to retain power, while that body was equally suspicious of him.

The leading member of the House was young Sir Harry Vane, who had made an excellent governor of the colony of Massachusetts. Feeling that there was imminent danger of the country falling into the power of Cromwell as military dictator, Vane urged with all the earnestness in his power, that the bill should be passed without delay. Cromwell never hesitated in such crises. With a squad of soldiers he strode to the building and, leaving them at the door, entered the House and sat down to watch what was being done. He could not restrain himself long, and, springing to his feet, charged the Commons with misgovernment and the abuse of their power. As he talked, his anger rose, until exclaiming, "You are no Parliament!" he called in his soldiers, had them pull the presiding officer from his seat and tumble him out of doors. The other members scrambled after, amid the dictator's vigorous epithets. When all were gone, Cromwell locked the door, thrust the key into his pocket, and went home, feeling, perhaps, that he had performed only his simple duty.

The old Parliament out of the way, Cromwell called a new one to his own liking. It had one hundred and thirty-nine members, and was nicknamed the



"Barebones Parliament," because one of its members bore the curious name of Praise-God Barebones. It was ridiculed from the first; but it cannot be denied that it did a good work, and that some of the laws originated by it proved very helpful to the country.

A constitution was presented by a council which, on December 16, 1653, made Cromwell Lord Protector of England, Ireland, and Scotland. A few years later a second constitution offered him the crown. Tradition represents him as desiring to take it, but being withheld by the entreaties of his favorite daughter, Elizabeth Claypole. A more reasonable argument lay in the fact that the army was unlikely to sustain him in such a step. At any rate, Cromwell refused the crown of England. He tried, however, to restore the House of Lords, failing only because the members would not attend. Most of the old forms of the constitution were revived, though they were veiled under other names. Since Ireland and Scotland were at this period added to the English Commonwealth, the representatives of those two countries took seats in the English Parliament, but an army of ten thousand men under General Monk was required to hold the Scots in subjection.

You know that the tyranny of the Stuart kings had sent hundreds of Puritans to Massachusetts and other New England colonies. There was now a reversal of these conditions, and many of the Royalists fled to Virginia, where they founded one of the greatest States of the American Union. It seems singular that these roystering Cavaliers, with their horse-racing, cock-fighting, gambling, and convivial dispositions, should have laid the foundation of a State which until long after the Revolution was the leading member of our Union, and which furnished so many rulers for the nation that it was given the name of the "Mother of Presidents." Such, however, was the fact. From these settlers descended the illustrious George Washington, Patrick Henry, the Lees, and the Randolphs.

Virginia remained true to the King all through the troublous times of the Commonwealth. When Charles I. was beheaded, the Virginians recognized his exiled son as the rightful sovereign, and were the last subjects to submit to the Commonwealth. Cromwell showed both generosity and sagacity in dealing with these rebels across the ocean. In 1652 he sent a strong fleet to Virginia, but at the same time offered such liberal concessions for a simple declaration of allegiance, that the colony reluctantly accepted him as its overlord. When Charles II. came to the throne, he expressed his gratitude for the loyalty of the colony by ordering the arms of the province to be quartered with those of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as an independent member of the kingdom. That is why Virginia is often called the "Old Dominion."

Cromwell was the Commonwealth; for without his tremendous, dominating

personality, the fabric would have collapsed like a house of cards. He had to use the sternest measures to maintain peace at home; but he was neither an oppressor nor a bigot. He was tolerant toward all sects so long as they did not plot against the government. In him the Quakers, who were cruelly persecuted in America as well as in England, found a friend; he helped to send the first Protestant missionaries to this country for the conversion of the Indians; and under him the Jews, who had been excluded for centuries from the kingdom of England, were allowed to return and build a synagogue in London.

Many of his followers, however, were merciless toward the Catholics and Churchmen. You can see to-day in some of the cathedrals and parish churches empty niches from which the image of the Virgin or some saint once beamed, tombs shattered and desecrated because they contained some expression of the old faith,—all mute witnesses of the brutal ferocity of men who were able to make themselves believe they pleased God by such sacrilege.

It is wonderful that a man who never turned his attention to war until he was forty years old should have developed so astounding a genius in that direction. The success of Cromwell's foreign policy was amazing, and to him is due the chief glory of England's advance to one of the foremost powers of Europe. He built the navy of which the kingdom hitherto had only dreamed, and, under the mighty Blake, her fleets smote the Dutch, until they took down the brooms from their mastheads and promised forever after to salute the English flag wherever met on the high seas. It was Blake who compelled the Duke of Tuscany to pay for injuries to England's commerce, and who scourged the pirates of Barbary till they cowered before him. The West Indian possessions of Spain were hammered into submission in 1655, and Jamaica has ever since remained the property of Great Britain. Two years later, in the face of a terrific fire from the shore batteries, Blake destroyed the Spanish treasure-ships in the harbor of Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe. Having won one of the most illustrious names in naval annals, the grim old veteran lay down and died off Plymouth in the summer of 1657. The following year the allied English and French forces captured Dunkirk from the Spaniards, and the French King, by way of thanks, presented the city to the English, who thus received a consolation for the century-old loss of Calais.

No man can long withstand the prodigious strain to which Cromwell was subjected for ten years. The great Elizabeth succumbed, and her last days were clouded with gloom and despair; Bonaparte broke down when he ought to have been in the prime of his marvellous genius; and the iron frame of Cromwell, which ordinarily would have lasted for yet a score or more of years, was also destined to give way. This man who had been so absolutely fearless in battle



grew so afraid of secret assassination that he wore armor concealed under his clothing. Then came the finishing blow to his strength in the death of his beloved daughter Elizabeth. It is a curious coincidence that the stormy night on which Cromwell passed away—September 3d, 1658—was the anniversary of his two victories at Dunbar and Worcester.

How seldom a great genius is succeeded by one worthy of wearing his laurels! Cromwell left two sons, Richard and Henry, the elder of whom was proclaimed Protector. He had not a spark of the ability of his father, being negative and spiritless, when the need of a strong, directing hand was as great as during the stormiest times of the Commonwealth. He took his place with the contempt of the army, who could respect no one that had never shown valor on the battlefield. The dissatisfaction with him so deepened that the old Rump Parliament was called together at the end of eight months, and demanded his resignation. As gently as a lamb he stepped down and withdrew to private life, whither he was followed by his brother, who had shown considerable capacity in governing Ireland during the Protectorate. Richard was nicknamed "Tumble-down Dick," and caricatures of him were displayed in many public places. He was given a pension, and lived in strict privacy until his death, in 1712, in his eighty-seventh year.

It is said that years after his demission he visited Westminster, and under the guidance of an attendant, who did not recognize him, was shown the throne. He looked at it quizzically for a moment or two, and then remarked: "It is the first time I have seen that since I sat on it, in 1659."

Under Richard Cromwell the Commonwealth existed only in name. The country was placed under the control of the Rump Parliament, which represented only itself. The quarrel between it and the army was immediately renewed, and before long the body was expelled by the military leader, General John Lambert, who hoped to travel in the footsteps of the great Cromwell. General Monk, commander of the English army in Scotland, however, refused to recognize the government thus set up, and advanced with his forces toward England and made his headquarters at Coldstream-on-the-Tweed. It is in memory of this fact that one of the regiments composing his vanguard is still known as the Coldstream Guards.

The people on hearing the news rose against the government, and the fleet, sailing up the Thames, at the same time declared for the Parliament. General Lambert, who had expected to play the rôle of the great Cromwell, moved to the north to check Monk, but his soldiers fell away from him, and the triumphant Monk entered London in February, 1660. He was a grim, silent man, who kept his own counsels, and for several days he gave no sign of his intentions. Then he declared in favor of a free Parliament. The announcement was

received with the blazing of bonfires, the ringing of bells, and the joyful shouts of the people. The Presbyterian members, who had been driven out by the "purging" of Pride, hurried back to their seats again, and, after issuing writs for a general election, dissolved March 16th. Thus passed away the notable "Long Parliament," which had been in existence for twenty years.

The new assembly was termed a Convention Parliament, because it was called without royal authority. It met about a month later, including ten members of the House of Lords. Meanwhile Monk had been in communication with the exiled Charles, who issued a declaration of pardon to all for past offences, "excepting only such persons as shall hereafter be excepted by Parliament." One week after this declaration was received, May 8th, Charles II. was proclaimed King, and the fleet which had been sent to convey him from Holland to Dover arrived at London, May 29th, amid every demonstration of joy. Bells clanged, bonfires flashed all the way to London, flags waved, and the frenzied people shouted themselves hoarse. There was sarcastic point in the remark of the King, that it must be his own fault he had not come before, since every one seemed to be so glad to see him.

A striking feature of his triumphal journey to London was the Commonwealth army drawn up at Blackheath to give him welcome. The soldiers were silent, but sullen, for it was a bitter sight to them. The Puritans were equally sour, for they looked upon the funeral of their fondest hopes; but there was no help for it. The Commonwealth had perished because of the quarrels of its friends.

The Puritans were devoutly religious, yet bigoted to the last degree, and they committed the fatal mistake of insisting that other people should accept their pattern of religion. They were lacking in all the elements of sweet charity, and frowned upon the most innocent amusements. The Long Parliament ordered that Christmas should be kept as a fast day, and the most trifling breaches of morality were punished with rigorous severity. It was this spirit that was carried across the ocean and led a governor in Massachusetts to reprove a party of little children for dancing round a May-pole; that caused the persecution of Roger Williams and the Quakers, and that carried out that frightful tragedy, the Salem witchcraft.







THE TRIAL OF LORD RUSSELL

Chapter CXII

THE RESTORATION AND SECOND EXPULSION OF THE STUARTS

SOME of those English kings were made of poor stuff, and Charles II. was among the worst. His years of exile and struggle had apparently disheartened him and left him with no ambition except that of obtaining all the enjoyment possible out of the remainder of his life. His whole love being centred in himself, he had none left for his country. He had no conception of such a thing as duty, no respect for any man or woman, and wanted to be King simply because it gave him unlimited means of gratifying every yearning of his vicious nature.

By a pleasant fiction the beginning of his reign was dated back twelve years before, that is, from the day of his father's execution. The Commonwealth troops were disbanded, but the King retained a select guard of five thousand men, from which in time a standing army grew.

No reign could have begun under more promising prospects than that of Charles II. He was heartily welcomed by the great majority of his people. He had talents, a pleasing temper, and a courteous manner, but he was utterly lacking in moral principle. He secretly favored the Catholic religion, but it was as a matter of policy, for he would accept no faith that put the least restraint upon his shameless life. In short, the times that were ushered in by his reign were a complete and absolute reaction from the rigid morality of the Puritan rule. Immorality reigned everywhere.

The new Parliament passed an Act of Indemnity, granting a general pardon, but excepting from its benefits the judges who had condemned Charles I. to death. Some of these were imprisoned for life, and thirteen were executed; but most of the others had already fled from the country. Among the fugitives were William Goffe, Edward Whalley, and Colonel John Dixwell, who found refuge in the New England colonies, though frequent search was made for them. One of the silliest revenges conceivable was the digging up of the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, Bradshaw, and Pride on the anniversary of the late King's death and hanging them in chains at Tyburn, after which they were buried at the foot of the gallows among the remains of highway robbers and the lowest of criminals. The Episcopal form of service was restored, and in the course of the following few years harsh laws were passed against the Non-conformists, or Dissenters. These included the Presbyterians, Independents or Congregationalists, Baptists, and the Society of Friends, or Quakers. It was in 1662 that the Act of Uniformity was passed. This ordered every clergyman who did not assent and consent to everything in the prayer-book, and who did not use it in his Sunday services, to surrender his church. It meant that he must leave his home and go out in the world, to seek in the best way he could a living for himself, his wife, and children. On August 24th of that year two thousand clergymen abandoned their homes, among them being preachers of the great towns, as well as the poor, hard-working country parsons.

They were martyrs for conscience' sake, and continued to preach on the hill-sides or seashore, or wherever listeners could be found. The King, the bishops, and the Cavalier Parliament, angered by what they looked upon as contumacy, passed yet severer laws against the Dissenters. The "Conventicle Act" forbade them to worship anywhere except in the parish churches. Such oppressive commands can seldom be enforced. Little companies continued to meet in barns, in out-of-the-way places, in caves, glens, and the recesses of the sombre woods. Sentinels were kept on watch, and generally managed to give notice of the approach of guards and constables, who, when they could, seized the Dissenters and hustled them off to prison. During the reign of Charles II. eight thousand Dissenters died in the jails, which were filthy, crowded breeding-places of disease. The Scottish Parliament, which Bishop Burnet said was "mostly drunk," was as merciless as the English in persecuting the Dissenters, for Scotland had again become a separate kingdom. The tangle in Ireland was settled by Cromwell's colonists giving up a third of their gains; but many Irish claimants protested that, though they had no share in the rebellion of 1641, they could not obtain restitution nor pay for their losses.

Among those who suffered religious persecution was a man who had learned the trade of a tinker. He had been rough and wild, but was converted, and, in



1655, became a member of the Baptist congregation at Bedford. Soon after, he was chosen its pastor. He was highly popular, and crowds flocked to hear him preach. The act against conventicles stopped his labors, and he was convicted and sentenced to perpetual banishment. In the mean time, he was sent to Bedford jail, where he supported his wife and children by making tagged laces. It was there he "dreamed a dream," which took form as "Pilgrim's Progress," and is one of the most remarkable religious books ever written. John Bunyan, the author, was finally released, and resumed his work as a preacher, wandering through the country. After the issuing of James II.'s declaration for liberty of conscience, Bunyan again settled at Bedford and ministered to the Baptist congregation in Mill-lane till his death at London of fever, in 1688. No book except the Bible has gone through so many editions as "Pilgrim's Progress."

In 1667, three years before the publication of this work, John Milton, pardoned for his part in the Commonwealth, but living in obscure poverty, gave his "Paradise Lost" to the world. This grand epic was as sublime in treatment as in conception, and will always hold a lofty position in the world's literature. Its theme, like that of "Pilgrim's Progress," was the momentous problem of sin and redemption.

One of the shameful acts of Charles II. was the seizure of New Amsterdam—the present city of New York—in 1664. The infamy of the proceeding lay in the fact that England and Holland were at peace, and the former in a treaty had recognized the justice of Holland's claim to the territory through the discovery of Henry Hudson.

The marriage of the King in 1662 to the Infanta of Portugal, Catharine of Braganza, brought him the fortress of Tangier in Africa and the island of Bombay in India. The latter was soon made over to the East India Company, and Tangier was abandoned as worthless. In the year mentioned Charles, in order to procure funds with which to keep up his debauchery, sold Dunkirk to the King of France, much to the displeasure of England.

Naturally King Charles surrounded himself with men like himself. They were his rivals in debauchery, and were fond of perpetrating coarse jests upon one another. One of them, the Earl of Rochester, wrote on the door of the King's bed-chamber these lines:

" Here lies our sovereign lord, the King,
Whose word no man relies on ;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one."

There was wit in the King's retort when he read the squib. "It is true, for, while my words are my own, my acts are my ministers'."

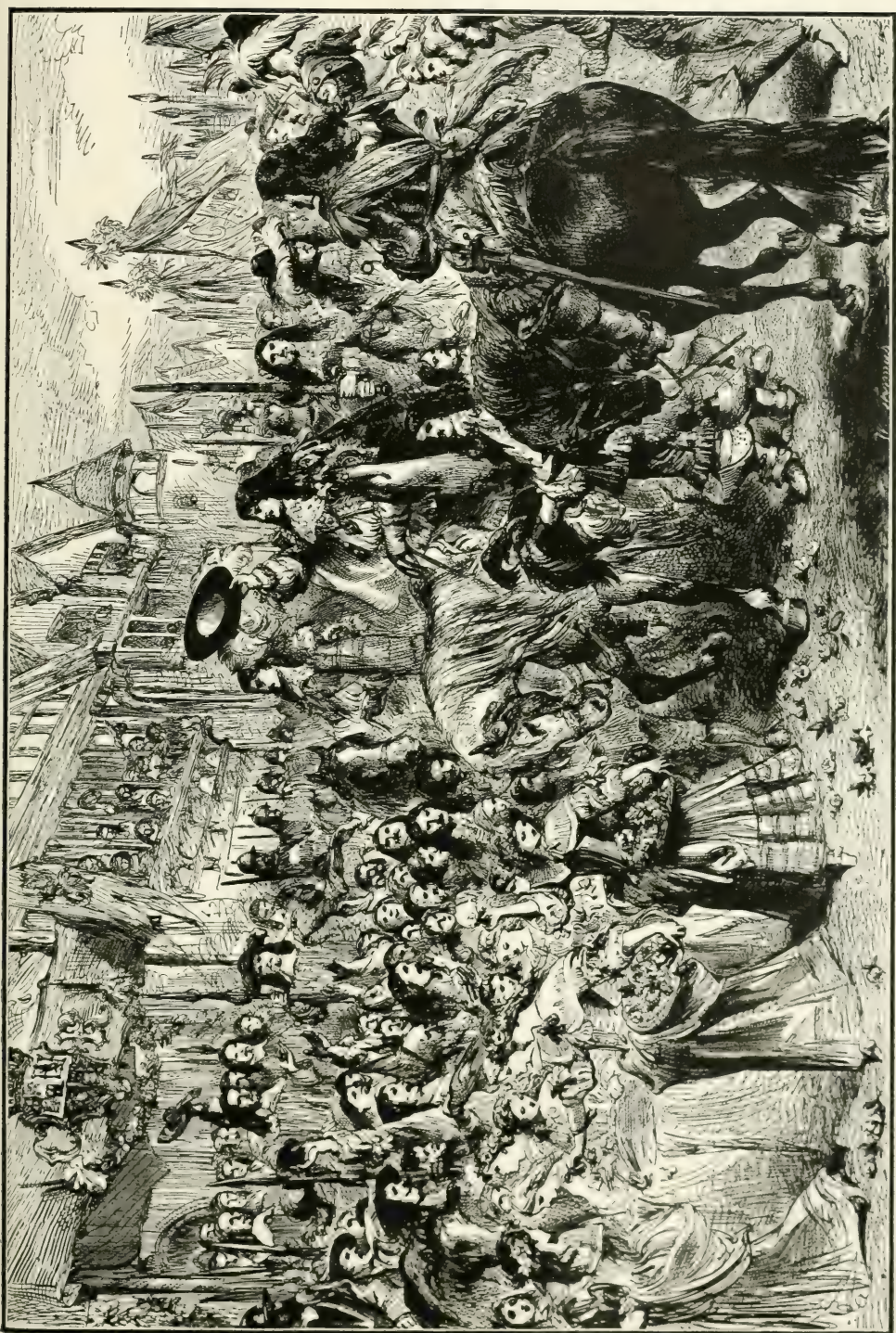
While the reign had begun with the Earl of Clarendon as chief minister, authority soon sank into the hands of a disreputable administration, called the *Cabal*, the members of which were a dissipated party of scamps who cared for nothing but their own interests. Curiously enough the word cabal has come down to modern times because it was spelled by the initial letters of the five members composing this cabinet, as it would be termed in these days—thus: (C)lifford, (A)shley-Cooper Lord Shaftesbury, (B)uckingham, (A)rlington, and (L)auderdale.

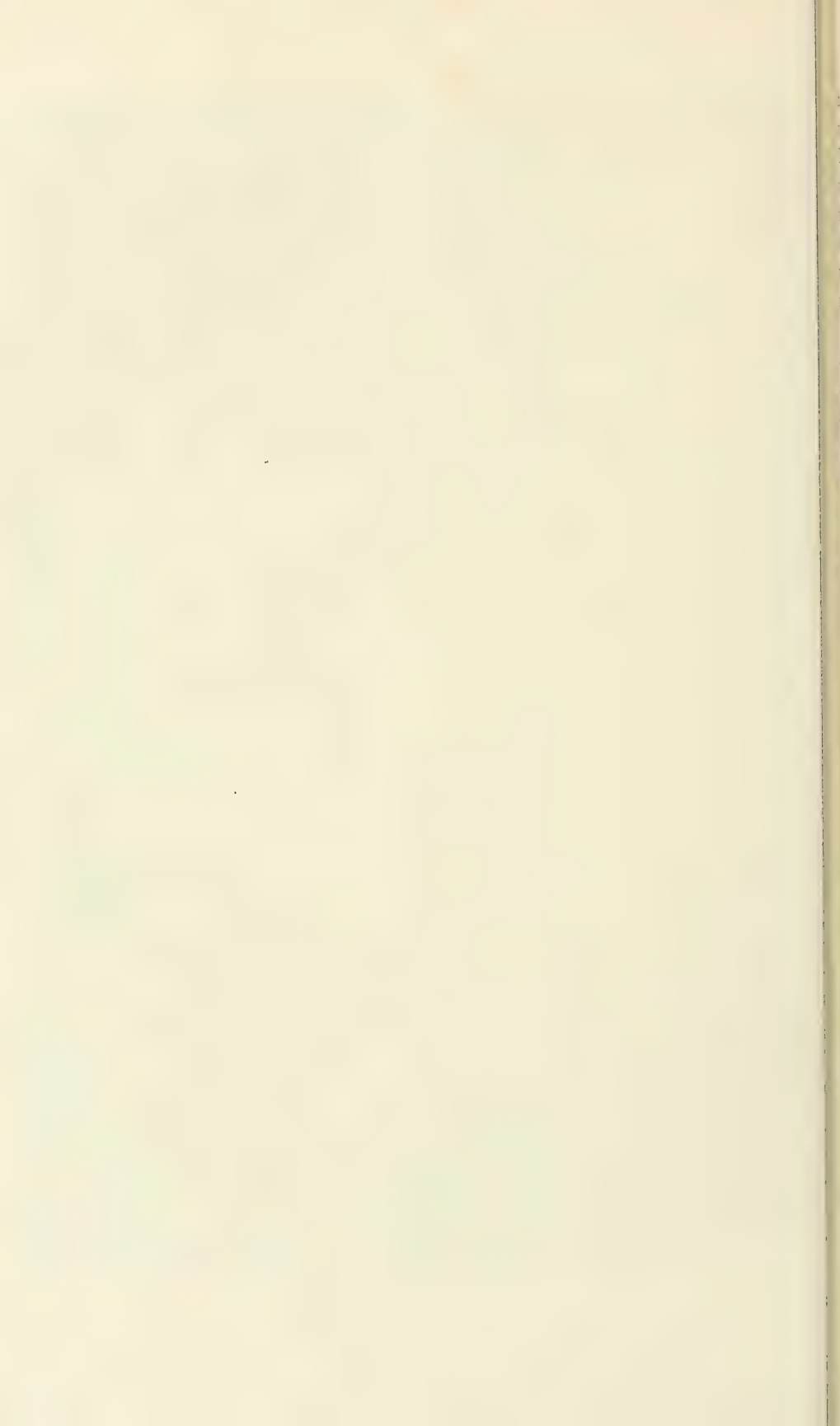
Meanwhile an even greater disaster fell upon the unhappy land. The filth in most of those early English homes was unspeakable. Sometimes when a family could stand it no longer, instead of cleaning up, they moved out and left the building alone to "sweeten" itself. London was a city of alleys and narrow streets, crowded with tumble-down buildings, veneered with the dirt of centuries, and permeated by an atmosphere of poison. The summer of 1665 was one of the hottest ever known, and need you be told what followed?

An appalling plague broke out and ran riot in the city. To call it a visitation of God, as many did, seems almost blasphemy, for in truth the plague was only a tardy acceptance of the invitation which the inhabitants had been holding out for years. If cleanliness is next to godliness, then the London of 1665 was very far away from it. The pestilence carried off a hundred thousand people within a few months. Thousands of terror-stricken people ran out into the country and huddled along the highways. The rumble of the death carts was never still. You might have picked your way for block after block and seen on nearly every door a cross made with red chalk and the lines scrawled beneath, "Lord have mercy on us."

Then when exhausted London was reeling under this stroke, a fire fortunately broke out and burned up all the city except a fringe of houses on the northeast. Overwhelming as the calamity seemed, in no other way could the horrible pestilence have been driven out and the air purified so that one could inhale it without having his lungs poisoned. The spot where the flames first burst out is still marked by a monument near London Bridge. The city was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, the greatest architect of the period. He replaced the wooden buildings with those of brick and stone. The present cathedral of St. Paul was reared on the foundations of the old structure. Under the grand dome of this, his most magnificent work, the ashes of the famous master-builder are laid. On a tablet near the tomb is this inscription in Latin: "Reader, if you seek his monument, look around."

London had hardly been rebuilt when Holland, which was at war with England on account of a rivalry in trade, sent a fleet up the Medway. Charles





had been granted a large sum of money by Parliament with which to build a navy, whereupon he and his associates promptly squandered it in profligacy. The few ships he had were ready to fall to pieces, while their crews were on the verge of mutiny, because they had not been paid for months. On board the Dutch fleet were many English sailors who had deserted in disgust, hoping thereby to bring their sovereign to a sense of his duty. After burning several partially built men-of-war at Chatham, the invaders made their own terms of peace.

Charles had shown himself as ambitious as his father to rule without a Parliament, but he must have money. How to get it without the help of Parliament was the great problem of his reign. He found out a way at last, and though none could have been more shameful, he eagerly used it. Louis XIV. of France, the greatest monarch in Europe, was anxious to conquer Holland, that he might add it to his own kingdom and extend the power of Romanism. He made the secret treaty of Dover with Charles (May 22, 1670), by which the latter, for the price of £300,000, was to aid him in carrying out this scheme for destroying the liberty and Protestant faith of Holland. It was agreed still further that this degraded English King was to receive a pension of £200,000 a year, to date from the time he should publicly declare himself a Catholic.

Since his pay depended upon his carrying out the bargain, Charles set to work to earn the money. He brought on a war with the Dutch, but quickly found he must have more funds with which to carry it through. There was then lying in the Government treasury a sum equal to \$10,000,000 in these days, which was pledged to repay the leading merchants and bankers who had made loans to the Government. The King deliberately stole this enormous sum and used most of it in pandering to his vices. A financial panic resulted, which ruined some of the oldest firms in London.

Charles' declaration of war against Holland in 1672 earned him the first bribe promised by the King of France, and he was hungry for the second, but was too cautious to come out openly as a Catholic. The nearest he dared go was to issue a proclamation of indulgence to all religions, and under this he may have intended to bestow special favors on the Catholics. Parliament replied, however, by requiring every government officer to declare himself a Protestant. This compelled the Duke of York, the next heir to the throne, to resign as Lord High Admiral, for he was a Catholic and not such a coward as to be ashamed of his religious belief.

Charles was frightened by the vigor of Parliament, and tried to wheedle it into granting him more money by marrying his niece, the Princess Mary, to William of Orange, head of the Dutch republic and the foremost Protestant on

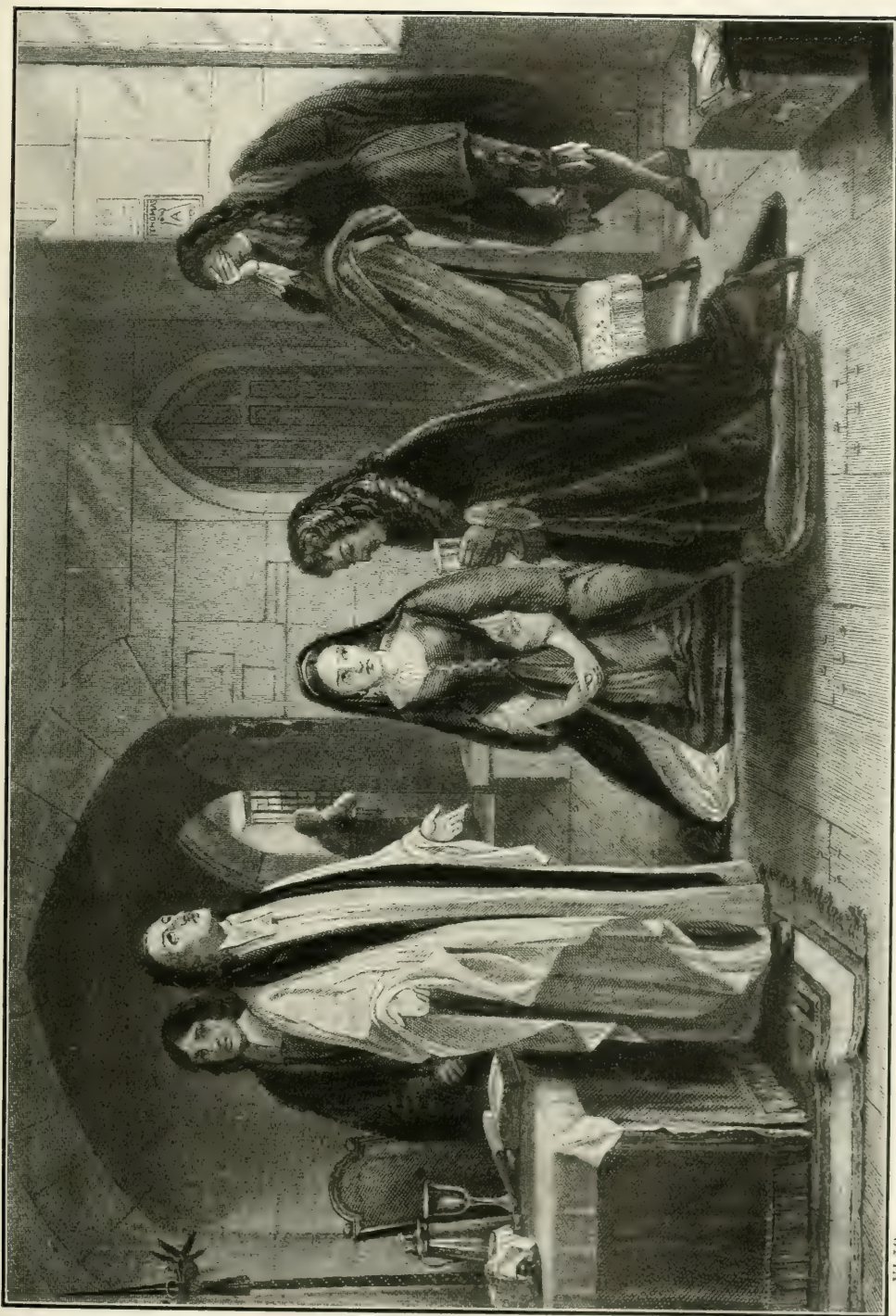
the Continent. Thus peace was once more made with Holland only two years after the declaration of war.

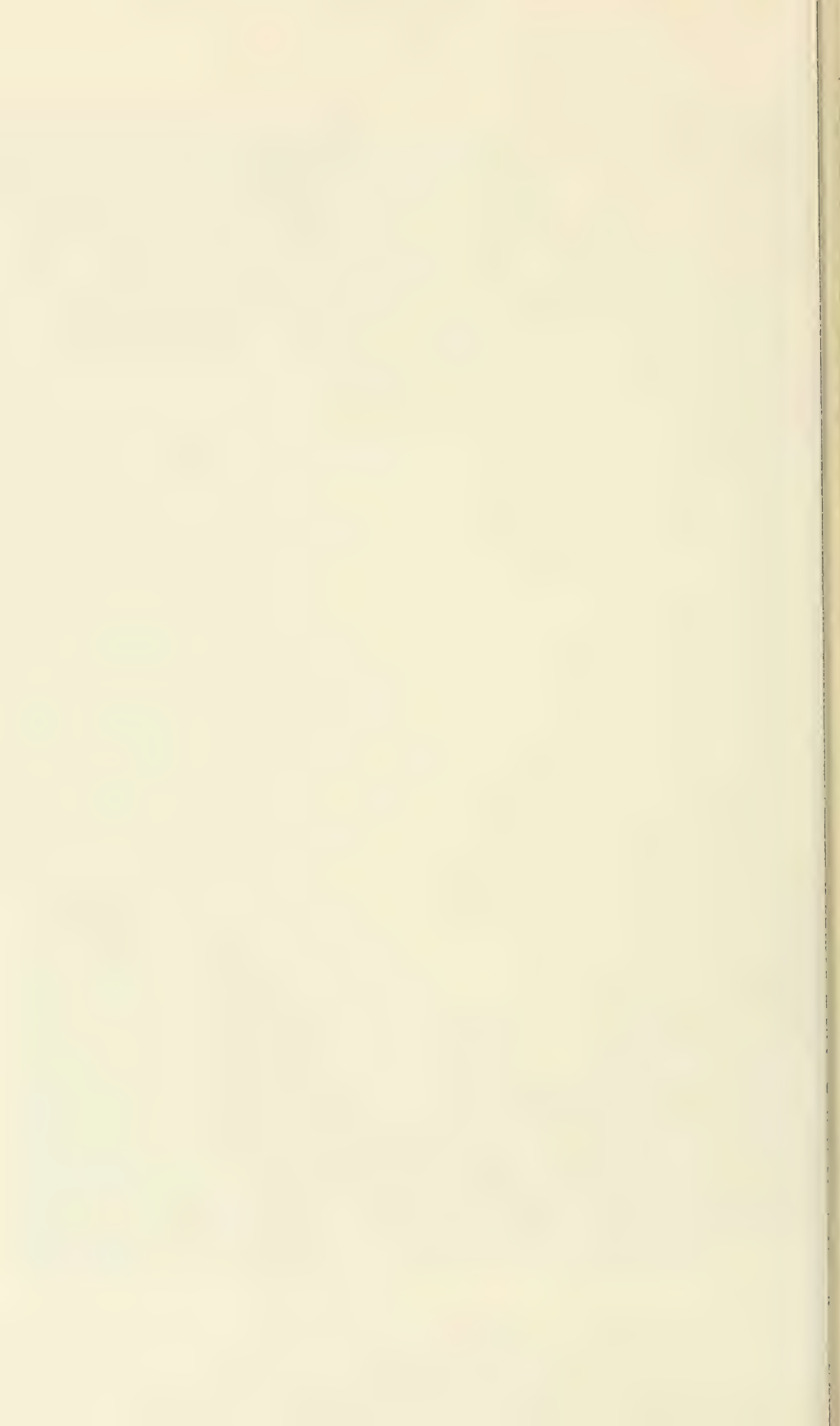
The King was in the midst of his treacherous scheming when a vile wretch, Titus Oates, startled everybody by declaring that he had unearthed a horrifying plot among the Catholics, who were preparing to burn London, slaughter all the inhabitants, kill the King, and restore their religion. The people became frenzied with terror. Numbers of innocent persons were flung into prison; many of them were executed. Despite the hideous character of Oates, he was generally believed, and he swore away lives through a morbid craving for notoriety. There seems to have been not the slightest foundation for all his horrible charges, and the craze soon abated.

The Royal Society for the Discussion of Scientific Questions was organized during the reign of Charles II. The most amazing superstition prevailed among the educated as well as the lower classes, and there was need of some one to brush away the mists that seemed to veil all eyes. Sir Isaac Newton, one of the most remarkable mathematicians that ever lived, was born in Lincolnshire in 1642, and received the best education the times could afford. It is said that in 1665, while sitting in his garden at Woolsthorpe, the fall of an apple suggested to him the most magnificent of all his discoveries—the law of universal gravitation. He was elected a member of the Royal Society in 1671, and through many ingenious experiments brought his great discovery to perfection, unfolding it in his famous work, entitled "*Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*." He was president of the Royal Society from 1703 till his death, twenty-four years later, being re-elected each year. The discovery named and many others have given Newton an illustrious rank among the greatest scientists of any age.

The Magna Charta had declared that no freeman should suffer arbitrary imprisonment, but many ways were found of breaking the law. So, in 1679, Parliament passed the famous Habeas Corpus Act, which declared that no man should be detained long in prison on a criminal charge without being brought before a judge, who should inquire into the legality of the imprisonment and arrange for a speedy trial. This merciful and just provision is one of the most precious rights guaranteed in our own country and in other leading civilized nations. It can be overridden only under stress of great public peril.

It was at this time that the two political parties came to be known by the respective names of Whig and Tory, which still prevail, though, of course, the meaning of the terms has undergone many shadings and changes. The first Whigs were the Scotch Puritans or Covenanters who rejected the Episcopacy which Charles I. tried to force upon them. The word was a term of reproach, as was that of Tory when applied to the Roman Catholic outlaws of Ireland.





The name Tory was now given to those who supported the claim of the Duke of York as the successor of the King. This Duke, as you remember, was James, the brother of Charles, and he was of the Roman Catholic faith. The Whigs were those radical Protestants who endeavored to shut him out from the accession. The excitement ran so high that the country touched on the verge of civil war. Charles vented his exasperation against the Whigs by revoking the charters of London and some other cities and granting them again on terms pleasing only to the Tories.

What undoubtedly prevented an outbreak was the discovery of the "Rye-House Plot." This was formed by a number of desperate Whigs, and its object was the assassination of the King and his brother at a place called the Rye House, not far from London. The purpose was to place the highly popular Duke of Monmouth on the throne. He was the illegitimate son of the King, who had no legitimate descendants. The plot was betrayed and thus brought to naught. The leading advocates of the bill for excluding James from the succession had been Algernon Sidney, Lord Russell, and the Earl of Essex. Probably none of them had any real connection with the Rye-House Plot; but the opportunity seemed too good to lose, and they with others were arrested for the conspiracy. Sidney and Russell, who were clearly innocent, were tried, condemned, and executed. Russell's trial attracted special attention because of his high rank and character and the devotion of his wife, who acted as his secretary throughout the trial, comforted him in prison, took the last sacrament in his company, and escorted him to the block. The Earl of Essex, to avoid the fate of his comrades, committed suicide while imprisoned in the Tower. The Duke of Monmouth was banished to Holland.

Soon after the exposure of the Rye-House Plot the Duke of York resumed his office of High Admiral. While considering his future policy, Charles was seized with a fit, and, after lingering several days, died February 6, 1685. He refused the urgency of the bishops to take the sacrament, and, his brother having quietly brought a monk into the chamber, he received the last rites and died a Catholic.

The Duke of York now came to the throne as James II. While his accession was dreaded because of his religious faith, yet general confidence was felt in him because of his courage and honesty, and when he declared he would respect the laws and defend the Church of England, few doubted him. Still, one of the dearest wishes of his heart was to restore the Roman Catholic religion in England. The Protestants were indignant when, on the Easter Sunday preceding his coronation, he went to mass in royal state, and many viewed with deep misgiving the change in affairs.

A commendable act of James was that of bringing the execrable wretch,

Titus Oates, to punishment for his incredible perjuries concerning the "Popish Plot." He was publicly whipped through the streets of London to the point of exhaustion and within a hair's breadth of his life.

You remember that the Duke of Monmouth went to Holland upon the collapse of the Rye-House Plot. Four months after the accession of James he was led to believe by a number of refugees that if he would return to England and claim the throne as a Protestant he would be welcomed with open arms. Landing at Lyme on the coast of Dorsetshire, he issued a proclamation denouncing James as a usurper, tyrant, and murderer, because, like Nero, he had applied the torch to London, cut the throat of Essex, and poisoned his brother, Charles II. ! It was so preposterous a charge that it caused ridicule even among the friends of the Duke. Many of the Whig nobles, whose help was necessary, refused to have anything to do with him or his cause.

On the 6th of July, 1685, at Sedgemoor, "King Monmouth" was routed, and two days later, half starved and terrified out of his wits, he was captured while crouching in a ditch. He prayed his captors to take him into the presence of the King. They did so, and he flung himself on the ground at his royal uncle's feet, weeping and begging for life, no matter how hard the terms. Never was a more abject coward seen. He denied having issued the abominable proclamation against James; declared he had been forced into the rebellion against his will, and expressed himself ready to become a Catholic if only his life were given to him. When his pleadings were received with contempt, he regained a spark of manhood, and walked with some dignity to the Tower, from which he was shortly taken to the scaffold.

This ended all insurrections against the royal authority of James; yet the defeat of the insurgents was followed by a horrible series of trials and executions, known as the "Bloody Assizes." Chief Justice Jeffreys, the presiding judge, before whom the accused were brought, displayed a delight absolutely infernal in inflicting the most fearful punishments conceivable. All who were suspected of having had the slightest connection with the uprising were hunted down. No one was allowed to defend himself; but that mattered not, since no defence would have been accepted by this monster. The first victim was Alice Lisle, the aged widow of one of Cromwell's soldiers. She had allowed two panting fugitives to take shelter in her house. Intercession for her life was made to the King, but he would not listen, and she was beheaded.

When a tottering old man was called up for sentence, a gentleman present was so touched with pity that he ventured to say a word for him. "My Lord," said he, "this poor creature is so helpless that he is dependent on the parish for food and lodging." "Have no fear," chuckled the judge, "I will soon relieve the parish of the burden," and he ordered the officers to allow no



délây in executing the prisoner. The penalty of death was merciful compared with some of the punishments. Thus Jeffreys ordered one man to be imprisoned for seven years and to be whipped once each year through every market town in the county. The victim begged the King to allow him to be hanged, but the penalty was not mitigated until a large bribe had been paid to Jeffreys. Fiendish as was his brutality, he was always open to bribery, and acquired an enormous fortune by this means. He chatted, joked, and revelled in the slaughter he imposed. The guide posts along the highways were turned into gibbets, and the air was "tainted with corruption." The wretch boasted that he had hanged more traitors than all his predecessors since the Conquest. King James rewarded him by making him Lord Chancellor of the realm, smilingly remarking as he did so that it would have been well for the judge had he been more severe!

You will recall that Henry IV. of France had issued the Edict of Nantes, granting liberty of worship to Protestants in his kingdom, but in 1685 the Edict was revoked by Louis XIV., who thereby drove thousands of Huguenots to England and America. This encouraged James II. to take steps in the same direction. While he did not dare go so far, he began violating the English law by placing Catholics in the most important offices of church and state. At the same time he stationed an army of 13,000 men near London, that they might be ready to quell any rebellion. Then he superseded the Protestant Duke of Ormond, as Governor of Ireland, with Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, a notorious Catholic, with orders to recruit an Irish Roman Catholic army to sustain the King. In following this policy, it should be stated that the King went contrary to the wishes of Pope Innocent XI., who desired and even entreated him to rule according to law. Many of the more prudent English Catholics also remonstrated, but James would not listen.

Another of his measures aimed to bring the principal college of Oxford under Catholic control. While the Fellows were considering the choice of a successor to the dead President of Magdalen College, James ordered them to elect a Catholic of evil reputation. The Fellows replied by choosing a Protestant. James ejected him and the Fellows, and then issued a second Declaration of Indulgence, whose object was to place Catholics in still higher places of power and trust.

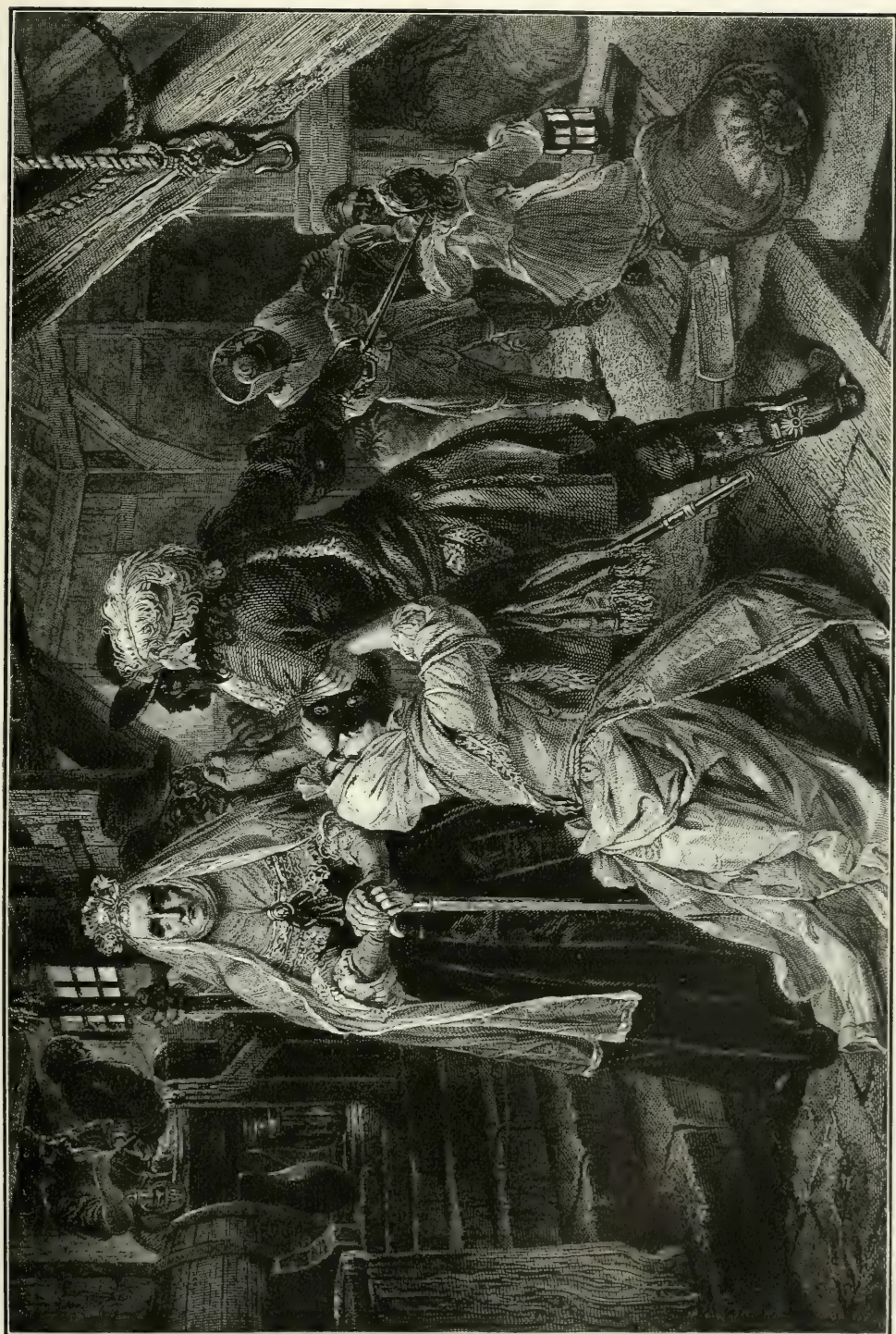
James could not see that he had gone too far. He ordered the clergy throughout the kingdom to read his Declaration of Indulgence on a certain Sunday from their pulpits. The Archbishop of Canterbury, at the head of six bishops, begged the King to excuse them from this command. He refused; but when the appointed Sunday came, only a very few ministers obeyed the order, and they saw their congregations get up and leave during the reading.

The King was so angered that he ordered the rebellious bishops to be sent to the Tower. This tyrannous act caused hundreds of Catholics and many Tory Cavaliers to turn against him. On the way through the streets the bishops were cheered by thousands, for all loved and respected them. At the trial, not one of the judges dared say the Declaration of Indulgence was legal, and a prompt verdict of not guilty was rendered. London received the news with bonfires, illuminations, and shouts of rejoicing.

It was only a short time before this that an event took place whose consequences were of momentous importance to the kingdom: this was the birth, on June 10th, of James Francis Edward, son of the King and of his second wife, Mary of Modena. By his first wife the King had already two daughters—Mary, who had married William, Prince of Orange, and lived in Holland, and a younger daughter, Anne, married to George, Prince of Denmark, and then living in London. Both daughters were ardent Protestants, and it was because of the prospect that one of them would ascend the throne upon the death of James that the English people had submitted to his many violations of law.

The birth of a prince, however, dashed all these hopes, for he would of course be reared by his father as a strict Catholic. The angry people declared that no prince had been born, and that the infant was the child of obscure parents whom the royal couple were trying to palm off upon them as the legal successor to the throne. The disappointment was so bitter that on the day the bishops were set at liberty a number of leading citizens sent a secret and urgent invitation to William, Prince of Orange, to come to England with an army to defend the claim of his wife, Mary, to the English throne. William took time to consider the important matter and then decided to accept the invitation. He was greatly influenced in taking this step by the warm support of the leading Catholic princes of Europe—excepting the King of France—and by the friendship of the Pope himself, who made no secret of his disgust with the idiotic rashness of the English King.

James had no suspicion of what was going on, but he did gain an unmistakable hint of the truth when one of the principal regiments of his army, being drawn up in line before him, he haughtily told them that all who would not agree to help in carrying out his intentions relating to the "Test Act" must quit the service. To his dismay near all the soldiers immediately laid down their weapons. James sent to Ireland for Catholic troops, for he could depend upon no others. Louis of France saw the peril of the King and warned him repeatedly; but James would pay no heed, nor did he believe there was a possibility of a successful uprising until he learned that the Prince of Orange and his armament were on the eve of sailing for England. Then the terrified numskull tried to conciliate his subjects by making concessions, but it was too late



On the 5th of November, 1688, William landed with 14,000 troops at Torbay. He issued a declaration that he came to protect the liberties of England and to secure the calling of a free Parliament, which should redress grievances and inquire into the facts concerning the birth of the Prince of Wales. The scared James tried to rally a force to resist the invader, but was terrified when his own son-in-law, Prince George, and Lord John Churchill, afterward Duke of Marlborough, went over to William's side. James' troops kept slipping from him, and finally his younger daughter, Anne, passed over to the enemy. "God help me," exclaimed the despairing King, "when my own children desert me!"

Unwilling to make terms with his enemies, he hastily arranged the escape of himself and his family. In the darkness of a stormy night the Queen stole out of Whitehall with her infant child and was safely carried to France. This babe, whose birth caused all the trouble, never received any more royal title than that of "The Pretender," which he passed to his son, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the "Young Pretender."

Shortly after midnight, on the 11th of December, the King followed his wife in flight. Crossing the Thames, he dropped the great Seal of State into the river, foolishly imagining that without it his adversary could not legally decide the questions left unsettled at his departure. This seal was accidentally fished up some months afterward. When the King reached the coast, he was captured by some fishermen and brought back; but William did not wish him, and allowed him to escape a second time. James reached France, where he was welcomed and supported by Louis XIV.

The extraordinary feature of the Revolution of 1688 was that it was accomplished without bloodshed. It came in the fulness of time, when the path was opened and everything was in readiness.

I am sure you will be interested in learning something more about the infamous Judge Jeffreys. He saw it was high time for him to leave, and, disguising himself as a sailor, he set out to escape. He went into a cellar in Wapping, and was drinking beer, when a man looked at him so keenly that Jeffreys knew he was recognized. He pretended to be seized with a fit of coughing, and turned his face toward the wall, still holding the beer mug, ready to drink when his coughing should stop. But the man, knowing he was not mistaken, ran outside and told the mob that the chief of all wretches was in their power. They swarmed in, seized him, and carried him before the Lord Mayor, who, in answer to the entreaty of Jeffreys, saved him from the mob by sending him to the Tower, where he died in 1689, his end hastened by his drunkenness.

James II., being out of the kingdom, the situation was simplified. A Con-

vention, or Parliament, met and declared that James had broken the original contract between King and people, and that the throne as a consequence was vacant. On the invitation of an assembly of peers and commoners, the Prince of Orange assumed charge of the government, and called a Convention of the Estates of the Realm, which assembled January 22, 1689.



THE WELCOME OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE





WILLIAM III. RECEIVING THE ADDRESSES OF WELCOME

Chapter CXIII

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND ANNE.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE was a silent, reserved man, devoid of all personal magnetism, but with stern qualities and virtues that commanded respect. The Declaration of Rights having been read to him and his wife, Mary, they assented to it, and were formally invited to accept the joint sovereignty of the realm, with the understanding that the duties were to be administered by William alone.

It was not in the nature of things that the accession of William and Mary should be acceptable to all. The extreme Tories still clung to James II. These adherents became known as Jacobites, from the Latin *Jacobus* for James. There were many of them in the South of Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland. They kept communication with James, and were forever plotting for his restoration.

Parliament having drawn up the "Bill of Rights," it was signed by the King, and became the law of the realm. In the words of Lord Chatham, the Great Charter of 1215, the second Petition of Right of 1628, and the Bill of Rights of 1689 make "the Bible of English Liberty." The "divine right" of kings to rule, which had cost more than one of them his life, vanished into the mists of the Dark Ages. It was distinctly declared that only with the consent of Parliament could a standing army be maintained in time of peace; that the people could not be taxed in any form whatever without permission of the same body; that every man, no matter how humble his station, had the

right to petition the crown for redress of any wrong; that no interference would be permitted with the election of members of Parliament; that the laws should be faithfully executed regardless of the King's wishes or views; and finally that no Roman Catholic, or one marrying a Roman Catholic, should ever be eligible to the throne of England.

In those days, as at the present time, an overwhelming majority of the Irish were Roman Catholics, but they had been gradually ousted from their hold on the land, most of which was owned by a comparatively few Protestant settlers. We know that James II. had placed the military authority and the civil government in the hands of the Catholics. His loyal supporter, Tyrconnel, now rallied the Catholics, and invited James to come over from France and claim his own, assuring him that he was certain to secure it. It was because the Protestants in the north of Ireland stood by the Prince of Orange that they have ever since been known as Orangemen.

Louis of France was profoundly interested in this movement, and furnished money, arms, and troops to James, who landed in Ireland in March, 1689. He made his headquarters at Dublin, where he issued his famous Act of Attainder, which ordered all who were in rebellion against his authority to appear for trial on a certain day, under penalty of being declared traitors, hanged, drawn and quartered, and their property confiscated. It was a tremendous document, and that there might be no mistake about it, more than two thousand people were warned by name that if they failed to do as commanded, they would be put to death without trial.

Having launched this thunderbolt, James and his troops next laid siege to the Protestant town of Londonderry, which in the face of sickness, persistent attack, and impending starvation, held out for more than three months. When all hope seemed gone, an English force sailed up the river, dashed through the obstructions and rescued the brave city.

In the following summer William himself went over to Ireland and commanded at the battle of the Boyne, fought in the east, on the banks of the river of the same name. He had a more numerous force than his opponent, and it was better disciplined and well armed. Because of a wounded right arm William was compelled to handle his sword with his left. Yet he was foremost in the battle, and fought with splendid valor. James took care to keep beyond reach of the lusty blows and viewed the fight from the top of a neighboring hill. His own Irish soldiers were so disgusted with his cowardice that they cried out after their defeat, "Change kings with us and we'll fight you over again!" James waited only long enough to see that the day was lost, when he galloped off, denouncing his Irish army, and, reaching the coast, sailed for France, where he was safe from harm. The conquest of Ireland was completed,



and peace came with the treaty of Limerick, in 1691, when a large body of Irish soldiers who had fought under James were allowed to leave the country for France.

The terms of the treaty were shamefully violated by the Protestants, who hunted down the Catholics like so many rabid dogs, and seemed never sated with the vengeance they were able to inflict for James' foolish and unfortunate Act of Attainder.

England was so indignant with the interference of France that she joined the general league of the principal powers of Europe against her. When William went to Ireland, the French in concert with the Jacobites struck a blow at England and won a naval engagement off Beachy Head. In 1692, while William was absent on the Continent, another French invasion was set on foot, but England demonstrated her rightful claim of being mistress of the seas when Admiral Russell, in command of the English and Dutch fleets, decisively defeated the French fleet in the Channel, and, chasing the ships to the Bay of La Hogue, burned them there. The land struggle against the French King was carried on chiefly in the Netherlands, where William led his troops in person. Louis was finally exhausted by the seemingly endless wars, and consented, in 1697, to the Treaty of Ryswick, which acknowledged the Prince of Orange as King of Great Britain.

Thus William had gained one of the great objects which led him to accept the crown of England. He had defeated the attempts of Louis XIV. to destroy the political and religious liberty of the Dutch, and he had drawn England into a close and powerful alliance against the French King, whose dominance threatened all Europe.

The wars had so strained the English resources that a land tax was imposed in 1692, and this proving insufficient, the Government next raised money on a loan. From this loan was born the National Debt, which in time assumed such colossal proportions that all idea of ever paying it was abandoned. At the beginning of the twentieth century the total indebtedness of Great Britain reached the inconceivable sum of \$3,090,427,000, though this is far less per capita than the debt of many other nations. Some maintain that a national debt is a national blessing, since it unifies the interests of a country.

The Bank of England was incorporated July 27, 1694, and was projected by a Scotchman, William Paterson. It was constituted as a joint stock association, with a capital of \$6,000,000, which was lent at interest to the Government of William and Mary. Its charter at first was for eleven years only, but its services to the Government were so valuable that its charter has been continuously renewed. It has become the most important financial institution in the world. It stands on Threadneedle Street, in the heart of London, but has a

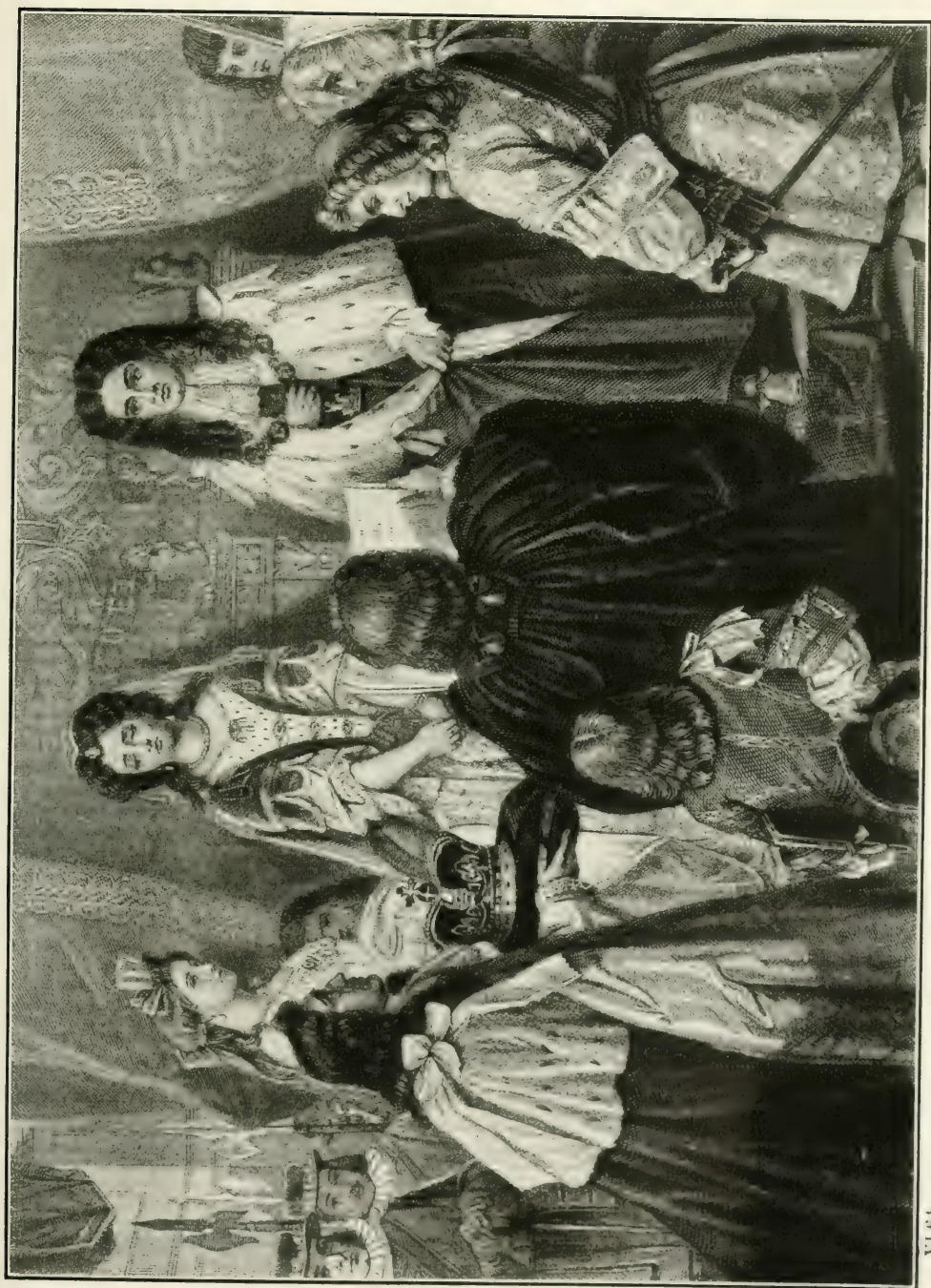
branch in the West End and nine branches in the provinces. The parent bank is often referred to as "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street." In one of the courts is a statue of William the King set up in 1734, with this inscription: "To the memory of the best of princes, William of Orange, founder of the Bank of England."

One of the troubles of the country was the bad state of the silver coinage, due to the illegal practice of "clipping." In 1696 an act was passed calling for a new coinage, but the Mint, with Sir Isaac Newton at its head, could not coin the money fast enough to meet the needs of the people. Charles Montague, a young Whig and Chancellor of the Exchequer, received great credit for his able management of the re-coinage. It was he who brought about the organization of the Bank of England on the plan formulated by Paterson.

Queen Mary died at the close of 1694 from smallpox, a fearful disease, against which the physicians were powerless until the discovery of vaccination by Jenner a century later. In February, 1702, while the King was riding at Hampton Court, his horse stumbled over a molehill and he was thrown with such violence that his collar bone was broken. He had been an invalid all his life, and was not able to survive the shock, which resulted in his death on the 8th of March, when in his fifty-second year. But for his indomitable will he would have succumbed years before to his weakness of body. Though a foreigner who loved Holland more than any other country in the world, and though always surrounded by plotters and enemies, he did more than any other man of his century, with the exception of Cromwell, to give real freedom to England.

Since Queen Mary left no children, the crown went to Anne, her younger sister, who had married George of Denmark, and who, as you remember, was as Protestant as Mary had been. She was a meek, stupid soul, without any force of character, who meant well, but had not enough wit to know the best thing to do. Of her Macaulay said: "When in good humor, she was meekly stupid, and when in ill humor, sulkily stupid." And yet, strange as it may seem, her husband, Prince George, was stupider than she, so you can understand what a precious pair of numskulls they were.

Perhaps it is well it was so, for if they had inherited the brains of any of their ancestors, they would have been quite certain to inherit their vices also, and England had suffered enough in that respect. So the sovereign has earned the name of "Good Queen Anne," and we have no right to say she did not deserve it. She was of amiable temper, and, like all the Stuarts, stubborn, prejudiced, and superstitious. Though a fervent upholder of the Church of England, she was as resolute as her beheaded grandfather in the belief of the divine right of kings to rule. But then she held the doctrine in such a sweet way that no one was offended, much less alarmed. If it is ever your privilege



to see a copy of the *London Gazette* of March 12, 1712, you will find in it an official notice that on certain days the Queen would "touch" for the cure of "king's evil," or, as we call it, scrofula. Thousands were foolish enough to try the "sovereign remedy," and no doubt some fancied they received benefit therefrom.

The political parties were the Whigs and Tories, ancestors of the present Liberals and Conservatives. They bitterly opposed each other except on the questions of despotism and anarchy. There they stood shoulder to shoulder like a rock. The Whigs were pledged to the Act of Settlement and the Protestant succession, while the Tories wished to abolish it and restore the Stuarts. There were two parties also in the Church of England, as there are to-day. These were the High Church and the Low Church. The former were mainly Tories, who demanded an increase of the power of the bishops, and could not tolerate the Dissenters. The second, who were mainly Whigs, favored curtailing the power of the bishops and the granting to all Trinitarian Protestants perfect freedom of worship and every civil and political right. You will understand the absurd bitterness of the theological view, when you recall the anecdote told by Addison of a boy who, having lost his way, inquired for "Saint Anne's Lane." The indignant Protestant of whom he asked the question cuffed his ears and called him a Popish cur, whereupon the lad made haste to explain that it was *Anne's Lane* he was trying to find. Throughout Anne's whole reign the two parties continually plotted and strove to undermine each other. The sympathies of the weak Queen were strongly with the Tories and High Church.

The peace of Ryswick had brought humiliation to King William, for the Commons compelled him to send away his favorite Dutch troops and disband most of the army. He had given nearly all of the forfeited lands in Ireland to his friends, but he was now forced to assent to an act which annulled these Irish grants and applied the forfeitures to the public service.

William took alarm in 1700 when, on the death of Charles, King of Spain, it was found that he had bequeathed all his dominions to Philip of Anjou, a grandson of Louis XIV. There was ground for fear in this tremendous increase of the power of his great rival. In the following year James II. died, and, disregarding the Treaty of Ryswick, Louis recognized the "Pretender," son of James, as King of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The angry Parliament requested William to make no peace with Louis until this insult was repaired. It was at this time that William met his death from the stumbling of his horse, as has been described, and the quarrel descended to Anne, who had hardly come to the throne when hostilities broke out with France, the war being known as that of the Spanish Succession.

It was the recognition of the Pretender by Louis XIV. that roused the English to the fighting point, for, should he gain the throne, it meant the restoration of the realm to the Catholic Church. But there was vastly more involved, for it was necessary to defend Protestant Holland, now a valuable ally of England, and to protect the English colonies on the other side of the Atlantic from France, who was actively extending her settlements in America. It was, in fact, the opening of that gigantic struggle for supremacy in the New World which reached its culmination more than half a century later.

In the war that now broke out England had the services of two of the greatest military leaders of the age. These were John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, who commanded the English and Dutch forces, and Prince Eugene of Savoy, who led the German armies. Those allies supported the claims of the Archduke Charles of Austria to the Spanish crown. Marlborough was conscienceless and treacherous, but no one could deny his masterly ability. James II. had leaned on him, but he deserted to William, and then opened a secret correspondence with James. Doubtless he would have betrayed Anne had the Pretender possessed funds enough to pay his price. He had an insatiate greed for money, robbed his soldiers, and took bribes from the army contractors, in which, it must be added, he only imitated most of his associates.

Fully conceding the masterful ability of the great Duke, the people grew sick of the war, which, perhaps with more of truth than fiction, they declared he was prolonging for the purpose of filling his ever-yawning pockets. One day Lord Peterborough was walking through the streets when he was mistaken for the Duke. A mob speedily gathered and would have done him grievous harm, had not his ready wit saved him. "My friends," said he, "since you will not believe my denial, I will prove that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only five guineas with me, and in the second place, they are at your service." With that he flung his purse among the excited crowd, who broke into good-natured cheers and scrambled for the money.

But, as has been said, Marlborough was a soldier of consummate genius, and earned the compliment of Voltaire, who remarked that the Duke never besieged a fortress which he did not take, nor fought a battle which he did not win.

Eugene of Savoy was another kind of man. He was born in Paris, and was intended for the church, but his liking for a military life led him into the army. Being refused a regiment by Louis XIV., he volunteered under the Emperor against the Turks, where his bravery and skill quickly won him the command of a regiment of dragoons. Afterward he was placed at the head of the army of Hungary. By this time Louis had discovered his genius, and offered him a marshal's staff, a pension, and the government of Champagne, but



the prince could not forget that earlier slight, and indignantly refused the offer. He was now to do still more brilliant work as an ally of the Duke of Marlborough.

The latter first advanced into the Spanish Netherlands, which Louis had garrisoned with his troops. The Duke speedily captured the posts, but the enemy refused his challenge to open battle. Finally, in 1704, by superb strategy, Marlborough shifted the scene of war from the Netherlands to Bavaria, and there, at the village of Blenheim, he and Prince Eugene won a crushing victory over the French. Marlborough, dismounting, led his troops to the attack, in person. The battle saved Germany from falling into the hands of Louis. England was so grateful to the Duke that she presented him with the ancient Park of Woodstock and built for him the Palace of Blenheim, near Oxford, where his descendants still live. You will not fail to notice one thing about Great Britain's treatment of her successful military leaders, from centuries ago to the late war in South Africa: she does not content herself with thanks and complimentary resolutions, but hands over money rewards sufficient to secure them and their families in comfort and luxury, with no possibility of ever coming to want. In this commendable respect our own General Sherman declared that England has never had a rival.

The war against France was prosecuted in Spain as well as in Germany. The rock and fortress of Gibraltar were taken by Admiral Sir George Rooke, but, on the whole, the allied arms were not successful in the Spanish Peninsula. For a while Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, carried everything before him; but his plans were so continuously thwarted that he became angered and resigned. A period of mismanagement followed, and, in 1707, the English, Dutch, and Portuguese were crushingly defeated in the battle of Almansa. Then Sir Cloudesley Shovel, one of the best of English admirals, was lost with a number of his vessels on the rocks of Scilly. He managed to reach land in an exhausted condition, and asked to be allowed to rest at the hut of a woman, who murdered him for the sake of the valuable property on his person.

There was no checking the triumph, however, of the Duke of Marlborough. In 1706, riding gloriously at the head of his charging troops, he won the battle of Ramillies, in the Netherlands, thereby recovering the whole of that country from the French. Two years later the French armies came back to the Netherlands determined to regain the territory they had lost. Marlborough defeated them at Oudenarde, and the next year pushed the war into northern France, where he fought his last battle and won the victory of Malplaquet. He effectually broke the power of poor old Louis, who had kept all Europe in a tremor for so many years.

Marlborough, for all his many vices, was the most devoted of husbands, and

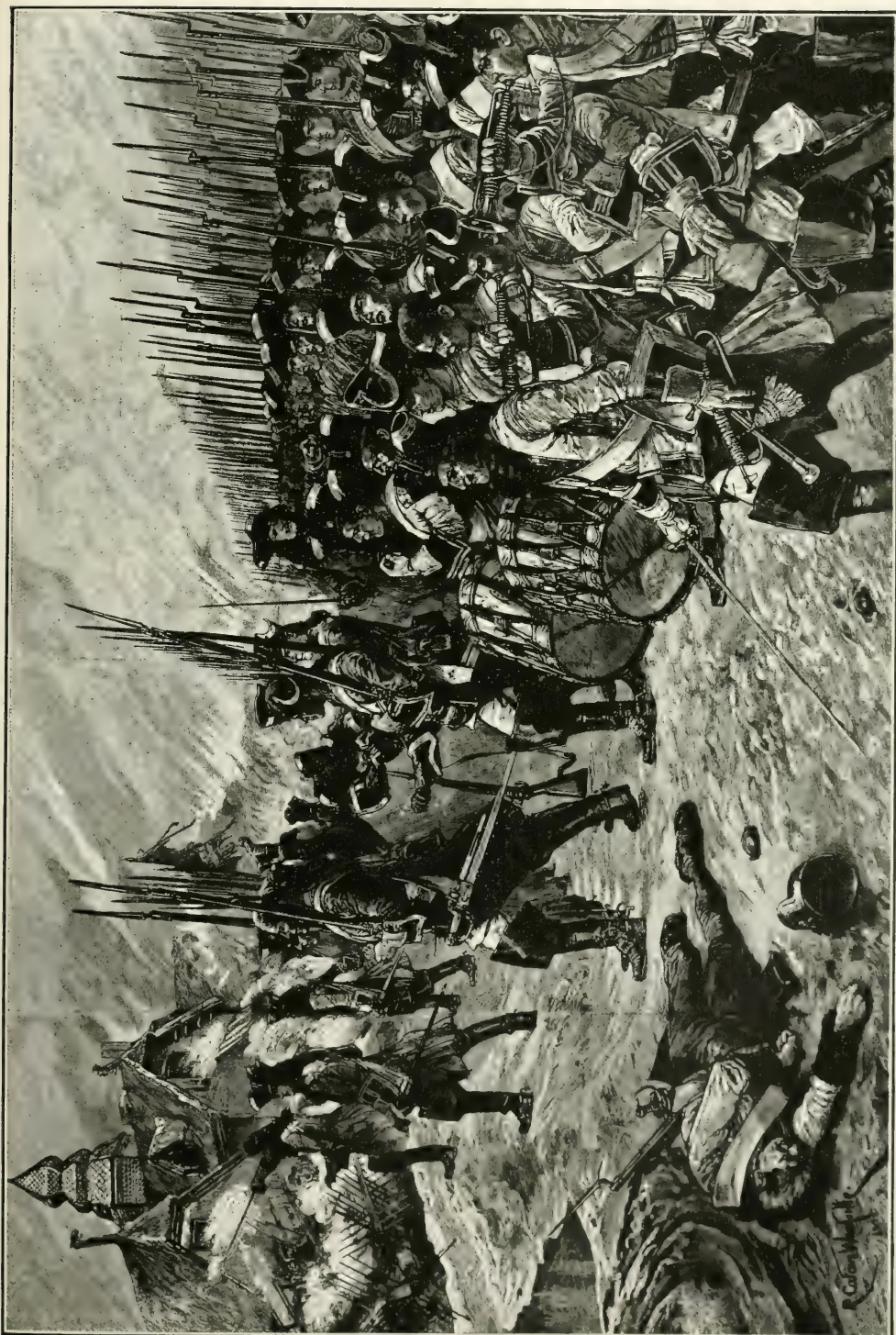
adored his wife, Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, to whom he wrote that he would rather face twenty thousand men than meet a frown on her brow. She and Queen Anne were for years the most intimate of friends, corresponding almost daily under the names of "Mrs. Morley," for the Queen, and "Mrs. Freeman," for the duchess. The latter was mentally the superior of the Queen, and for a long time dominated her. The imperious temper of the duchess was resistless. Her influence had much to do with the elevation of her husband, her social victories being as marked in their way as his military ones.

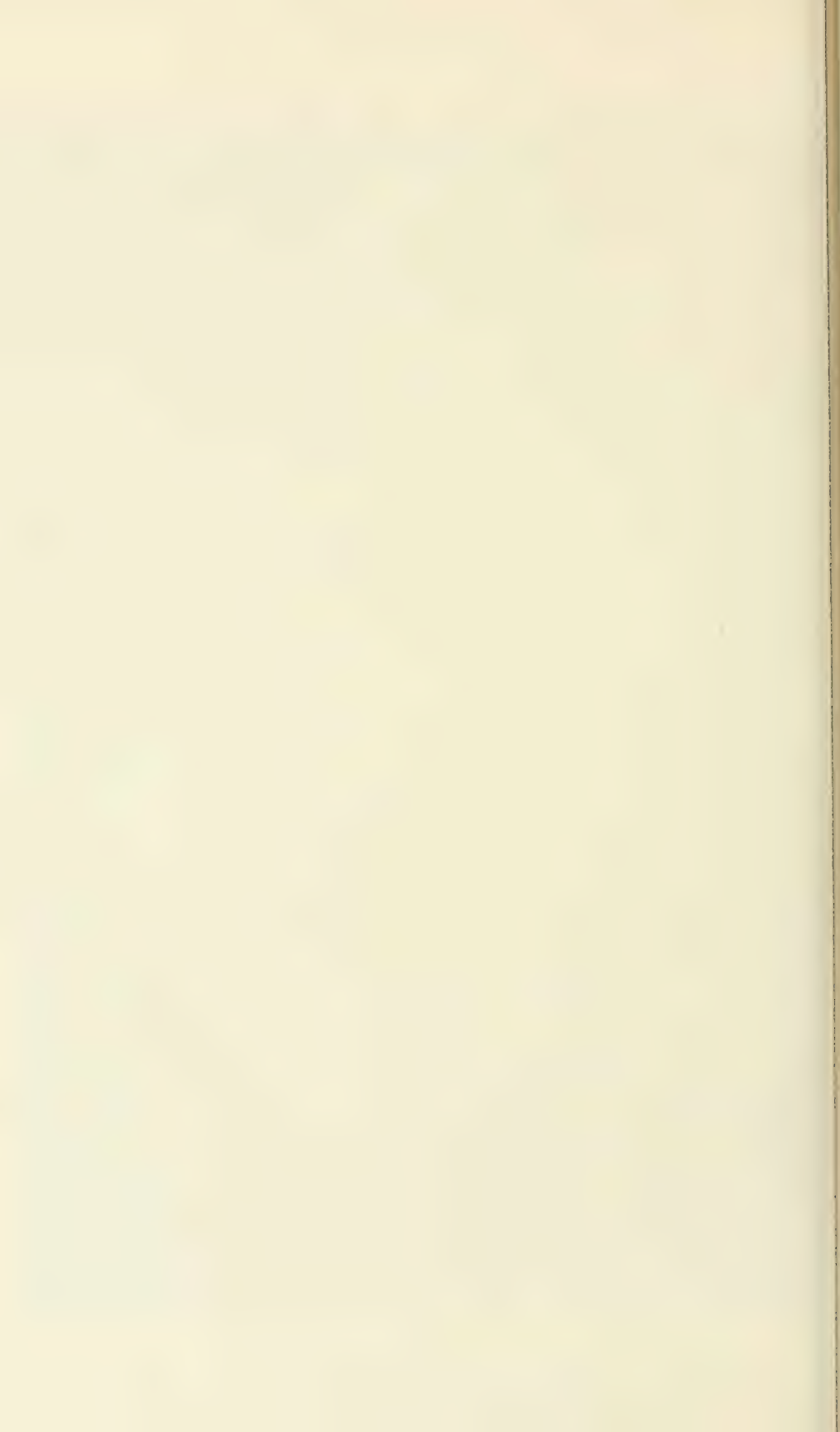
But the time came when even the meek, stupid Anne rebelled at the domineering manner and methods of her Mistress of the Robes. They quarrelled, and she was superseded by a Mrs. Masham, who speedily gained as complete control of the Queen as had been held by the duchess. She brought about the abandonment of the Whig policy, made her cousin the real prime minister, and secured the recall of Marlborough in disgrace. By and by the Whigs were driven from power, and the Duchess of Marlborough, in her spite at being forced to give up her apartments in the palace of St. James, wrenched off the locks of the doors and smashed the marble mantels.

The Tories, or peace party, having triumphed, negotiations were opened for bringing the tiresome war to a close. This was finally accomplished in 1713, at the city of Utrecht, in Holland, where the treaty signed by all the nations interested bound Louis XIV. to acknowledge the Protestant succession in England, to expel the Pretender from France, to renounce the union of the crowns of France and Spain, and to surrender to England all claims to Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and the immense territory long known as the Hudson Bay Company's Possessions. On the part of Spain she agreed to yield her Netherlands to Austria and to allow the Dutch a line of forts to defend their frontier against France, while England was to have a monopoly of the slave trade for thirty-three years with the Spanish American colonies.

From the time of James I. England and Scotland had been governed by one sovereign, but each country had its own parliament and religion. In 1707 the countries were united under the name of Great Britain, and the national flag, which had been ordered by James I., but which had fallen into disuse, was appointed for the English, Scotch, and Welsh. Henceforward Scotland was represented in the House of Lords by sixteen peers (still retained), and in the House of Commons by forty-five (now seventy-two members). In 1801, when Ireland was joined to Great Britain, the red cross of St. Patrick was added to the flag, which, as you know, united the cross of St. George, the patron saint of England, and St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland. The name "Jack," as applied to the flag, comes from *Jacques*, French for James.

A violent quarrel between Oxford and Bolingbroke, bitter rivals, in the





presence of Queen Anne, hastened her death, which took place from apoplexy a week later, August 1, 1714. Seventeen children had been born to her, but all had died young. As prescribed by the Act of Settlement, the crown went to George, Elector of Hanover, a Protestant descendant of James I. of England. Thus in the death of Anne the Stuart line came to an end and that of the Brunswick line began.

During these days England and Holland strove with each other for the import and export trade, and Parliament passed many navigation laws to aid her merchants in that direction. An enormous impetus was given to English commercial enterprise by the formation of the East India and the South Sea Companies, while on the other side of the Atlantic Virginia devoted so much energy to the cultivation of tobacco that it reached lucrative proportions.

There was little improvement in the methods of travel. Good roads were unknown, and it required a small fortune to ride any considerable distance in the lumbering coaches. The expense of taking goods to market was so great that hundreds of farmers allowed their crops to rot in the ground. Now and then you might see a coach plunging and swaying through the narrow London streets, but the favorite vehicle was the sedan chair, which was carried on poles by two men. London, although rebuilt by the great Sir Christopher Wren, was notable for its narrow, filthy streets, its lack of sidewalks, and almost entire absence of lighting.

The English have always been great drinkers of ale and beer, but about the middle of the seventeenth century they began using coffee, and the coffee houses were favorite resorts for gossip. It is a strange fact that London had no police worthy of the name as late as the reign of Queen Anne. Drunken ruffians staggered through the streets, shouting and insulting all whom they met, while some of aristocratic birth had fine sport in kicking men out of their sedan chairs, making them dance till they could not stand, and in rolling screaming women down hill in barrels. The streets were infested with highwaymen, and a man who wanted to set a duel going could do it inside of five minutes.

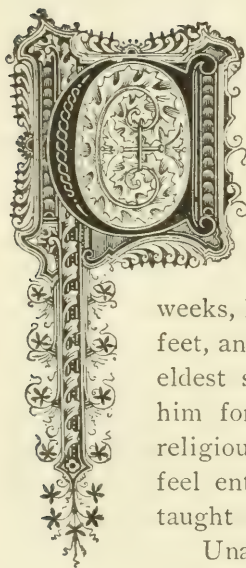
Some of the laws were ferocious, hanging being the penalty for offences which would be punished with a slight fine in these days. It was a common sight to see men and women publicly whipped through the streets. A person unfortunate enough to fall into debt was thrust into an unspeakably filthy prison and left to rot and die, while his wife and children starved. Imprisonment for debt was one of the foulest blots upon the English Government during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It was the profound pity roused in the heart of General Oglethorpe for the awful sufferings of English debtors that led him to found a colony for them in Georgia.



THE LANDING OF THE JACOBITE LEADERS IN THE HIGHLANDS

Chapter CXIV

THE HOUSE OF HANOVER



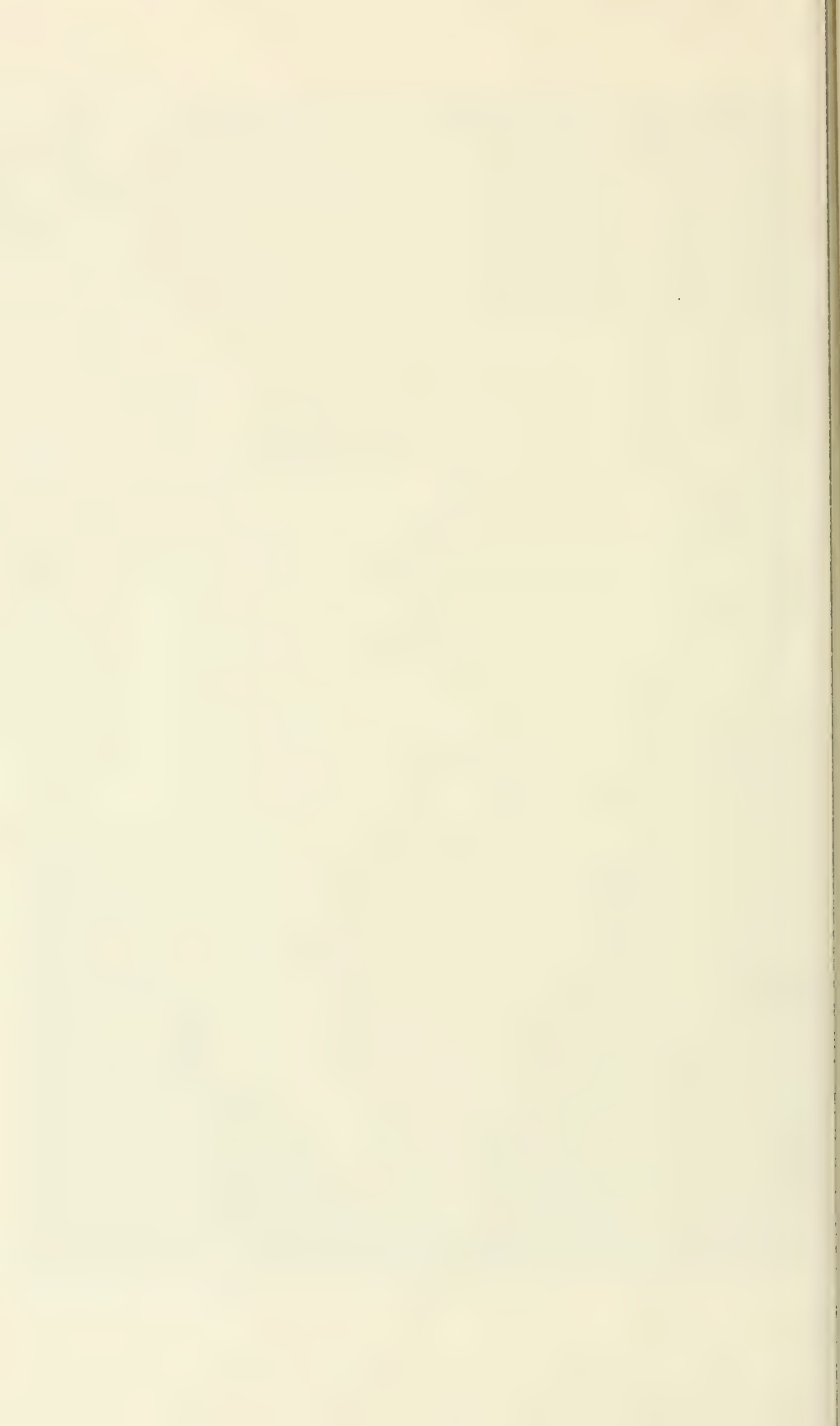
GEORGE I. (1714-1727) was an "odd stick." He was a little, stupid Dutchman, fifty-four years old, fond of his long pipe and beer. He did not know and did not wish to know anything about England, honestly preferring to live a country gentleman's life amid his homely German court. But he was persuaded that he would have to make a move; so, after waiting for six

weeks, he took an extra swig from his mug, grunted, rose to his feet, and leaving his wife shut up in a castle, started with his eldest son for Greenwich. The loyal English people received him for the great argument he represented: Protestantism, with religious and civic liberty. But it was impossible for any one to feel enthusiasm over the coarse, awkward fellow, who had to be taught a few Latin sentences to repeat by rote at his coronation.

Unable to speak a word of English, and having no English friends, this King instituted much of the form of government that is used to-day. Instead of selecting a Cabinet from his supporters, as did his predecessors, he chose one man for Prime Minister, who picked the Cabinet from his own party. Thus, since Anne, no sovereign has been present at a Cabinet council or refused assent to any Act of Parliament. One may picture this dull but genial monarch with plenty of time for eating, drinking, and card-playing, while he laughed at the caricatures of the English people, cut from papers by the German court ladies for his amusement.

The King understood that the Whigs were his friends, so he gave them the





control of affairs, with the able Sir Robert Walpole at their head. Walpole was the first Prime Minister of England. So marked a friendship for the Whigs offended the Tories, but that did not disturb the King, since his pet indulgences continued unmolested.

The Jacobites in Scotland, having a secret understanding with a considerable number of malcontents in England, rose in 1715 with the object of placing on the throne James Edward Stuart, son of James II., known as the "Chevalier," or "Pretender." John, Earl of Mar, shrewd in court intrigues, but without military talent, led the revolt, and an indecisive battle was fought at Sheriffmuir, in Perthshire, Scotland. Mar counted on a Jacobite uprising in the West of England, but prompt measures on the part of the Government crushed it, and a number of the influential leaders were arrested. On the same day of the fight at Sheriffmuir, a party of Scots surrendered at Preston, Lancashire, without offering resistance. The Earl of Mar fled and escaped to the Continent, but almost all of his more important followers were surprised, captured, and were sentenced to death for treason. A few escaped, but some thirty persons taken with arms in their hands were executed, while many of the common soldiery were sold as slaves to English colonists. Soon after the defeat of his friends, the Pretender visited Scotland, but saw so little to encourage him that he did not stay long.

This, however, was not the last of him. The King of Sweden, in revenge for George's purchase of the duchies of Bremen and Verden from Denmark and their annexation to Hanover, planned an invasion of Scotland, whither he was invited by a number of Jacobites. But the conspiracy was discovered in 1717 and crushed. A year later there was war between Great Britain and Spain, and Jacobite refugees commanding a Spanish force sailed from Cadiz; but so many of the ships were wrecked in a storm that the remainder were compelled to return. This, you would think, would mark the end of the hopes of the Stuart line, but you will hear from them again.

In 1720 all England went wild over the crazy South Sea scheme. You know of the plan formed by Law for the payment of the national debt of France through his organization of the Mississippi Company. The South Sea Company was originally a body of merchants, associated for trade in the southern Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Imitating the harebrained Law, the company now set to work to pay off the national debt of England, chiefly, it is said, through the profits of the slave trade between Africa and Brazil. The sagacious Walpole saw the lunacy of the scheme and denounced it; but most of the other members of the Government gave it encouragement. The madness of speculation seemed to seize everybody. Even the Prince of Wales became director of a company which had to be threatened by the Ministry before his royal high-

ness withdrew with £40,000 profit. Organizations for ridiculous industries, such as raising wrecks upon the coast of Ireland, freshening the water of the sea, making butter from beech trees, and a wheel of perpetual motion, sprang up like mushrooms, and could hardly count the money that poured in upon them. Shares jumped from par to ten times their value. You need not be told what followed. A crash, the bursting of the bubble, and then utter ruin to thousands.

The exasperation against those who had helped to blow the bubble to such dazzling proportions was almost uncontrollable. The estates of the directors were confiscated by Parliament for the benefit of the sufferers, but that did not satisfy the cry for vengeance. One of the chief promoters was sent to the Tower, and another was so scared that he committed suicide.

Reference has been made in the preceding pages to the scourge of smallpox. Not only is it one of the most horrible of afflictions, but for hundreds of years medical science was hopeless against its ravages. When England was in ordinary health, one-tenth of the people succumbed to the pest, which spared no one. Queen Mary was a victim, and the beautiful Indian princess, Pocahontas of Virginia, while on a visit to England, died from it, just as she was about to sail for America. It is the most contagious of diseases. The poisonous effluvia has been known to cross a river a fourth of a mile wide and affect ten out of twelve laborers who were working on the other side. Clothing if confined will retain the infection for months, and even for years.

The origin of smallpox is unknown, but it is mentioned by an Arabian physician of the tenth century, and appeared in England a century earlier. After the Crusades it prevailed in most of the temperate countries of Europe, but did not reach northern lands until some time later. In 1517 the contagion spread from Europe to St. Domingo, and three years later entered Mexico, where it caused a fearful destruction of human life, an authoritative statement giving the number of victims at three and a half millions. Thence it raged with awful virulence through the New World. Reaching Iceland in 1707, it destroyed nearly a third of the inhabitants, while Greenland was almost depopulated in 1733.

In the early part of the reign of George I., Lady Mary Montague, who was travelling in Turkey, wrote home that the Turks were in the habit of inoculating their children for smallpox, as a result of which they had the disease in a milder and less dangerous form. She was much impressed with the fact and made the experiment on her son. The result was so satisfactory, that when she returned to England she persuaded many of her friends to try inoculation. Five criminals sentenced to death at Newgate were promised their liberty if they would submit to the operation. They did so, and every one recovered.



VI-68

Anne
George I.
George II

Victoria
Edward VII
Mary II
George III

William IV.
George IV
William III.

Then the Princess of Wales was encouraged to try it on her daughters, the results being equally favorable. Although many of the medical profession and the clergy opposed the practice, it gained ground, and doubtless saved thousands of lives.

Later Dr. Jenner introduced inoculation with the vaccine lymph taken from a cow. Thus the milder cowpox was substituted for the dread smallpox. The British Government presented Dr. Jenner with \$150,000, in acknowledgment of the priceless boon he had conferred upon humanity. But for many years his ideas were bitterly combated by members of his own profession—a large number of whom are always suspicious of new discoveries—and even at this late day you will find intelligent persons who are opposed to vaccination.

I have referred to Sir Robert Walpole, of whom I must tell you something more. He was appointed Secretary of War in 1705, and, in 1708, became the leader in the House of Commons; but when the Tories came into power he, with the other members of the late Whig administration, was, through a vote of the House of Commons, declared guilty of corruption and ordered to be expelled from the house. The Whigs were devoted to him, and re-elected him to Parliament, though the house declared the election void. The Whigs came into power, you will remember, when George I. was brought to the throne. Walpole was made Paymaster-general of the Forces. He distinguished himself by his zeal for the interests of the Hanoverian dynasty, as well as by his brilliant skill as a politician. During the troubles caused by the plotting of the friends of the Pretender he was nominated First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in 1721 was appointed Prime Minister. He held office with great ability for twenty years, when he was compelled to resign, and was created Earl of Orford.

Walpole hated war, but would stop at no obstacle to retain the Hanoverian sovereigns on the throne and the Whig party in power. When bribery promised to be effective, he used it freely. To secure votes and carry elections, he gave away titles or any "assets" for which the recipient might yearn. No one believed more implicitly in the theory that every man has his price, and it is only necessary to use the right kind of "money." About the only person whom he could not bribe was a young member of Parliament, named William Pitt, who afterward became the great Earl of Chatham. However, it cannot be denied that Walpole's management of the finances of the Government was masterly, and, despite his corrupting practices, he did vast good for his country; but he governed without glory.

George I. left England for his beloved Hanover in the summer of 1727, but was stricken with apoplexy while in his carriage on the road to Osnabruck, and died on the night of the 10th of June. He left only one son, George

Augustus, Prince of Wales, with whom the crusty old Dutchman was on bad terms. Before his death the Septennial Act was passed, which lengthened to seven years the term for which a Parliament might last, thus preventing the danger of dissensions and riots from frequent elections. This law is still in force.

George II. (1727-1760) was forty-four years of age when he became King, and he had one advantage over his father: he knew how to speak English—though he was of German birth and loved Hanover more than all the world besides. Like his father, he was on ill terms with his son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, who possessed very little ability, but was popular because of his father's unpopularity. The King was miserly, stubborn, of ugly temper, and fond of war. He was restrained, however, from plunging the country into disaster. A wise and able woman shared his throne, and without appearance of mastery discreetly guided her husband. The Queen trusted Walpole, and retained him as Prime Minister, though the King disliked him. Thus, guided by the Minister's wisdom, the Government continued to prosper. Nevertheless, at the end of twelve years a war did break out with Spain, and it was all on account of a man's ear!

Captain Jenkins, an English navigator, was cruising in the West Indies—and most likely smuggling—when he fell into the hands of the Spaniards. Angered because they believed him to be violating the law, they strung him up to the yard-arm, but lowered him before he wholly lost the power of breathing. However, they clipped off one of his ears, which he wrapped in paper and thrust into his pocket. When he reached London, boiling with restrained fury, he strode into the House of Commons, unwrapped the ear, and holding it up so all might see, demanded that something be done to revenge the outrage.

England had long been vexed with Spain because she interfered in her contraband trade with the South American colonies. Captain Jenkins' shrivelled ear brought matters to an issue. Walpole could not stem the tide, and was forced to declare war (1739), the step being received with ringing of bells and shouts of rejoicing. "Ah," said Walpole, "ring the cords of all your bells to-day, but how long before you will wring your hands!"

The Prime Minister was right, for the English suffered severe losses in their expedition against Carthage. Commodore Anson, who set out to harass the coasts of Chili and Peru, sailed round the world, but lost so many of his ships and crew that he was able to bring home only his own vessel, the *Centurion*, though it was laden with treasure. The capture of Porto Bello, by Admiral Vernon, was about the only substantial English success of the war.



Walpole's opposition to this war, in which it is charged he was influenced not so much by his wish of peace for his country as peace for his administration, made him so unpopular that he was forced to resign in 1742, when, as has been stated, he was created Earl of Orford, with a pension of \$20,000 a year. Charges of corruption were made against him but were dropped in the end, and he died three years later at the age of sixty-eight. Although he bribed largely, Macaulay says: "We might as well accuse the poor Lowland farmers who paid blackmail to Rob Roy of corrupting the virtue of the Highlanders as accuse Sir Robert Walpole of corrupting the virtue of Parliament." In other words, where there was no virtue to corrupt there could be no corrupting, which was pretty severe on the members of Parliament.

If you will recall what was said in the history of Germany and of Austria, you will remember that when Charles VI., who was of the House of Austria and Emperor of Germany, died in 1740, his daughter, Maria Theresa, succeeded to the Austrian dominions. This was one of those occasions when you hear so much about the "balance of power" being endangered, as France, Prussia, and other nations united to upset the arrangement and secure some of the Austrian possessions for themselves. It was to the interest of England and Holland to hold Austria as a check against the aggressions of their old rival and enemy, France, and they, in company with Austria, declared war in 1741. The sweetest perfume to the nostrils of George II. was the smell of gunpowder. Hurrying to Germany, he joined his army and, leaping out of his saddle, fought on foot,—the last time an English sovereign appeared in battle. He proved himself the fine soldier he was, too, doing more than any one else to win the battle of Dettingen, in 1743.

In 1745, however, the French, under Marshal Saxe, defeated the allies at Fontenoy, in the Netherlands. Crossing the ravine which protected Fontenoy, the English advanced as though on parade. Each major, having a small cane in his hand, rested it lightly on the muskets of the soldiers to regulate their fire. The fusillade was fatal to the French guard. Saxe begged Louis XV. to retreat. "I stay where I am," said Louis. Fortunately for the boastful Frenchman, he had in his service the Irish brigade, composed of Jacobite exiles. These charged furiously on the English, overwhelmed them, and won the day for France. In 1748 a peace, advantageous to the English, was arranged at Aix-la-Chapelle.

And now the time had arrived for the Stuarts' last effort to regain royalty. The war of the Austrian Succession led the French to encourage Charles Edward, grandson of James II., known as the "Young Pretender," to make an attempt for the English crown. An expedition to invade England put to sea in 1744, but was shattered by a storm. The following year Charles landed on the northern coast of Scotland with seven comrades—one of whom, seeing ar

eagle circle above Charles, cried out: "Behold, the king of the air comes to welcome your royal highness."

Being joined by a considerable number of followers, the "Young Pretender" defeated the British at Prestonpans, near Edinburgh, his Highlanders sweeping away their opponents in one tremendous and successful charge. Greatly inspired by his success, he advanced into Derbyshire, on his way to London, his army amounting to about four thousand men. The capital was thrown into consternation, but Charles was grievously disappointed by the failure of the people to rise in his favor, as he had been sure they would do. The English "Jacobites" were discontented with the Government, but had not reached open rebellion. Charles held an earnest conference with his officers, who insisted that it was folly to go on, and only one course remained to them: that was to leave England without delay. Charles sorrowfully obeyed, and withdrew into Scotland, where he gained a victory at Falkirk, but was routed at Culloden, April 16, 1746, by William, Duke of Cumberland, son of the King. The slaughter of the wounded men and the atrocities perpetrated in the neighborhood made a foul blot upon English arms and earned for the Duke the name of "The Butcher."

"Bonnie Prince Charlie" was a great favorite with the Scotch, all of whom loved the handsome, courageous youth. Women parted with their jewels, sons, and husbands; men gave up their lands, their life, to help the cause of the man who in adversity grew down-hearted and careless, the haughtiness of kings proving no support in his disappointments. A Highland balladist sang:

"Over the water, and over the sea,
And over the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die with Charlie."

He never could have escaped after Culloden but for the devoted loyalty of the Highlanders. Hundreds of them knew where he was hiding, and though the people were in the depth of poverty and could have earned more than a hundred thousand dollars by betraying him, not a man dropped a hint of where he crouched under cover, with the English beating the bushes and wood, hunting for him as if he were royal game, as in truth it may be said he was. For five months he dodged to and fro, not daring to stay more than a few hours in the same place, sleeping in cowsheds, caves, or in the open air, sometimes nearly famished, until his cadaverous appearance was a complete disguise of itself.

One day while the royal vagrant was hiding in the west of Scotland, on the alert as ever for his enemies, he was introduced to Miss Flora Macdonald.



When this brave, gentle lady learned who he was, she wept with sympathy. She guided him to Skye, where she obtained from her father a safe conduct for herself and her servant girl, Betty Burke. The next morning the prince, wearing the dress of Betty, set out with his faithful companion. A furious storm raged later in the day, and they rowed all night, making so little headway that they did not reach shore until daylight. Flora sprang out and hurried to a neighboring castle to ask help from the friendly nobleman, but to her dismay she found a party of soldiers searching the house and vicinity for the Pretender. Again, however, he escaped, and finally reached France, never returning to Scotland. He died in 1788 at Rome, a miserable drunkard, and thus the house of Stuart vanished from the troublous stage of action, though the younger brother of the Pretender, Henry Benedict, Cardinal York, did not pass away until 1807.

Terrible punishment was visited upon the leaders of this revolt, of whom some eighty were put to death. Among them were the Earl of Kilmarnock, Lords Balmerino and Lovat, and Charles Radcliffe, a brother of the late Earl of Derwentwater. The uprising itself, on account of the year in which it took place, is called by the Scots "The Forty-Five."

Meanwhile the covetous eyes of France and England were fixed upon the hot pulsing East with its teeming population, its prodigious exuberance of animal and vegetable life, and its boundless wealth. The English held the trading posts at Madras, Bombay, Calcutta, and a number of other points; but the country itself, whose population was six or eight times greater than England's, was governed by native princes. The French had planted a trading post at Pondicherry, south of Madras, and were intriguing to bring about an alliance with the native princes to obtain the whole country. They were so successful that it was clear something decisive would have to be done if the English were to retain their foothold. The right man came forward in the person of Robert Clive. As a youth he proved himself a better fighter than scholar, and wise relatives deemed a clerkship in an English East Indian Company excellent discipline. While at Madras, penniless, discouraged with the drudgery of his life, he attempted suicide. Twice the pistol refused to do his bidding, and flinging it from him he exclaimed: "It seems I am destined for something; I will live." During the ravages of Madras by the French in 1746 he proved himself a gallant soldier, and in 1751 had acquired control of a small force. He seized Arcot and held it for eleven weeks against seven thousand natives and a band of French, his own brave troops being reduced to eighty Englishmen and one hundred and twenty Sepoys. This victory made the English masters of all Bengal, and was the foundation of British power in India.

Upon Clive's return to England the native ruler of Bengal in 1756 captured

the English forts protecting Calcutta, and, seizing one hundred and forty-six of the leading English residents, thrust them into the infamous "Black Hole," less than twenty feet square and with only two small windows. The heat was intense, and the agony of the prisoners was beyond imagination. Macaulay says: "They went mad with despair; they trampled one another down; they fought to get at the windows; they fought for the pittance of water given to them; they raved, prayed, blasphemed, and implored the guards to fire on them. At length the tumult died away in low gasps and moanings. When daylight came and the dungeon was opened, the floor was heaped with mutilated, half-putrescent corpses. Out of the hundred and forty-six, one of whom was a woman, only twenty-three were alive, and they were so changed, so feeble, so ghastly, that their own mothers would not have known them."

When Clive came back to India, he collected his troops, determined to avenge this atrocity. Calcutta was soon retaken and the victory of Plassey followed in 1757. The Indian troops were learning the game of war from their great antagonist. At Plassey they had movable batteries of cannon mounted on the backs of bullocks, and this was Clive's most difficult as well as his most important victory. After three years as sole ruler of Bengal in all but name, he returned to England, where he was hailed as "a heaven-born general," entered Parliament, and finally was created Baron Clive.

In his absence the affairs of India fell into chaos through the dishonesty of high and low. Clive was appealed to as the one man capable of restoring order. Returning, he wisely and firmly reformed the civil service and re-established military discipline. His summary and successful suppression of the miscreants roused powerful enemies. Upon his return to England these brought before Parliament his earlier proceedings, and a select body was appointed to investigate. The final resolution that he "did at the same time render great and meritorious services to his country" hardly wiped out the accompanying censure. Clive, a victim of melancholia and opium, died by his own hand in 1774.

Besides her victories in India, England was to have an unconditional success in the New World. Here her old enemy France had also planted colonies, and each country now longed for the other's possessions. The English colonists, backed by the mother country, constantly harassed the Canadians, who had remained loyal to France. Arcadia, a strip of neutral land, was cruelly sacked, leaving nearly twenty thousand homeless French wanderers to suffer and starve.

The French of Fort Duquesne resisted more strongly and utterly overthrew General Braddock. "I never saw a finer sight than that of the English on the morning of July, 1756," wrote General Washington who was accompanying the English under the orders of Braddock. Little did he dream that he



HARRINGTON MANN

alone was to guide the remnant of soldiers through the hidden fire of French and Indians to safety. "I have been protected by the all-powerful intervention of Providence," wrote Washington after the battle. "I received four bullets in my coat, and I had two horses killed under me . . . while death swept off all our comrades around me."

Other victories for France followed, and against the inclinations of George II. the English people demanded the hand of William Pitt to guide them through the storm. In 1757 he was appointed Secretary of State. A bitter enemy of France, he sacrificed all policies which might conflict with the humbling of his country's enemies. It is to his credit that England's fortunes in the French and Indian War were established.

In 1759, three armies invaded the French Canadian territory at once. The Indian tribes attached to France by the kind dealings of her merchants, were weakened by the war, or had silently withdrawn. Old men and children of fifteen still ardently maintained the struggle for France, but in vain.

General Wolfe, a brave young Englishman, succeeded in gaining a foothold near Quebec, the headquarters of the French. He stormed the mountainous heights above the city. As his troops were crossing in boats to the attack, he murmured Gray's "Elegy." "I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec," he said to one of his lieutenants. Before the next break of day he lay dying, repeating the last of Gray's lines, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Bleeding from three mortal wounds, he still encouraged his men.

"See, they fly!" exclaimed the officer who was attending him.

"Who?" asked Wolfe, raising himself painfully, his eyes veiled in death.

"The enemy; they yield at all points."

"Then God be praised," said he; "I die in peace."

Canada finally succumbed beneath the burden of the war, and England's possessions were enriched by a vast territory of wonderful and undreamed of promise.

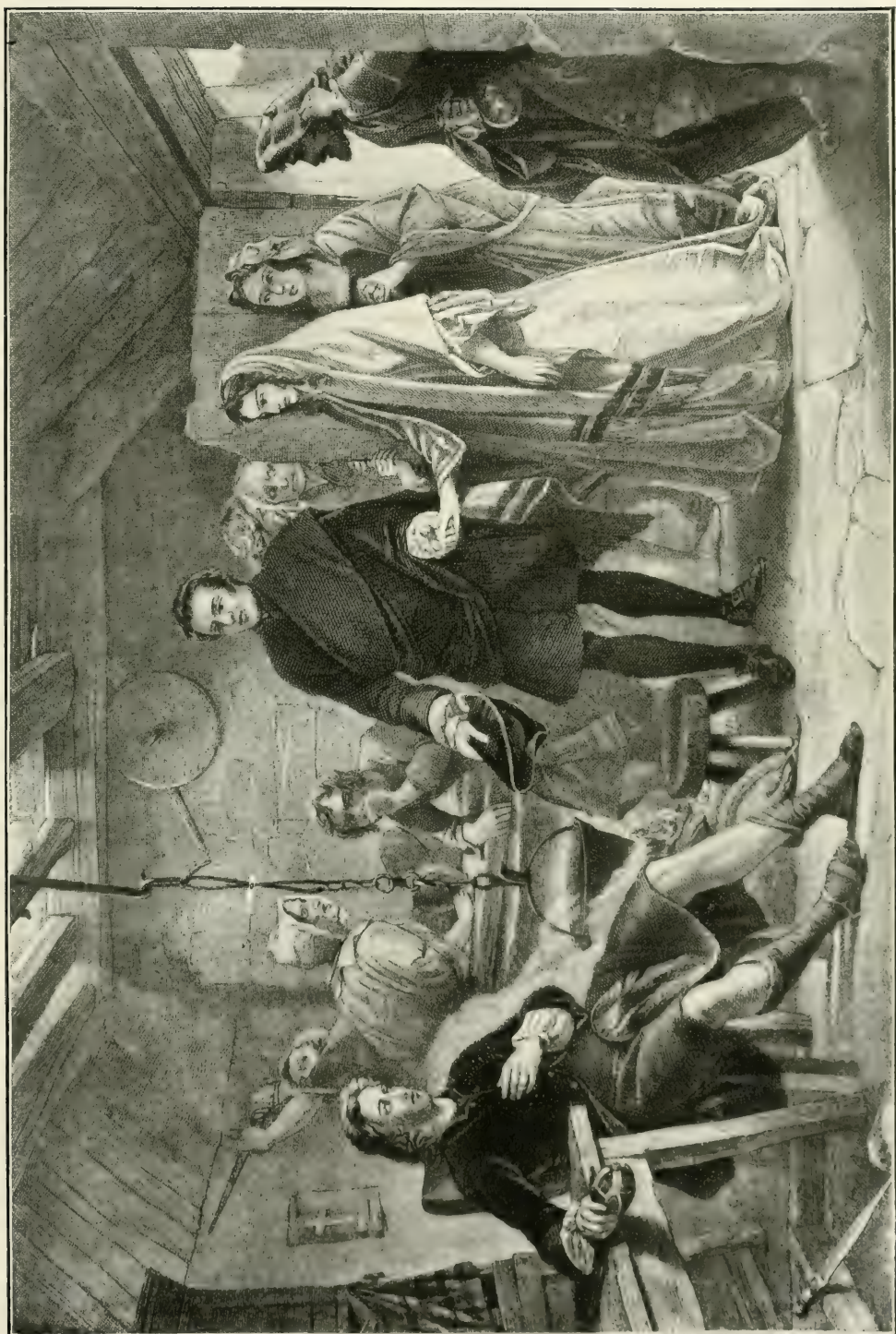
Meanwhile in England the religious movement known as *Methodism* was rapidly assuming importance. This name was first given to a voluntary association of some of the students of Oxford University about 1729. Their brotherhood afterward became known as the "Holy Club." Its leaders were the brothers, John and Charles Wesley, and later George Whitefield, all three being proselytes from the Church of England. They united in special studies of the New Testament, that they might reach a more thorough and systematic performance of their religious duties. The regularity of their labors led to their being given by outsiders the half-jesting name "Methodists," which has remained in use ever since. The Holy Club kept up an active existence till

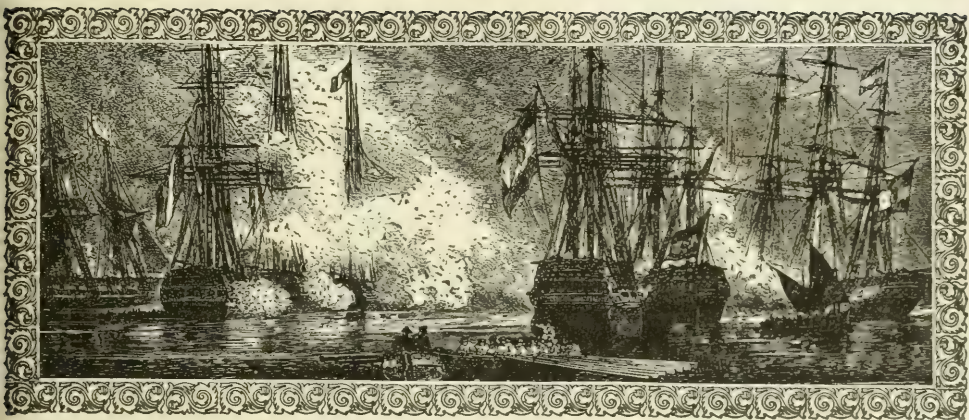
1738, when, through the departure of the Wesley brothers for America, it was dissolved. The powerful sermons of Whitefield and of the Wesleys on their return in 1739 roused deep interest in many parts of Great Britain. Their plain earnest preaching stirred strong opposition, which often reached violence, and gradually the regular churches were closed against them. Excluded from the pulpits of the Anglican Church, they began to preach in other buildings and wherever they could obtain audiences. Their followers were formed into "societies" for worship and religious instruction. John Wesley, in consultation with Charles, prepared a code of rules for these societies, which ever since have formed the constitutional basis of all Methodist bodies, and are contained in full in the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The condition of England at this time as regards the use of alcoholic liquors was appalling beyond imagination. Strong drink had taken the place of beer, and tens of thousands were besotted and beastly and reckless of everything except the gratification of their perverted natures. The present practice in this country of courts-martial always adjourning at three o'clock in the afternoon is based on the old English theory that after the hour named no gentleman ever remains sober. All attempts to legislate against the hideous evil were met by the howls: "No gin, no king!" Everybody, men and women, seemed to spend their time in the taverns where the liquid poison was poured out to them. In many of the windows were displayed placards with this alluring promise: "Drunk for a penny; dead drunk for twopence; clean straw for nothing." On this straw, which soon became anything but "clean," were stretched men and women, too helpless to move. At the dinners among the upper classes the rule was for every one to drink until he slid under the table, and the man who held out longest exulted over his greater powers of resistance. It was this awful degradation of the people that stirred the Wesleys and their friends to throw their hearts and energies into the work of lifting them out of the mire into which they had sunk. Instead of waiting for the miserable wretches to come to them, they went to the pitiful victims, and in the face of persecution, ridicule, and violence, did a work for their Master whose magnitude can never be known until the last Great Day.

George II. died of heart disease at Kensington on October 25, 1760. His eldest son having passed away nine years before, he was succeeded by his grandson, George William Frederick, Prince of Wales, who was born in 1738 and was of English birth.







TRAFALGAR

Chapter CXV

GEORGE III. AND THE STRUGGLE WITH NAPOLEON

GEORGE III. was King for sixty years (1760–1820), and his long reign saw greater events and more important changes for England than perhaps any other period of equal length. He came to the throne, as you will note, several years after the breaking out of the French and Indian War in America. This was the supreme struggle between England and France for the mastery of our continent. The particulars of the tremendous struggle, as well as of the Revolution and the War of 1812, will be told more fully in our history of the United States.

The first few years of the French and Indian War went against the British, because the French were better organized and were wise enough to win the support of most of the fierce Indian tribes. Then, under the splendid guidance of William Pitt, who became really Prime Minister of England, a great change was wrought. The best officers were sent across the ocean, and they were given enough troops to organize and carry out decisive campaigns. The crowning victory was won by Wolfe at Quebec in 1759. Spain then ceded Florida to Great Britain, and, when peace was made in 1763, the Union Jack waved over the eastern half of the continent, and France was left with scarcely a foothold between the Atlantic and the Mississippi.

The next important war in which Great Britain became engaged was with her thirteen American colonies, the war of which we speak as the "Revolution." Opening in 1775, it was pressed with the greatest valor under Genera!

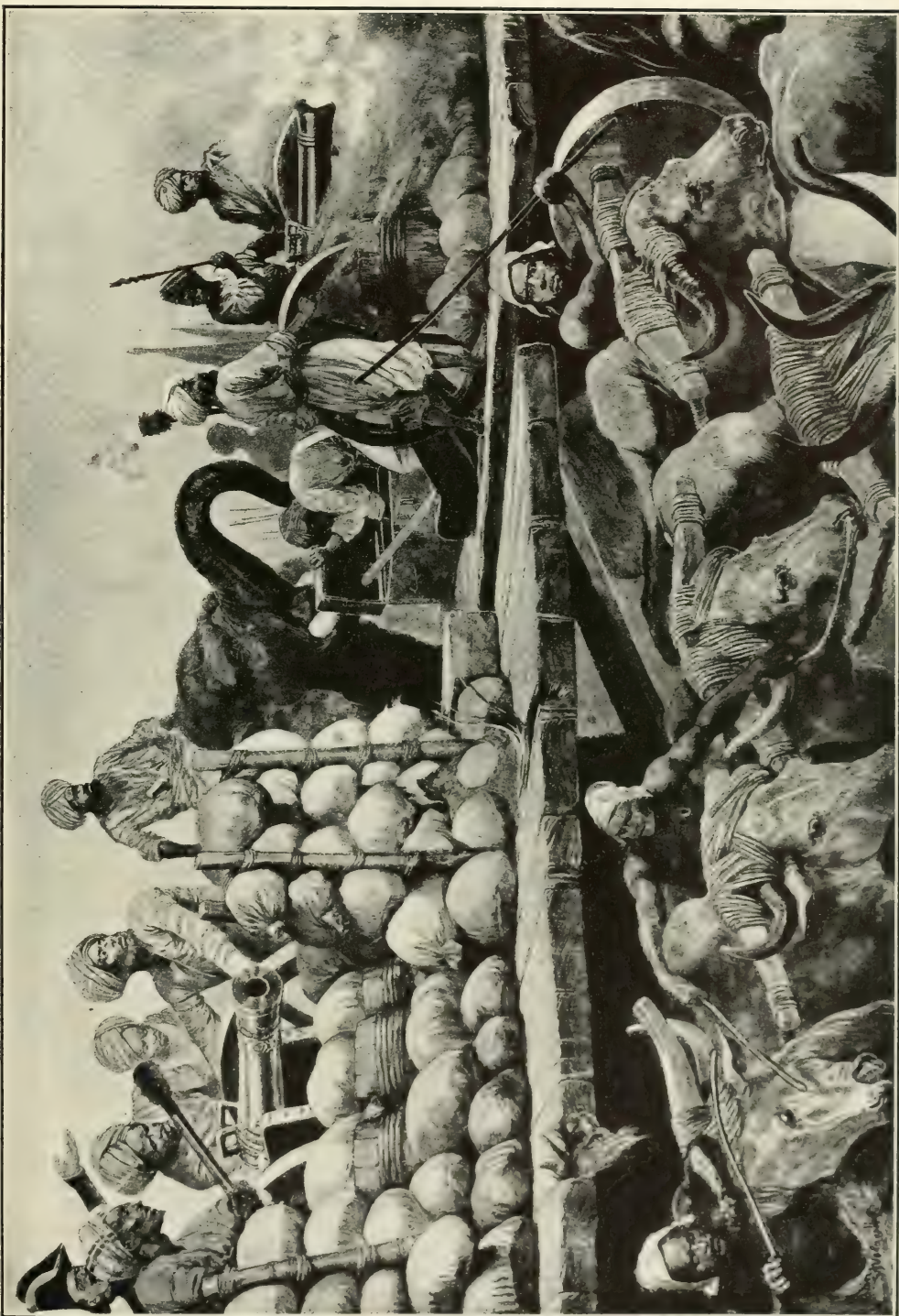
George Washington, and through cold, heat, sufferings, and starvation, was brought to a successful conclusion in October, 1781, by the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Virginia. The final treaty by which England recognized the independence of the United States was signed September 3, 1783, and the last of the English forces in this country left New York on November 25th of the same year.

The most highly civilized nations are subject at irregular times to violent outbreaks, which often result in bloodshed. In the early summer of 1780 London was terrorized by a series of riots under a madman, Lord George Gordon, who went wild because of the repeal of some harsh laws against the Romanists. The savage mob held possession of the city for nearly a week and caused much destruction, Newgate being among the buildings burned.

In 1782 Ireland secured the independence of her Parliament, though she remained subject to the Kingdom of Great Britain. She was still in a ferment of discontent, and during the French Revolution, an association of the disaffected, called the "United Irishmen," formed a secret understanding with France, which sent several expeditions to their aid. The rebellions were put down with crushing severity, and through the most flagrant bribery of members of the Irish Parliament, Ireland was, on the 1st of January, 1800, united to Great Britain under the title of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

England had to fight a long time in India to maintain her supremacy. The first Governor General, Warren Hastings (1774), through his great ability, extended her power there while she was losing in other quarters. But he was as unscrupulous in many respects as the Duke of Marlborough, and, in 1786, was impeached by the Commons for injustice, oppression, and extortion. His trial lasted seven years, and ended in his acquittal. The English dominion was extended later, and, in 1815 Ceylon was annexed to Great Britain. The exposure of the corruption of the East Indian Company caused it to be broken up, and, in 1784, a "Board of Control" was created for the administration of Indian affairs. A formidable rebellion broke out under Tippoo Saib, an Indian prince whose capital was at Seringapatam. He led his army in several open battles against the English, but finally his capital was stormed and he himself slain (1799). India was absorbed into the regular system of English government.

I have referred to the dreadful suffering among the poorer people caused by the excessive taxation, the bad harvests, and the scarcity of work. Everything seemed to be askew. Childen only six years old were compelled to work fourteen and fifteen hours daily, and then their pay would not buy them enough food to quiet the pangs of starvation. They were beaten and abused until they often welcomed death as a relief. Such a woful state of affairs always





makes men reckless and increases crime and drunkenness, for people grow so hopeless that they do not care what becomes of them. Think of the ferocity of the laws which made two hundred and thirty-five offences punishable with death! Many of these offences in our day would not bring a penalty of more than a slight fine or a few days' imprisonment. The jails were so filthy and overrun with vermin that death was preferable to a dwelling in them. John Howard, the philanthropist, began his beneficent labors in 1773, and did a great deal to lessen these horrors.

But improvements came and matters gradually righted themselves, as they always do. A nobleman owned a coal mine six miles from Manchester, where people wanted to buy his coal; but the cost of bringing it over hill and valley to their homes was so great that they could not afford the expense. James Brindley, an engineer, said the difficulty could be remedied by the construction of a canal. He was laughed at, but he persevered, though the roughness of the country made the work difficult. The Bridgewater Canal was a perfect success, and was the first one made in England. Brindley constructed other and much more important canals, a perfect network of which now intersect the kingdom. It was this famous engineer who was once jocularly asked: "What do you suppose rivers were created for?" To which he made instant answer: "Undoubtedly to feed navigable canals."

James Watt secured his first patent for an improved steam engine in 1769. You may have read how, in his youth, he caught the idea from watching the steam issue from the mouth of a tea kettle. I wish we could believe the anecdote to the effect that when he appeared before George III., the King asked him pleasantly: "Well, my young man, what have you to sell?" The inventor replied: "That which all kings covet—*power*." Soon the hum and throb of steam engines was heard in the mines and factories. At first this caused widespread distress by throwing many laborers out of work. There was some rioting, yet in the end steam wrought a great change for good. Great manufacturing towns sprang up, population increased, and wealth grew. The north took on a new life through her young cities, all pulsing with industry—Birmingham, Manchester, Nottingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Leicester, and Liverpool. Steamboats which had come into use in America in 1807 appeared in England in 1812, and the first one crossed the Atlantic in 1819. Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton, and others made many improvements in the machinery for spinning and weaving, adding an impetus to every industry.

Dr. Joseph Priestly, in 1774, discovered oxygen, the most important element in nature, and the discovery "laid the foundation of modern chemical science." Strange as it may sound, the great city of London was not lighted at night until the latter part of the reign of George III. The few oil lamps did no

more than make darkness visible, and highway robbers plied their trade like so many prowling beasts in a jungle. In 1815 a company, in the face of strong opposition, arranged for lighting the city with gas, which had already been introduced in a number of other places. When the new system was established, it did more, as a writer has said, to prevent crime than all the Government had accomplished since the days of Alfred. Sir Humphry Davy invented the miner's safety lamp, and declined to ask for a patent, saying that the knowledge of the thousands of lives the invention would save gave him more pleasure than all he could receive in the way of money profits.

The slave trade still stained the flag of Great Britain, but there was a growing sentiment against it. It had been declared as early as 1772 by the Court of King's Bench at Westminster that slavery could no longer legally exist in England, yet her colonies still employed negro slaves, who were brought from Africa. The Society of Friends, or Quakers, denounced the wicked traffic in the strongest language of which those good people were capable, and Thomas Clarkson and William Wilberforce led an unflinching fight against the slave trade. It required twenty years of continuous agitation before, in 1807, Parliament passed an act abolishing the frightful traffic. I have told you of the fearful severity of the penal laws, which were the harshest of any nation in Europe. Sir Samuel Romilly succeeded after a time in abolishing the punishment of death for most of the lesser offences.

Many names became famous in letters during the reign of George III. Among the first was Dr. Samuel Johnson, author of the well-known English Dictionary, which has formed the basis of most of those that came after it. Oliver Goldsmith, his intimate friend, was lazy, witty, improvident, but the master of a style exquisite for its purity, and the author of the novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield"; the poem, "The Deserted Village," and the comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." Edward Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" (1776) marks the beginning of modern history writing, and Adam Smith's "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations" distinctly affected legislation as to trade and finance. Richard Brinsley Sheridan wrote the brilliant comedies, "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal." William Cowper was among the early poets, but there soon appeared Burns, Byron, Shelley, and Sir Walter Scott. Scott also turned his thoughts to novel writing, and gave the world a series of masterpieces, which earned him the title of the "Wizard of the North." Toward the latter part of this period Coleridge and Wordsworth awakened admiration as poets, and Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen wrote excellent stories of Irish and English life. The lovable Charles Lamb, author of "The Essays of Elia," belonged to the succeeding reign.

In painting England began to forge to the front under George II. William



Hogarth drew coarse but powerful pictures of low life. In 1768, four years after Hogarth's death, the Royal Academy was founded, the first president being Sir Joshua Reynolds, the famous portrait painter. The other painters include Richard Wilson, a delineator of landscapes, and Thomas Gainsborough, noted for his admirable portraits, and afterward for his landscapes. Turner excelled all his predecessors in his pictures of nature.

The ignorance among the people was deplorable. Not one peasant in a dozen could write his name, and few could read a newspaper. England had no cheap books or newspapers, and most of the people knew of the rest of the world only in a vague shadowy way, as children gain knowledge from fables and folklore. But a change was going on and brighter days were not far off. Some of the signs appeared in the fashions of dress. The cocked hats, curled wigs, and extravagant frippery were giving place to plain and sober garb—sure omen of still greater changes that were at hand.

The American Revolution saw the press rise to importance and power. The *Chronicle*, *Post*, *Herald*, and *Times* came into existence, and some of the ablest philosophers and statesmen used their columns for laying their views before the public. John Wilkes was a talented but abusive writer who attacked the King and his friends with such vigor that an attempt was made by the Government to punish him, but it came to naught. The "Junius" letters attracted wide attention, and were perhaps the most unique and famous political effusions of modern times. Many attempts have been made to solve the mystery of their authorship, but to this day it is not clear who wielded the pungent pen.

George III. was a man of excellent character, conscientious but stubborn to the last degree. When he had made up his mind to follow a certain cause, argument was wasted upon him: he was ready at any time to walk straight to the scaffold for conscience' sake. But for this immovable obstinacy there would have been no American Revolution, for the best men in his kingdom opposed coercing the colonies into submission to the tyrannous acts of the King. Underneath all this stubbornness, it must be remembered, lay a stratum of moral principle, and it is impossible to withhold our respect from this sovereign, who unquestionably had the good of his country at heart in everything he did.

In September, 1761, he married the Princess Charlotte Sophia, daughter of Charles, Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the two were the parents of fifteen children. His mind gave way several times—in 1764, in 1788, in 1801, and in 1804. In 1810, his final insanity appeared. He was greatly annoyed by the savage attacks of Wilkes and the keen satire of the Letters of Junius, as well as by the proposals to emancipate Roman Catholics, and by the awful excesses of the French Revolution of 1789. Two maniacs, Margaret Nicolson and a man named Hatfield, attempted his life. He was so provoked by the

marriages of two of his brothers with the widows of subjects that he secured the passage of the Royal Marriage Act in 1772, by which the descendants of George II., excepting the issues of princesses married into foreign families, were not allowed to marry under the age of twenty-five without the consent of the sovereign. After that age marriages may be contracted upon due notice, unless both houses of Parliament express their opposition. The enormous debts and the scandalous dissipation of his eldest son, who became George IV., the young man's private marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Roman Catholic widow of two husbands, and the scandals of his public marriage with his cousin, Caroline of Brunswick, proved that even a marriage bill cannot cure all the domestic miseries of a sovereign.

It was in 1764 that George Grenville succeeded Lord Bute as premier and began those oppressive measures which brought on the American Revolution. In 1782, Lord Shelburne was made Prime Minister, with Mr. Pitt, son of the Earl of Chatham, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a year later the famous coalition ministry was formed between Mr. Fox and Lord North. The King was so displeased that, as soon as Mr. Fox's India Bill had been rejected by the House of Lords, he sent an order to him and Lord North to return him at once their seals of office, and to do it *by messenger*, since he was unwilling to have a personal interview with them. Mr. Pitt became Prime Minister the next day. The courage with which the King opposed the coalition and his firm course toward the two men added much to his popularity.

George III. could not be persuaded that the admission of the Catholics to political power would not be a violation of his coronation oath, in consequence of which Pitt and his colleagues retired from office in 1801, and a new ministry was formed, headed by Mr. Addington, but this administration proved incompetent, and Mr. Pitt, in 1804, again came into control. He died, however, in 1806, and the Grenville party entered office. In 1807, Lord Grenville and his colleagues joined in an attempt to change the King's opinion regarding Catholic Emancipation, but it was labor thrown away, and the Perceval administration succeeded them.

During this period occurred England's long and glorious struggle against Napoleon. The war began as early as 1793, the new and amazingly vigorous French Republic having included England in the number of her foes in that defiant declaration of war against all Europe. The early land operations brought England no honor, but she at once established her superiority at sea. The French ships were defeated and driven out of the English Channel. British fleets controlled the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. Spain and Holland, the great sea powers, allied themselves with France. England crushed them both in two famous naval battles in 1797.



The Spaniards were defeated off Cape St. Vincent in the Atlantic. It was this battle that first centred attention on England's greatest naval hero, Nelson. He had already risen to the rank of commodore, and, although not nominally in command, he bore the brunt of the fighting at St. Vincent. He led his men on board a huge Spanish ship with the cry, "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" meaning that if he failed he would, by a glorious death, earn a burial place in the great abbey where England shrines her heroic dead. The words have become famous, and "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" is still the cry with which England's heroes lead forlornest hopes.

The Dutch were soon afterward defeated off Camperdown by Admiral Duncan. They made a sturdy and gallant fight, but almost their entire fleet was either sunk or captured. It was in this same year of 1797—in fact, in the interval between the two great sea-fights—that England had to face a widespread mutiny among the sailors of her navy.

The men refused to fight, imprisoned their officers, and demanded from Parliament the redress of certain serious grievances. The government had to forgive and satisfy them on almost every point before they would consent to return to duty. Soon after, a second and much less justified mutiny broke out. The mass of the sailors, however, refused to uphold this further complaint. It fell through, and the ringleaders were hanged.

In 1798, Napoleon, having risen to the head of French affairs, undertook his expedition to Egypt. Nelson, now Admiral, was in command of the British fleet in the Mediterranean, and gained worldwide fame by attacking Napoleon's ships at Aboukir, in the mouth of the River Nile, defeating and almost wholly destroying them. By the "Battle of the Nile" the French conqueror and his entire army became practically prisoners in Egypt. Napoleon got back to France by a daring flight through the British blockade, but his army could not follow him, until a treaty of peace with England allowed of their being carried home by the very ships that had held them in exile.

The Powers of the North—Russia, Sweden, and Denmark—next formed a naval league against England. Denmark's strong fleet was defeated by Nelson off Copenhagen in 1801. In this battle the heroic Admiral was once more nominally under the command of an officer of higher rank. So determinedly did the Danish fleet and shore batteries return the English fire that the nominal commander had enough of the cannonade and hoisted a signal for the Britons to retreat. Nelson, white with the rage of battle, raised his telescope to one eye, the sight of which had been destroyed in a previous battle. "I really cannot see any such signal," he said to his men. "We will have to go on fighting." And they did—and won.

The short-lived peace between England and France was followed in 1803

by deeper and more deadly war, a war that ceased only with Napoleon's downfall. Its sudden announcement found over ten thousand Englishmen in France. Napoleon promptly arrested them, and they remained prisoners for eleven years.

During all these years, while the two great foes swayed back and forward in their desperate grapple, the other states of Europe were tossed hither and thither like children in the throes of an earthquake, and clung in feeble alliance to the skirts now of one rival, now of the other. Napoleon conquered all central Europe, but England conquered all the waters of the earth. We have seen her fleet victorious over Frenchman, Spaniard, Hollander, and Dane. Now, in the greatest triumph of all, Nelson defeated the French and Spanish navies combined, and perished in the hour of his most glorious victory.

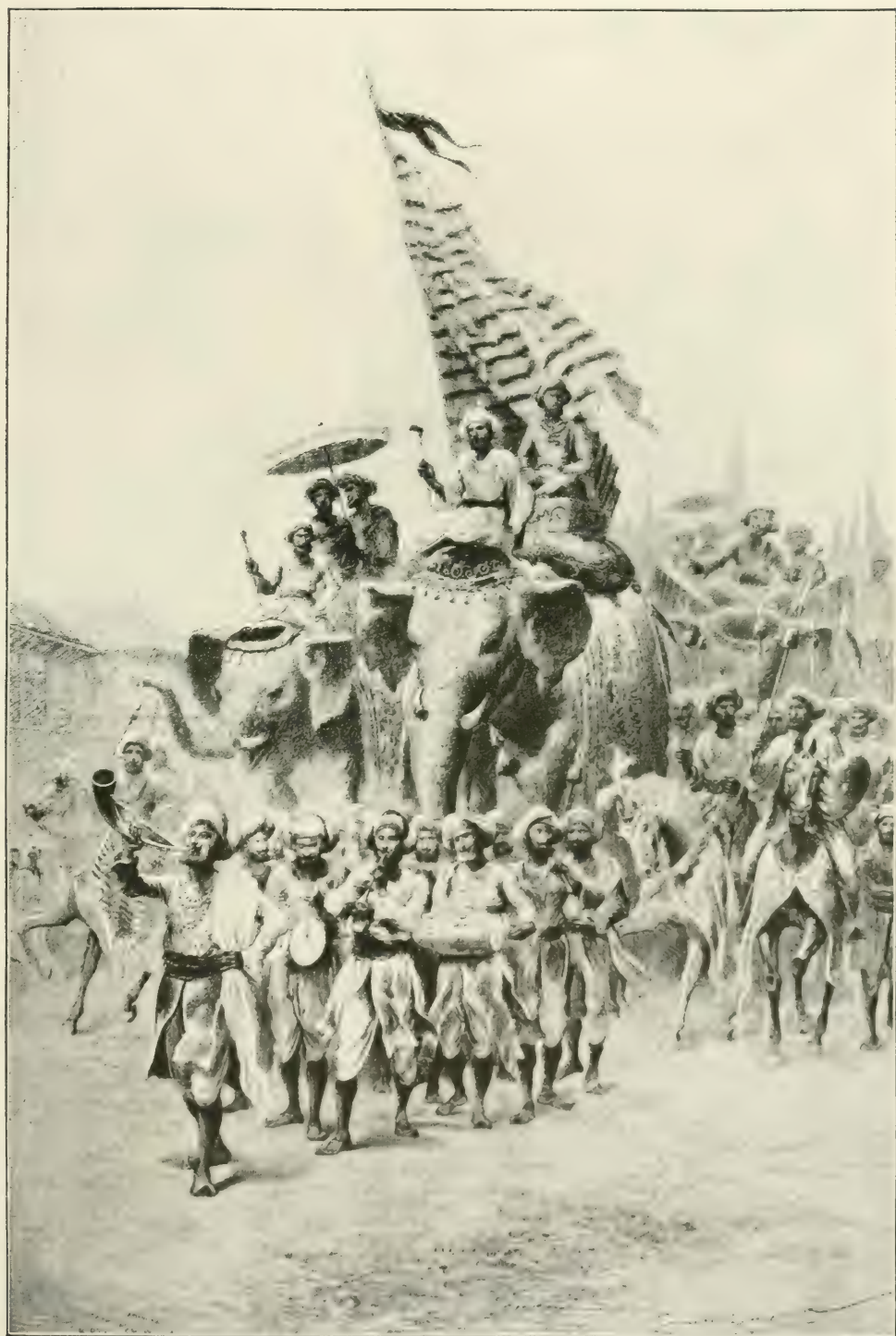
This celebrated battle of Trafalgar was fought because of Napoleon's attempt to invade England. All his forces were gathered at Boulogne to cross the Channel; but first he must be rid of the enemy's fleet. So his Admirals were ordered to deceive Nelson by pretended flight, and as he pursued them, they were to evade him on the ocean and return to Boulogne. "If I can be master of the Channel for only twelve hours," said the great conqueror, "England is ended."

The plan almost succeeded. Nelson pursued the fleeing ships, with scorn. Some of them escaped him, and were returning; but off Cape Finisterre, on the Spanish coast, a small English squadron under Admiral Calder met them by chance, checked them, and drove them to seek shelter in the harbor of Cadiz.

Perhaps this battle of Finisterre saved England. At any rate, Napoleon abandoned his camp at Boulogne, and found another use for his armies. Meanwhile, all the French and Spanish men-of-war gathered at Cadiz, and there Nelson still following in pursuit, found them. They outranked his ships in both size and number, and sailed out of the harbor to attack him off Cape Trafalgar.

Nelson hoisted from his flagship the stern and simple signal, "England expects every man to do his duty!" and the battle began. It raged for four hours, and resulted in the complete defeat of the Spaniards and the French. England remained undisputed mistress of the seas, and never since has her supremacy been seriously questioned. The great Admiral was shot in the height of the contest, and, though mortally wounded, remained listening with joy to the cheers of his men as one of the enemy's ships surrendered after the other. He died just at the close of the battle.

The remaining years of war with France took on a new phase. England, unmolested at sea, sought to meet her mighty foe on land, supporting each nation that revolted under Napoleon's oppression. Most important of these



struggles was that known as the Peninsular War, which broke out in Spain in 1808.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterward the Duke of Wellington, who had already gained fame in India, was sent by England to the aid of the Spanish patriots. He won an important battle at Vimiero, but presently a truce held his hand, and then Sir John Moore was given the chief command.

Moore handled his troops well, but the Spaniards were not able to support him. He was obliged to retreat from the Spanish mountains to the coast of Portugal in the dead of winter. His men suffered terribly, but at last turned upon the shore, and, almost in the shadow of the English fleet, repulsed their pursuers in the battle of Corunna (January, 1809). Moore was killed in the battle and buried by his men in a hastily dug grave on the ramparts of Corunna. Then they retreated to their ships. Wolfe's well-known poem tells the story:

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was now given the chief command. He drove the French from Portugal without a battle, and defeated them in Spain at Talavera, for which he was made Lord Wellington. It was not, however, until 1812 that Wellington felt himself sufficiently strong to make an aggressive campaign. Then he pushed the French backward. He stormed their mighty fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajoz, entering the latter himself on foot, through the great breach in the wall, amid the cheering of his soldiers. Then he defeated the French in a great battle at Salamanca, and again at Vitoria, in 1813.

By this time Napoleon was in the toils of his Russian disaster, and the weakened forces that he left in Spain were easily swept back into their own land. The last battle of the Peninsular War was fought in 1814, at Toulouse, on the soil of France itself. At that moment the Prussian and allied forces were already masters of Paris.

When Napoleon, escaping from Elba, made one more bid for power, he knew well that England and Prussia were his chief opponents. They were once more first in the field against him, and it was they who under Wellington's command defeated him at Waterloo. All day long in that last great battle the squares of English infantry resisted the assaults of France's bravest veterans. At length, when it seemed as if human flesh and blood could endure no longer, the Prussian reinforcements arrived. Wellington, who had been anxiously studying the field with his spyglass, closed it. "Let the whole line advance!" he said; and the Britons rolled in one huge wave over the despairing foe.

Napoleon fled to a British frigate. The gigantic war was over, the French Emperor an exile, and Wellington the hero of all the world. Alas! that Nelson had not lived to share the glory!

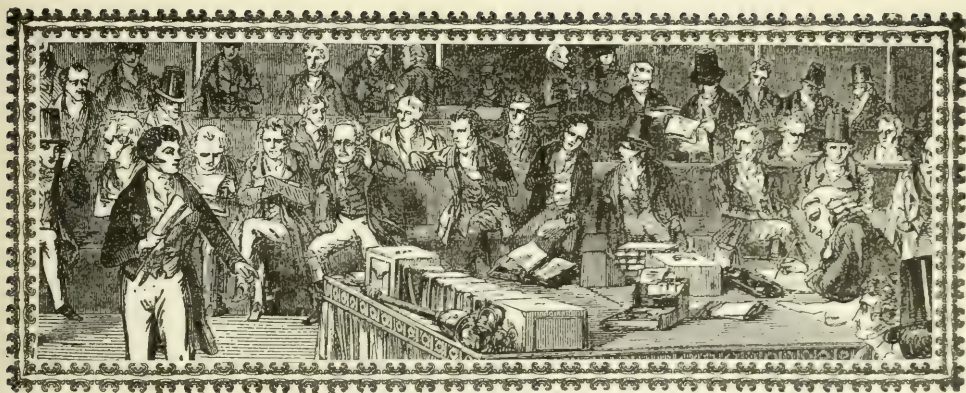
Let us look back, to speak of what was to England but a side issue in this tremendous struggle. Her arrogance and oppression upon the ocean proved unendurable to the United States; and our "War of 1812" resulted. We had no fleet to match against England's, but neither could she spare her entire fleet to attack us. And ship for ship our sailors taught her that there were sea-fighters as good, perhaps better, than hers. The English statesmen were loud in complaints of the child they had reared to strike at them; and the peace treaty of 1815 left a still smouldering fire of ill-will between the kindred nations, which it took over half a century to obliterate.

Turn now to the puppet King, who during all these great events sat immovable and often half insane upon England's throne. In 1810, Princess Amelia, the youngest and most loved child of King George, died. His heart was broken by the blow, and his insanity returned and assumed so violent a form that most of his friends abandoned all hope of amendment. The remaining ten years of his life were brightened only at long intervals by flashes of lucidity. Then deafness was added to his other calamities, and his condition became pitiful. Once, when his reason had fluttered back again, the Queen found him singing a hymn to an accompaniment of his own on a harpsichord. When the hymn was finished, he knelt down and prayed for her, his family, and the nation, and then asked God to avert his great calamity or give him grace to bear it. Then he broke into tears, and his reason fled once more. Because of his condition, his eldest son was appointed Regent, and acted as such from 1811 till his father's death, in 1820



A ROYAL RECEPTION UNDER GEORGE III

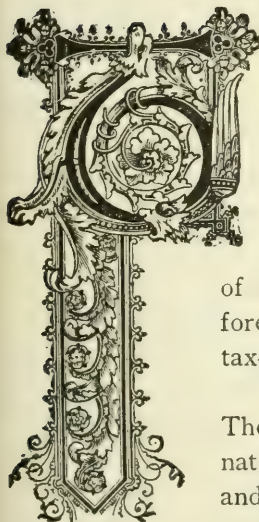




THE PASSING OF THE ELECTION REFORM BILL

Chapter CXVI

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.



HE royal blackguard, George IV., was fifty-seven years old when he came to the throne. While Prince of Wales his income had been more than half a million dollars; but he was always swamped by debt and cared mainly for debaucheries and shameless pleasures. By 1795 his debts had become so mountainous that Parliament undertook to wipe them out by an appropriation of \$3,000,000. Ere long he was as deeply involved as before, and had not help been given him again by the meek tax-payers, he would have been hopelessly bankrupt.

When he became King, matters grew worse than before. The nation paid more than a million dollars for his coronation. The jewels in which he appeared were borrowed, and he stole them, for his neglect to return them amounted to nothing less than that, and Parliament, as meek as ever, paid for them. Added to his incredible extravagance, this moral pervert did all he could to oppose reforms, simply because they *were* reforms. When he was made Regent in 1811, he wanted to form a Whig ministry, knowing that that was contrary to his father's wishes. Convinced that it could not be done, he accepted Tory rule, and formed an administration whose chief aim was to prevent the Catholics from having representation in Parliament. What a commentary on the idiocy of the English method of government that, while this loathsome pauper was spending thousands of dollars every day on his vices, there were tens of thousands of poor people whose shoes he was not worthy to unloose, suffering the pangs of starvation!

When the people assembled to discuss their grievances, they were dispersed by troops. So many were killed and wounded at Manchester, where the soldiers fired into the assemblage, that it was afterward referred to as the "Manchester Massacre." A man named Thistlewood and several desperate characters met in a stable in Cato Street, London, and formed a plot to murder the whole Cabinet while at dinner. The scheme was discovered, and the leader and four of his comrades were hanged.

The marriage of the Prince of Wales with his cousin, Caroline, was entered into by him on the demand of his father, because it offered a prospect of his debts being paid. She was a coarse woman, from whom the Prince soon separated. Shortly after he became King, a bill was brought into Parliament to divorce her for criminal misconduct. The examination of witnesses before the House of Lords disclosed such baseness in the King that the bill was dropped. His wife had the sympathy of the people, but the King was resolute that she should not be crowned as his consort. She appeared on the morning of the coronation before the doors of Westminster Abbey only to be turned away. She died shortly after.

Three reforms were carried through during the reign of George IV. The first was the repeal of the Corporation Act, which had excluded Dissenters from all town or corporate offices; the second was the repeal of the Test Act, passed under Charles II., to keep Catholics and Dissenters out of government offices, whether civil or military. The third and most important reform was the passage in 1829 of the Catholic Emancipation Act. This was bitterly opposed by the Duke of Wellington, who was Prime Minister, and by the King; but it went through in spite of them. It gave the Catholics the right to sit in Parliament, a privilege which had been denied them for more than a century. Daniel O'Connell, an honorable Irish gentleman, possessing great ability, became the leader of the Catholics. He succeeded after much difficulty in securing his seat in the House of Commons, and then devoted his energies to bringing about the repeal of the Act uniting Ireland with England and the restoration of the Irish Parliament. In this, however, he was doomed to failure.

A decisive change was brought about in the commercial policy. It had been the sentiment that trade should be controlled by law with a view of forcing it into those channels most advantageous to the nation or to particular classes. Thus heavy duties were laid on raw silk, while the importation of foreign-wrought silks was forbidden, the belief being that the home manufacture would thus be helped. There was violent opposition between the sheep owners, who wished to keep out foreign wool and to export their own, and the manufacturers, who wished free import and the prohibition of exports, so that the manufacture would be kept in their own hands. But the belief that a per



son should have permission to buy and sell wherever he could do so to his best advantage was growing; and it was maintained that trade should be allowed to direct itself, or, in other words, that Free Trade was the true policy.

In 1823, William Huskisson became President of the Board of Trade and secured the passage of an Act which enabled the "King in Council" to place the shipping of foreign nations on the same footing with British shipping, on condition that the same privileges were given to British ships in the ports of such nations. He succeeded also in procuring the abolishment of the prohibition of the importation of silk manufactures, and in reducing the duties on silk. Next, the duties on imported wool were greatly reduced, and its exportation was permitted. It was in 1828, when Huskisson was Secretary of State for the Colonies, that the corn law was passed which allowed the free importation of corn upon the payment of duties, which were lessened as the price rose and increased as it fell. This legislation was bitterly fought, and its success was a great triumph.

The most appropriate and popular thing done by George IV. occurred at Windsor Castle, June 26, 1830, when he stopped living. The greatest stretch which charity will permit is the theory that the insane father of this nuisance was partly responsible for his utter unworthiness, a theory that throws the odium on the English people themselves for clinging to a system which contains the possibilities of a Charles II. or George IV. One of the greatest of English writers said of the four Georges—that three were scoundrels and the fourth a lunatic most of the time.

Since the dead King had left no direct heir, his brother, William Henry, Duke of Clarence, succeeded to the throne. He had certainly reached the age of discretion, for he was in his sixty-sixth year. He had spent his early life in the navy, was a bluff, hearty fellow, with a contempt for pomp and ceremony, and was well liked by the people, who called him the "Sailor King." He was the first William of Hanover, the second William of Ireland, the third William of Scotland, and the fourth William of England.

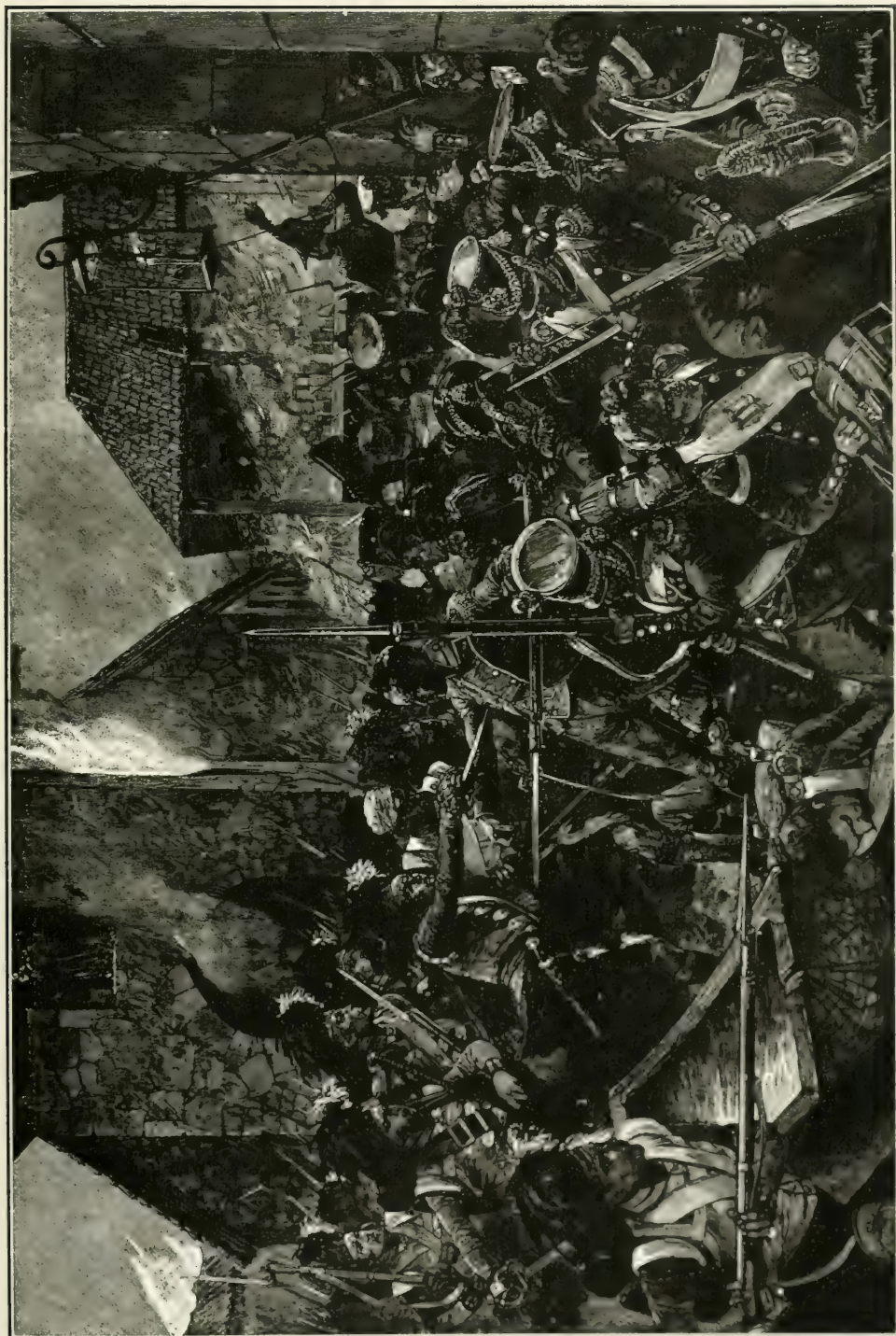
Now, you will be amazed to hear to what an absurd condition Parliamentary representation had come. You learned long ago how Simon de Montfort, in the reign of Henry III., labored to give the people a share in the making of the laws, and how he sent two men from every town and borough in England to speak and act for the people who lived in them. That was the way the House of Commons came into existence six hundred years before the time of William IV. Many of the old towns had decayed and vanished since the time of De Montfort, and new ones, like Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, and Glasgow had grown into vigorous cities; but there had been no change in the system of representation. Thus many large cities were totally unrepresented

in Parliament; their citizens had no voice in legislation. On the other hand, many places that no longer existed, except in name, continued to send members. In some towns no one could vote except well-to-do householders; in others only the town officers had the right; while in still others every man who had a hut big enough to boil a pot in ("Potwallopers") possessed the coveted privilege. The owner of the land on which the towns and boroughs had once stood, still chose members and sent them to the House of Commons.

To illustrate, take the city of Old Sarum, in Wiltshire, which had so completely "gone to seed," that not a solitary house was left. As late as 1830 the owner of the land sent two members to Parliament, as had been the custom ever since the time of Simon de Montfort. Such places, and also the populous cities, where only the mayor, aldermen, and common council voted, were called "rotten boroughs." You will admit the appropriateness of the name.

In this country it would not have taken long to correct such a ridiculous state of affairs, which, indeed, never could have arisen; but year after year went by without any heed being paid to the demand of the unrepresented cities. Their cry grew louder, the leader in the movement being William Cobbett, who published a small newspaper, in which he bravely demanded a just system of representation. After William IV. came to the throne Lord John Russell, on the 1st of March, 1831, brought in a Reform Bill, which was so sweeping that it roused violent opposition. The Ministry was defeated, and persuaded the King to dissolve Parliament. Then a new House of Commons was elected under the battle cry of "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." The measure was sent to the House of Lords, who rejected it. The people were so incensed that riots broke out at Nottingham, Derby, Bristol, and other places. It was not until a third Reform Bill had been brought in by the Ministry and passed by the Commons that the Peers yielded, and it became a law, June 7, 1832. Even this would not have been accomplished had not the King, in obedience to the pressure put upon him, notified the House of Lords that if they refused their assent he would create a sufficient number of Whig lords to carry the measure.

This Reform Bill, one of the most important measures ever passed by Parliament, abolished the "rotten boroughs," gave a vote to every householder who paid a rent of \$50, gave two representatives to Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, and nineteen other towns, and one representative each to twenty-one other places, until then unrepresented. Fifty-six boroughs were disfranchised, and forty-three new ones, beside thirty county constituencies, were created, while the county franchise was extended to copyholders, leaseholders, and the occupants of premises of certain values.



Many of the Tories were sure that the Reform meant the ruin of England. Even the brave old Duke of Wellington wrote: "I don't generally take a gloomy view of things, but I confess that, knowing all that I do, I cannot see what is to save the Church, or property, or colonies, or union with Ireland, or eventually monarchy, if the Reform Bill passes."

With the coming in of the new Parliament the Whigs began to take the name of Liberals and the Tories of Conservatives, which you hear nowadays, though the others are occasionally used.

Although the slave trade had been extinguished wherever the English power reached, slavery still existed in the colonies. In 1833, in the face of the King's opposition, a bill was passed by Parliament, which set free all negro slaves in British colonies. They numbered eight hundred thousand, and their owners were paid \$100,000,000 in the way of compensation. There were also thousands of white slaves in England at that time—wretched women and children who toiled in the factories till they dropped from exhaustion, and babes, six or seven years old, deep down in the mines, where they were cruelly beaten, and rarely had a glimpse of the golden sunlight. Parliament did not forget these unfortunates. The employment of women and young children in the collieries and factories was forbidden, and though human wisdom has never been able to abolish poverty and the sufferings of the poor, yet it can do and has done a great deal in the way of lessening those evils.

The year of 1830 was memorable in the history of England, for it was in its autumn that the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opened and carriages were drawn for the first time by steam. The credit of this invention belongs to George Stephenson, who had been experimenting and studying the problem for years. The unpopular management of the pioneer Bridgewater Canal gave rise in 1821 to the project of a railway between Liverpool and Manchester, and Stephenson was chosen engineer. When he announced that, instead of horses, he intended to employ an engine that would travel at the rate of twelve miles an hour, nearly every one looked upon him as a lunatic. You know they always do. "Twelve miles an hour!" exclaimed the dignified *Quarterly Review*, "as well trust one's self to be fired off on a Congreve rocket." It is an odd coincidence that Stephenson's little engine bore the name of *Rocket*. After seemingly unsurmountable difficulties the line was completed in 1829, when there was a competition of engines, and the *Rocket* demonstrated its great superiority over all the others. What took away the breath of the spectators was the demonstration that under favorable conditions it could travel at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour!

A member of Parliament had thought he would silence the inventor with the crushing question:

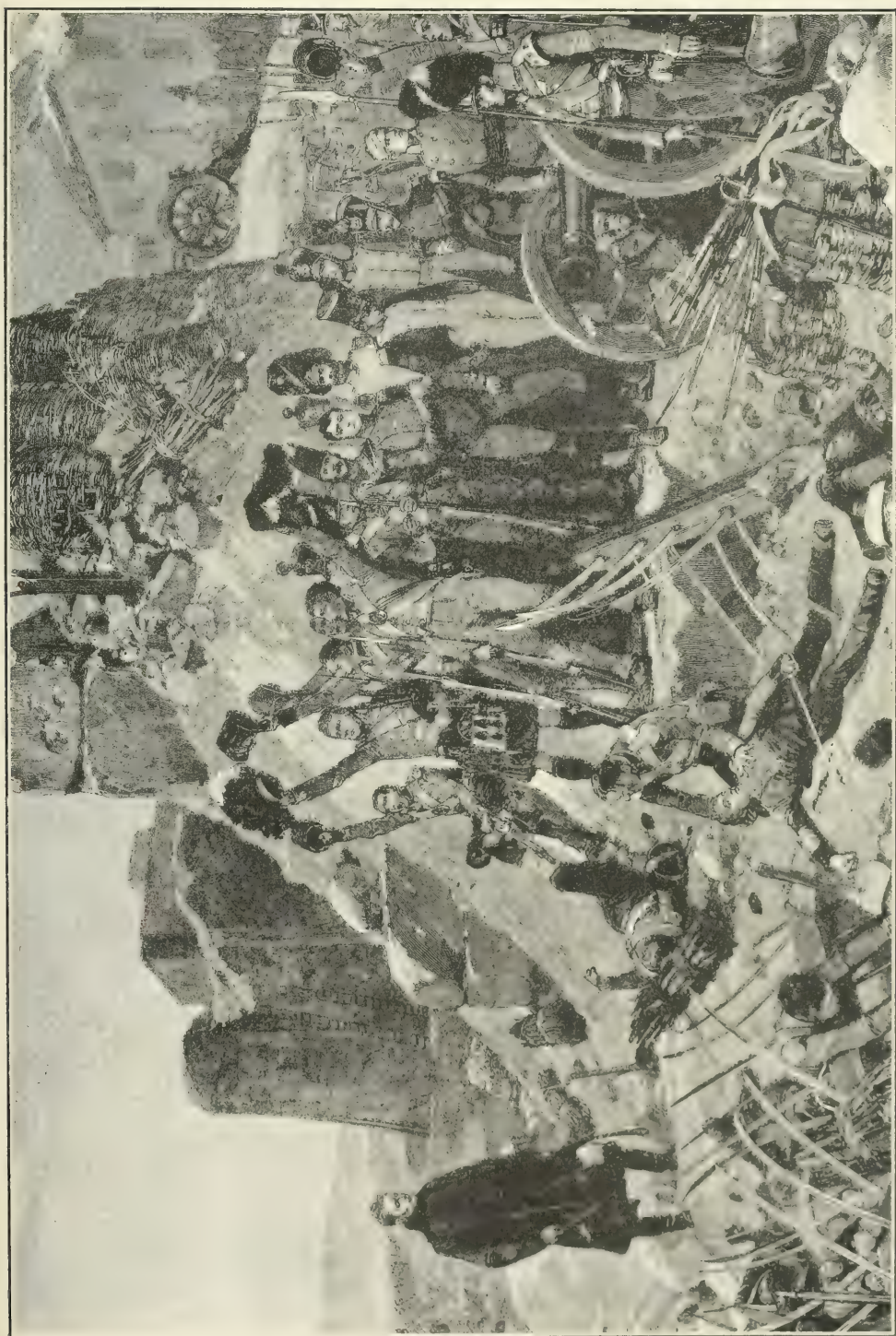
"Suppose, Mr. Stephenson, a cow should get on the track in front of your locomotive—*what then?*"

"It would be bad for the cow," was the quizzical reply of the inventor, and how many thousands of times the truth of his words has been proved!

The Duke of Wellington was one of the passengers on the first railway train, and, though the opening day was marred by the accidental killing of a man, it marked an era in the industrial history of Great Britain, which, like our own country, has since been gridironed by railway lines. It may interest you to know that Robert Stephenson, son of George, became a more famous engineer than his father, who died in 1848, leaving his fortune to his only son. The latter visited South America to inspect the gold and silver mines there, and long before his father's retirement from active business was conceded to be the foremost engineer in Europe. The principal great works with which his name is connected are the High Level Bridge over the Tyne, the Tweed Viaduct, the Britannia Bridge over the Menai Straits, the Victoria Bridge at Montreal, across the St. Lawrence, one of the grandest of all engineering achievements, and the Alexandria and Cairo Railway.

Of course you know what our forefathers had to do to start a fire. They sometimes made use of the convex or burning glass, but as the sun did not always shine, they had to resort to the flint and tinder. By quickly striking a glancing blow with a piece of steel against a flint, sparks were produced which were made to catch upon tinder or a prepared rag, which was afterward blown into a flame. It was a slow and awkward process, and you can understand what a trial it often became to one's patience. Many a boy, after blowing till he was tired out, has had to give it up and turn the task over to his father or older brother. After years of experiment, an English apothecary invented the friction match, which, as time went on, was greatly improved, until it has now become one of the most useful little conveniences in every household.

William IV. passed away at Windsor Castle, June 20, 1837. His two daughters by his wife, Princess Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, died in infancy. This left as the heir to the throne Princess Alexandrina Victoria, the only child of his brother, Edward, Duke of Kent. Victoria was living with her widowed mother at the time, and was only eighteen years old. She was a religious girl, conscientious to the last degree, and destined to become one of the noblest queens that ever lived. Early that bright summer morning in 1837 she was suddenly awakened and told, much to her amazement, that she was Queen of Great Britain.





THE SEPOY MUTINY IN INDIA

Chapter CXVII

THE VICTORIAN ERA



OWRY sovereign could have received a more enthusiastic welcome than Queen Victoria, and this loyalty and affection increased until her death, after the longest reign of any sovereign over Great Britain. The tribute came to her because she was worthy of it, and no matter who may come after her, none can ever hold a warmer place in the hearts of her people than she.

Queen Victoria came to the throne in troublous times. The price of corn was so high that for years the people of Ireland had lived wholly upon potatoes. The failure of the crop for several years caused such an appalling famine in that unfortunate island in 1846 that all must have perished had not the rest of the world come to their relief. Among the first to do so was our own country, which sent shiploads of provisions thither, while Parliament appropriated \$50,000,000 to buy food for the sufferers. Despite all these charities, two millions, or one-fourth of the population of Ireland, died of starvation.

Now there had existed for years a heavy duty upon the importation of corn. The ground upon which the Corn Laws were upheld was that home agriculture ought to be protected, and that a country, so far as practical, should depend upon itself for its supply of food. On the other hand, it was maintained that the Corn Laws profited only the land-owners and grievously oppressed the poor people. The Anti-Corn-Law League, formed in 1839, grew in numbers and strength, but it took the awful famine in Ireland to bring it success. The very year of the famine (1846) Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister and leader of

the Conservatives, carried through bills reducing to a nominal figure the duties on foreign corn, cattle, and various productions. The law came into complete operation in 1849, and Great Britain has ever since been a free-trade country.

On the 10th of February, 1840, the Queen married her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The marriage was what is almost unknown among royal couples—a genuine love match, and the two lived ideally happy lives until the death of the Prince Consort, in December, 1861.

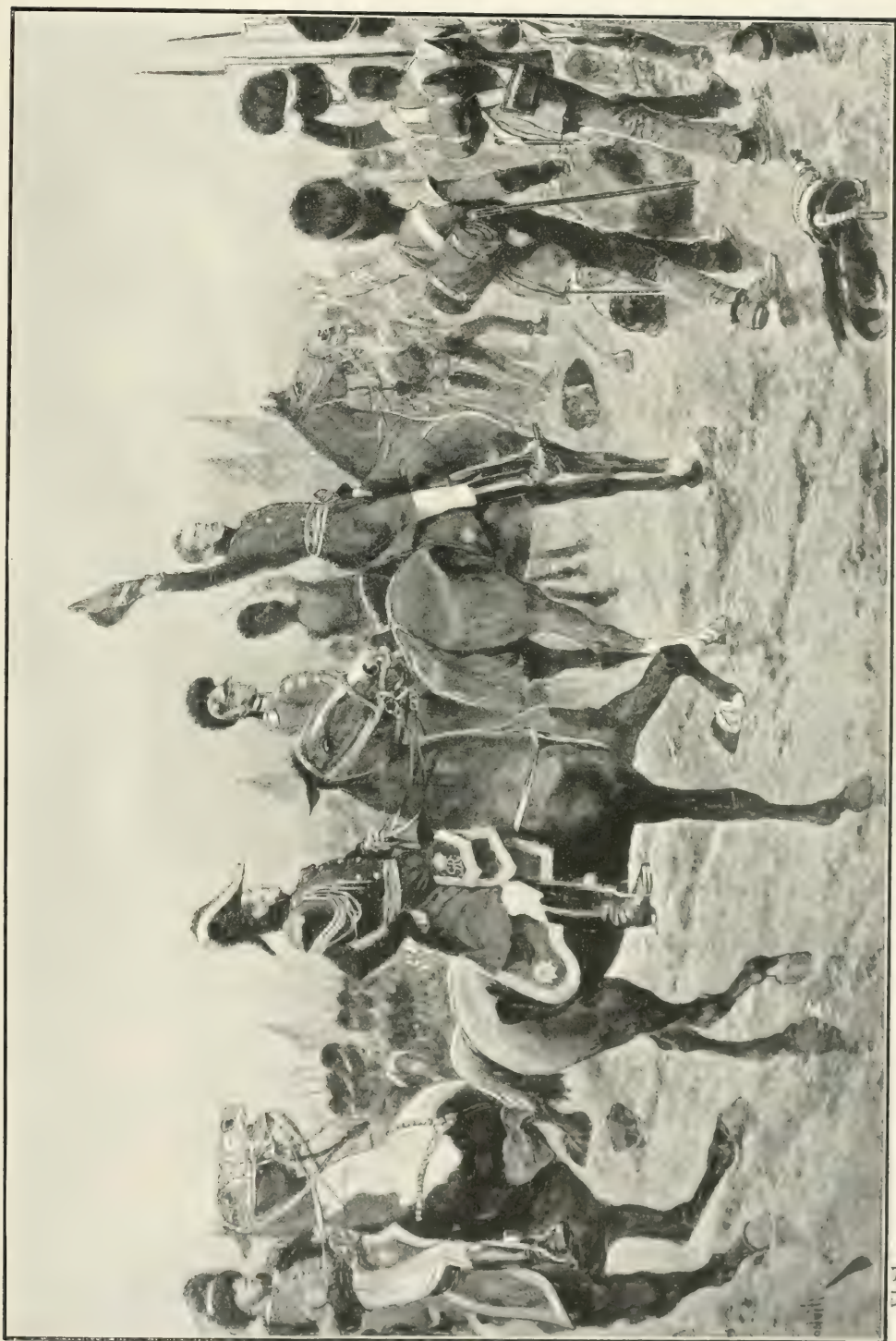
When you think of the King of England, you naturally suppose he has more power than the President of the United States, and yet he has less. If a measure after passing both houses of Congress is submitted to the President, and he dislikes it, he sends it back with a statement of his reasons, and it then requires a two-thirds vote to pass it over his veto. It is in his power to defeat a measure that is preferred by a majority of Congress, and he frequently does so.

Again, the President chooses his own members of the Cabinet. True, he sends the names to the Senate for confirmation, but the political situation must be very remarkable when the Senate is discourteous enough to refuse its approval. Moreover, the President has practically unlimited power in removing any member of his Cabinet. When Victoria became Queen, she accepted the principle that she could not remove the Minister or his Cabinet without the consent of the House of Commons, nor would she venture to keep a Ministry which that body refused to support.

Another custom has acquired the force of law: the sovereign has no veto power whatever. The King or Queen, as it may be, must approve every bill passed by Parliament. As has been said, if the two Houses should agree upon the King's death warrant and send it to him, he must sign it or abdicate.

The "Opium War" in which England engaged in 1839, was disgraceful to her. In the year named the Chinese Emperor forbade the importation of the poisonous drug into that country. England was largely engaged in cultivating opium in India for the Chinese market, and forbade the Emperor to interfere. War followed, with the result that the Chinese were compelled to allow the drug which destroys the bodies and souls of millions, to be brought into their country as before, while the opium planters of India and the English traders reaped a golden harvest in thus violating the sacred rights of a heathen people. A bully does not stop when he merely browbeats his enemy, and Great Britain compelled the opening of Hong Kong and several important ports to British trade, subsequent wars adding others.

The war of 1838 in Afghanistan brought dreadful disasters to the British troops who occupied the country. An uprising of the natives compelled them to retreat from Cabul in 1842, and the troops were annihilated in the mountain



defiles. The following year a war broke out with the Ameers of Sind, and their country was conquered by Sir Charles Napier. The disturbances in the Punjab ended in the annexation of that country in 1849 to the British dominions; while the province of Pegu was wrenched from the Burman Empire and added to the British in 1852, in which year also New Zealand was colonized.

It seems to be the decree of perverse fate that Turkey shall be the bone of contention among the leading Powers. Any disturbance of her government or boundaries must threaten the "balance of power," as it is termed, and the mutual jealousy of those Powers will not permit that. Turkey, therefore, is the intolerable nuisance among nations. She is corrupt, treacherous, and cruel to the last degree, her most cherished amusement being that of massacring Christians. Gladstone well named the Sultan the "Great Assassin," while the "unspeakable Turk" for generations has stood as the type of unbridled ferocity. Well would it be for Christendom could the whole country and its people be sunk to the bottom of the sea; but since that is out of the question, other nations continue to quarrel over her.

Nicholas, Czar of Russia, who had long cast covetous eyes upon Constantinople, thought the time had come, in 1852, for him to take a step toward acquiring that city. His pretext was the restrictions laid by the Sultan upon Christians in Palestine. He demanded that he should be made the protector of Christianity throughout Turkey, and the scheme he proposed would have made St. Petersburg the real capital of the Ottoman Empire.

England and France were quick to scent the danger. Turkey declared war against Russia in 1853, and soon after England and France joined as allies of Turkey. The English campaign was marked by the worst blunders conceivable. While ships laden with provisions and clothing, enough for ten times as many troops, lay within sight of Sebastopol, thousands of the soldiers starved and froze to death in their rags. Hardly one out of ten of those who were sent to the hospitals lived to come out again. Had the death rate continued for a little more than a year, not an English soldier would have been left alive! To Florence Nightingale and her assistants is due the credit of redeeming the unpardonable failure of the nation.

The allied armies triumphed in the end. Russia was forced to give up her demands, and suffered the humiliation of being shut out from the waters of her own Black Sea, where none had dared to dispute her. It cost twenty thousand of the flower of British youth to do this, and the sacrifice left the Turks free to work their wicked will upon eight million Christians, as they have done many a time since.

The Sepoy Mutiny of 1857-58 was one of the most terrible uprisings in history. It was due to several causes, the principal being the belief of the

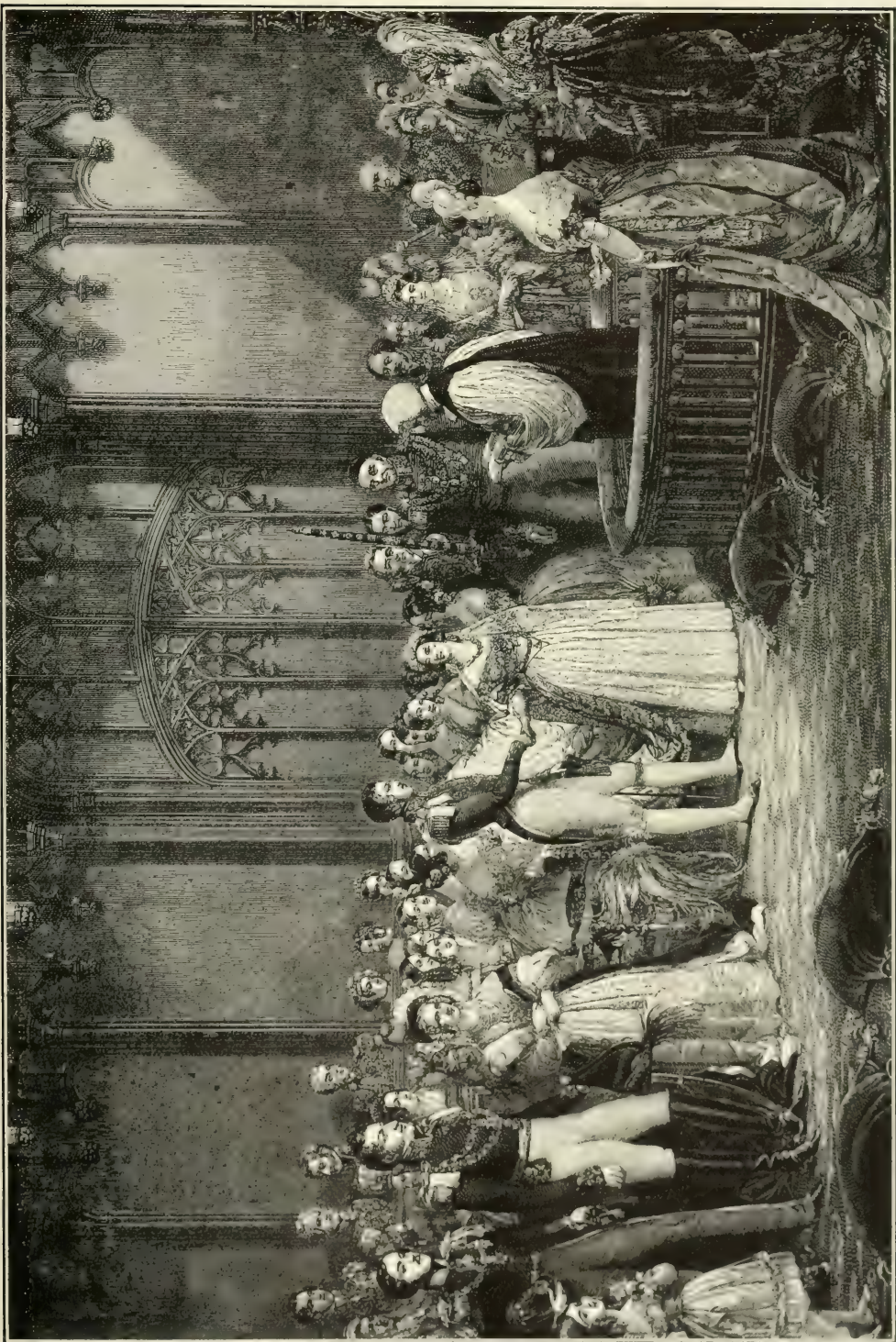
fanatical population that the English were trying to undermine their religion. The native Indian troops were ordered to use cartridges lubricated with hog's grease, and they had at times to hold the cartridges in their teeth. Now everything connected with hog-eating is an unspeakable abomination to the Mussulman and the Hindoo, who are ready at all times to face death for the sake of their faith. The revolt broke out at Meerut in June, 1857, and ran like a prairie fire. The native troops, or Sepoys, were good soldiers, but they turned against their English officers, and cut them down without mercy. The mind can conceive of no more horrifying ferocities than were committed by these fiends upon the helpless women and children, nor can England be blamed for inflicting upon some of them the only punishment they dreaded—that of being blown to pieces at the cannon's mouth, since that made it impossible to give the remains burial.

Scores of thrilling incidents marked the suppression of the Sepoy Mutiny, among which were the two massacres at Cawnpore; the relief of Cawnpore and Lucknow by General Havelock, the Christian soldier; the siege of the Lucknow Residency and its relief by Sir Colin Campbell; the siege of the mutineers at Delhi and its capture by British troops, and the final taking of Lucknow by Lord Clyde in March, 1858.

After the crushing of the revolt all political power was withdrawn from the East India Company, and the country was brought under the direct rule of the British crown. The "Governor-General" became "Viceroy," with a Council, and the supreme power of India was subject to the Secretary of State in England. In 1876, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India.

Let us finish our glance at that part of the world by saying that after many revolts and much strife, England succeeded in placing a friendly ruler at the head of affairs in Afghanistan, and kept him there until his recent death, by the payment of a yearly allowance of \$600,000. In January, 1886, the drunken King of Burmah, who had misused English traders, was ousted and Upper Burmah was annexed to India. In 1887, Russia, which is very jealous of England's growing power in that region, agreed upon a new boundary between Russian territory and Afghanistan, with a view of preserving peace, which has been threatened more than once. Russia, however, continues to edge her way forward, and it is believed by many that the next great war will be kindled in that part of Asia.

It is the proud boast of Great Britain that she gives vigorous protection to all her subjects, no matter how humble they happen to be. Let some Englishman in a remote corner of the world be maltreated by any potentate, and as soon as the news can be carried home a fleet will probably be sent thither and the





offending potentate given the choice of making the most ample reparation or having his cities battered to ruins about him. Theodore, King of Abyssinia, barbarously abused two representatives of England and refused to give satisfaction for just claims against him. War was declared, and, in the autumn of 1867, an army of ten thousand men, under the command of Sir Robert Napier, landed at Massouah. Magdala was conquered the following April, and the death of King Theodore followed. The repairing of the wrong done her two representatives cost England \$44,895,000.

In the spring of 1861 the American War for the Union, the most tremendous struggle of modern times, broke out and lasted four years. You do not need to be reminded that Napoleon, Emperor of France, was one of the most malignant enemies of the Union, and that Queen Victoria was one of its warmest friends. While Great Britain showed an enmity wholly unjustifiable, and gave great assistance to the Southern Confederacy, the Queen and the Prince Consort never wavered in their friendliness. The affair of the *Trent*, at the beginning of the war, would have brought us in armed collision with Great Britain had not Secretary Seward withdrawn from the wrong position he had taken, and had not the Queen done her utmost to soothe the anger of her countrymen. It is worth remembering that Lord John Russell, Foreign Secretary, Lord Brougham, Carlyle, Ruskin, the *London Times*, and *Punch*, all took the part of the South, and even Gladstone declared that Jefferson Davis had founded a new nation.

Hon. Abram Hewitt, formerly Mayor of New York, has publicly stated that in 1862, while on a confidential mission for our government to England and France, Minister Dayton asked him to leave for London at once to notify Minister Adams that Napoleon III. had proposed to the British government to recognize the Southern Confederacy. There was imminent danger that England would join in such recognition, and Hewitt made all haste to London. Lord John Russell was so evasive that Minister Adams demanded the privilege of seeing the Queen, for it was evident to him that something of the most momentous importance was on foot. It was an unusual privilege that was asked, but Mr. Adams went to Windsor, where he saw the Queen personally. He laid the case before her, and appealed against so monstrous a wrong, declaring that it would produce universal war, for the United States would fight the whole world rather than give up the Union. In the presence of Prince Albert the Queen said:

"Mr. Adams, give yourself no concern; my government will not recognize the Confederacy."

"The Queen was the friend of peace," said Mr. Hewitt; "she was the friend of the United States; and it is a debt of gratitude, which can never be

discharged by any amount of homage which we Americans can bring and offer upon the tomb of this great sovereign and this good woman."

The Reform Bill of 1832 was a great stride forward, but for years a sentiment had been growing, that it fell short of its purpose. Other advances came, as usual, very slowly. In 1835, taxpayers in most of the cities were given control of municipal elections, and later the ballot in local affairs was extended to some women. Suffrage to single women and widows, who were householders, was granted in 1869, and the next year they were empowered to vote at school elections and serve as members of school boards.

Down to 1858 the Jews were shut out from Parliament by the provision that they should make oath "on the faith of a Christian." This law was so changed that Baron Rothschild, the famous Jewish banker, was able to take his seat among the legislators of the country. Disraeli, leader of the Conservative party, carried through a Reform Bill, in 1867, which gave the right to vote to every householder who paid a tax for the support of the poor, and to all lodgers paying a rental of \$50 yearly. In 1886, under the Liberal ministry of Gladstone, a third Reform Bill gave all the residents of counties in the United Kingdom the same right to vote, as was held by those in towns.

The two ministers just mentioned, Disraeli and Gladstone, were, during most of this period, the great parliamentary leaders of England. Disraeli first entered Parliament as a free-lance, attached to no party. His tone, however, was antagonistic to the Liberals, and at his first attempt to make a speech they howled him down, breaking in on his effort with cat-calls and laughter. At last he stopped in anger and shouted high above the din: "I have begun many things, many times, and have generally succeeded in the end. I sit down now; but the time will come when you will hear me."

The bold boast came true. Disraeli united with the Conservatives and became their leader, the most brilliant and sarcastic of their orators, the pride of his friends, the dread and scourge of his too-confident adversaries. He was made Lord Beaconsfield, and was through two administrations Prime Minister of England. He died in 1881.

A system of public schools was established throughout the kingdom in 1870. Since they were under the direction of a government board, they were known as "Board Schools." This system makes elementary instruction compulsory, the expense being so slight that it is within the means of the poorest. The next year the universities and colleges were thrown open to all of whatever religious belief. Previous to this no one was graduated from Oxford or Cambridge unless he subscribed to the doctrines of the Church of England.

Ireland had long been in a woful condition. Most of the valuable land was owned by Englishmen, whose ancestors had obtained it through the wholesale



confiscation by the conquerors of the country. They preferred to live in England, and employed overseers to wring every penny possible out of the tenants. If the latter improved the land and raised better and larger crops, their rent was increased, so that they had no inducement to better their condition. Mr. Gladstone, while Prime Minister and head of the Liberal party, introduced a bill in 1870 for the relief of the Irish peasantry. It provided that if a landlord ejected a tenant he should pay him for damages, and allow him for whatever improvements he had made. Arbitration was secured for the settlement of disputes between landlords and tenants. A Land Commission was formed with the power to reduce rents when advisable, and fixing the rent for a number of years. Still later a Land Purchase Commission was organized to assist tenants to buy their farms by a loan under easy conditions of payment. These measures were part of a general movement of agrarian reconstruction of Ireland, in which both Conservative and Liberal governments assisted. All this time the peasantry, aided by the Land League, kept up a determined struggle against some of the hated landlords, and Coercion Acts were passed, one of the most drastic being under Gladstone's administration. The Irish League had a membership of several hundred thousand, who resorted to "boycotting" (so-called from an overseer named Boycott), burned buildings belonging to landlords and their agents, mutilated horses and cattle, and killed a number of the most obnoxious agents. Their rallying cry was "Death to Landlords! No Rent!" Many tenants refused to pay for the lands they held, and assaulted those who did. Finally the government suppressed the Land League, which was looked upon as responsible for these outrages, but the embers of the fire still smouldered, ready to burst forth at the first opportunity.

The Second Irish Land Act was carried through by Mr. Gladstone, in 1881, and was popularly known as the "Three F's"—Fair rent, Fixity-of-tenure, and Free-sale. It gave the tenant the right to appeal to a board of land commissioners, appointed to fix the rate of his rent, when the demands of the landlord were unreasonable. Provided he paid the rate fixed, he was allowed to hold the land for fifteen years, during which the rent could not be increased, nor could the tenant be evicted, except for violation of the agreement or continued neglect of the land. Finally, he was at liberty to sell his tenancy whenever he chose.

After the Second Land Act had become law, Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary of Ireland, and Mr. Burke, a leading government official, were assassinated in Phoenix Park, Dublin, after which the members of different secret societies made use of the fearful explosive, dynamite, in perpetrating outrages in London and elsewhere. These crimes were denounced by the chiefs of the Irish National Party, who demanded Home Rule, under the lead of

Charles S. Parnell, "the uncrowned king of Ireland," a member of Parliament. In 1886, Gladstone brought in a bill for the establishment of an Irish Parliament, but it was defeated. On his return to power, in 1893, he introduced a similar measure, which was carried through the Commons, but all his masterful eloquence could not save it from defeat in the House of Lords.

Then, indeed, there were exciting times in England. Gladstone talked seriously of bringing in a bill to abolish the House of Lords. Finding, however, that many of his party were unwilling to follow him in such an extreme measure, and being sick and exhausted with struggle, he resigned from power in 1894. His death followed in 1898. He is admitted by all parties to have been the greatest English statesman since Pitt, and, perhaps, the ablest debater who ever appeared in Parliament.

Queen Victoria held so prominent a place among the world's rulers that you will be interested in learning more about her than has been told in the preceding pages.

When she was born in the apartments of her father, the Duke of Kent, in Kensington Palace, her godfathers were the Emperor Alexander of Russia and her uncle, the Prince Regent, who was afterward George IV. Her father seemed to believe from the first that she would come to the throne of England, and wished her to be named Elizabeth, probably because he hoped her reign would rival in splendor that of the great queen. The Prince Regent wanted her to be called Georgianna, and when the Archbishop of Canterbury asked him at the font what the child's name was to be he replied, "Alexandrina"—the feminine form of the Czar's name. The Duke of Kent begged that some other name might be added, whereupon his eldest brother said: "Then give her the name of her mother also, but it may not precede that of the Emperor." Thus it was that she received the name of Alexandrina Victoria.

Her father died from a chill before she was a year old, but her mother, the Duchess of Kent, lived to see her become queen and the mother of a large family. She was educated with the utmost care, and, as you know, grew to be one of the most admirable of women, so truly religious and pure in her life that never was the slightest whisper of scandal connected with her name, though she lived for more than three-score years in the "fierce light" that beats upon a throne. From the very beginning of her reign the court life of England underwent a radical change. Referring to the purer and higher tone that prevailed in royal circles under Victoria, the London *Times* said:

"It is hard to overstate, for example, the effect of such a purification of the court as her reign has witnessed: one may perhaps measure it by imagining what would have happened to England had the reign of Carlton House (George IV.) lasted for sixty years, and the reign of Buckingham Palace, of Balmoral



and of Osborne not existed at all. By a similar test, we can roughly measure the political value of such a character, such a career, such a temper as the Queen's. Imagine a long continuance in power of any of Her Majesty's uncles, even of William IV., the most kindly of them all. A long reign of such a kind in times so critical as those from 1840 to 1870 would have been a grave misfortune."

One day in winter when the young Queen and her husband were riding in an open carriage up Constitution Hill, accompanied by their usual attendants, a young man suddenly aimed a pistol at her and pulled the trigger, but missed. Before he could be prevented, he drew a second weapon, fired, and again missed. At this juncture he was seized, disarmed, and handed over to the police. He made no resistance, and at the police station described himself as Edward Oxford, a barman. He was sentenced to imprisonment "during the Queen's pleasure," but it appearing afterward that he was insane, he was released and went to Australia.

The first child born to the Queen, November 13, 1840, was the Princess Royal, Victoria Adelaide, who became the wife of the Emperor Frederick of Germany. Four days less than a year later Albert Edward, who was to be Edward VII., was born. The remaining children were Alice Maud Mary, Grand Duchess of Hesse (1843); Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Duke of Edinburgh (1844); Helena, Princess Christian (1846); Louise, Duchess of Argyll (1848); Arthur, Duke of Connaught (1850); Leopold, Duke of Albany (1853); Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore (1857).

There was great rejoicing over the birth of the Prince of Wales. The Queen directed that convicts who had behaved well should have their sentences commuted, and she issued a patent creating the month-old baby, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. He was already Duke of Saxony, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Great Steward of Scotland. The principal guest at the young prince's christening was the King of Prussia, who stood sponsor. The Prince married Princess Alexandra, of Denmark, on March 10, 1863.

In the year 1842 the agitation over the repeal of the Corn Laws was growing. There was rioting in the mining districts, and fear of a Chartist uprising. The Queen opened Parliament in person, and read the speech from the throne. To relieve the distress in London, she gave a great fancy ball, hoping thereby to stimulate trade. It was famous as the Plantagenet ball, the Queen appearing as Philippa, consort of Edward III., and the Prince Consort as Edward III. Although the West End traders were helped, the sufferers at the other end of London felt no benefits.

About this time two further attempts were made on the Queen's life. As

she was driving down Constitution Hill a man named John Francis fired a pistol at her, but the weapon was dashed up by a policeman who saw it drawn. Her Majesty and her husband, as in the former instance, remained cool, and appeared at the opera that night. Francis was tried for high treason and sentenced to death. The Queen made the mistake committed by more than one sovereign, of reprieving the assassin. She was rewarded the following Sunday by a similar attempt by William Bean, a druggist's assistant, but his pistol missed fire. It seems to take sovereigns a long while to learn that all leniency in such cases is worse than thrown away, for it encourages anarchists and morbid seekers after notoriety. A bill introduced by Sir Robert Peel, which became law, made all attempts on the Queen's life high misdemeanors, punishable by transportation for seven years, or imprisonment, with or without hard labor, the culprit to be whipped publicly or privately not more than three times.

The Queen made her first visit to Scotland, of which she was fond, in 1842, and was greeted everywhere with great enthusiasm. Later she and the Prince Consort went to France, and were received with much ceremony by King Louis Philippe. It was the first time that an English monarch had gone thither since the Field of the Cloth of Gold, when Henry VIII. met the French sovereign.

In 1848, Louis Philippe, who had received the Queen with so much pomp and spendor, presented himself in England under the name of plain "John Smith," being a fugitive from the uprising in his own country. Although hospitable to the exiled King and Queen, Victoria held that the actual government should be recognized.

In May, 1848, William Hamilton fired a pistol at the Queen, but missed. He narrowly escaped lynching. He was tried and sentenced to transportation for seven years. The same year saw the Queen's first visit to Ireland. She and her husband were greeted with such wild enthusiasm by the impulsive people, that at Dublin she caught the contagion, and, before any one could interfere, climbed the paddle box unaided and excitedly waved her handkerchief to the cheering thousands on shore.

In 1850, soon after the birth of Prince Arthur, Lieutenant Pate, a coxcomb, struck at the Queen with his cane as she was leaving Cambridge House. Her face was bruised, but her bonnet saved her from serious injury. As usual, the plea of insanity was set up and all the punishment he received was the regulation seven years.

The principal domestic event of 1851 was the opening of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, which proved the beginning of the world's fairs that have been held so many times in different countries. The Queen shared with all England the sorrow over the death of the Duke of Wellington, which took place in 1852.



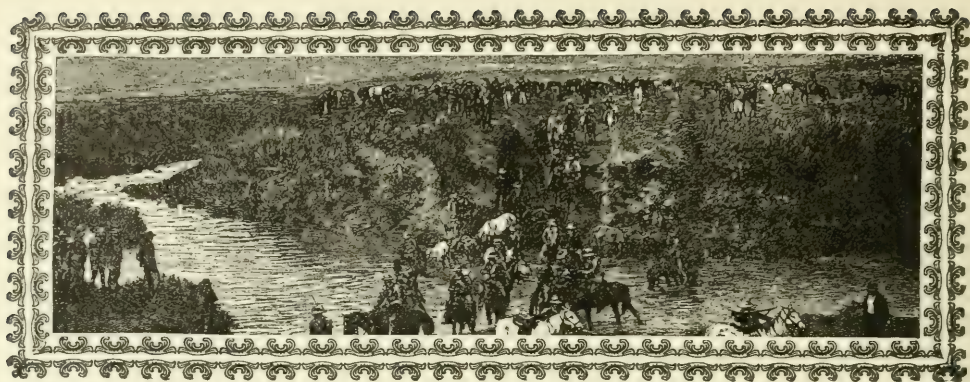
Prince Albert, who had been in poor health for some time, died December 14, 1861. One of his last public acts was to urge Lord Russell to adopt a more friendly attitude toward the United States over the *Trent* affair. His last words to the Queen were, "Good little wife," spoken in German. Every one sympathized with the sovereign, left thus a widow at the age of forty-two. No wife ever mourned more sincerely the death of her husband, and the Queen never fully emerged from the seclusion to which she retired for a time. She married off her children, and gave several hours daily to her official duties; but her grief was too profound ever wholly to leave her.

In 1887 occurred the jubilee of the Queen's accession to the throne. London swarmed with visitors, and many princes took part in the procession to Westminster Abbey. Ten years later, the celebration of her Diamond Jubilee was still more imposing. On June 21st—the right day being Sunday—the Queen went to St. Paul's in great state to return thanks on the completion of the sixtieth year of her reign. Later she held a state reception at Buckingham Palace surrounded by all the great dignitaries of the realm. The enthusiasm, sympathy, and affection were so marked that the Queen was visibly affected. Before she left the palace she telegraphed the message to all parts of the Empire: "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them." The great feature of the jubilee was the review of twenty-five miles of warships by the Prince of Wales.

The dearest wish of Victoria's heart was that her closing years should not be disturbed by war, but her prayer was not to be granted. The conflict in South Africa came. She was strongly opposed to it, but could not stay the sentiment in its favor. It depressed and made her melancholy, and her sadness continued till her death, which took place January 22, 1901. Her reign was the longest in English history. From her accession until her death she was in the possession of her faculties, and the real Queen throughout the period, which stretched over almost sixty-four years. It is but simple truth to say that she was mourned not only by Great Britain and all Europe, but by all Christendom; and the honors paid to her memory have never been surpassed by any given to a dead sovereign.



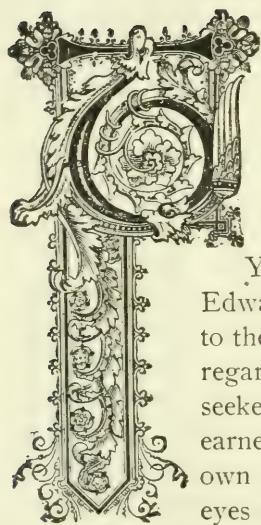
ENGLISH ENTRENCHMENTS AT MAFEKING



THE BOERS RETREATING ACROSS THE KLIP RIVER

Chapter CXVIII

EDWARD VII



HE new sovereign who succeeded the aged and venerated Victoria was her son Albert Edward, who selected as his reigning title the name of Edward VII. He was a man already nearly sixty years of age, so that his reign was necessarily a short one. It lasted a little over nine years, terminating with his death in 1910.

Yet even this short period was sufficient to endear King Edward very deeply to his subjects. His earlier life as heir to the throne had not wholly pleased his people, many of whom regarded him as a somewhat idle and even cynical pleasure-seeker. But he assumed the duties of his kingship with a calm earnestness and power which did much to elevate not only his own dignity among his people but also that of England in the eyes of the world. Toward the close of his reign, it became the common boast of Englishmen that, whereas the political center of Europe had been in Paris before the Franco-German War and had then shifted to Berlin, that now this "diplomatic capital," this chief seat of man's government of the universe, lay in London.

Much of the credit for this shifting of the center of power was due to King Edward's wise diplomacy, his urbane visits to other capitals. He became noted throughout Europe as the strongest advocate of universal peace. Yet he was equally strong as an upbuilder of England's alliances and England's empire. When he entered upon his reign, his country stood isolated in Europe, opposed and suspected upon every side; at swords points with every other



power. Before King Edward passed away, England was linked in cordial alliance with France, and in closest bonds of sympathy with the United States. She had made treaties of agreement with all the little northern states of Europe and most of those along the Mediterranean. She had even formed a close friendship with far-off Japan, and at the same time healed the ancient British quarrel with Russia over Asiatic empire. Only with Germany did England still stand at odds; and Germany seemed left almost alone, excluded from this wide circle of Great Britain's friends.

Edward's reign therefore was chiefly notable for its peace and power abroad. But it witnessed also a considerable expansion and a very striking consolidation of the colonial power of the British Empire. And its closing years were momentous with tense political struggles at home.

Through all these movements, let us remember, King Edward was the nominal but scarce the actual leader of the nation. In England far more power is held by the Prime Minister than by the sovereign whom he nominally "advises." Of these real rulers over the destinies of the British Empire there were four during King Edward's reign. The Prime Minister when Victoria died was Lord Salisbury, a veteran statesman who as leader of the Conservative party had held the helm of state for fifteen years. Soon after the King's succession Lord Salisbury resigned from office because of age, and died shortly after. He was succeeded by another member of his own party, Mr. Arthur Balfour, who held office until the close of 1905, when the Conservatives were driven from power and the Liberals secured control of the government. Their Prime Minister was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannermann, "C.B.," as both friends and enemies denominated him "for short." Sir Henry died in 1908, resigning his place only when utterly worn out with its arduous labors, and expiring within three weeks afterward. His successor, selected by him as the ablest of the Liberal party to carry on his work, was Mr. Herbert Asquith.

The chief difficulty confronting the country at the opening of the reign was the exhaustive and ill-managed "Boer War" in Africa. This had begun in 1899 and sadly embittered the last years of the aged Victoria, "the good queen." The main army of the Boers was crushed at Paardeburg in February, 1900, and England declared that the war was over. The Boers, however, failed to see matters in that light, and during the first year of King Edward's reign kept up a guerrilla warfare terribly expensive to England. The Boer horsemen swept over the country at great speed, attacking small British posts, ambushing convoys and capturing supplies. Then England adopted stern measures. The Boer farms were burned, their inhabitants gathered in prison camps, and the country made a desert. Finally the Boers consented to arrange

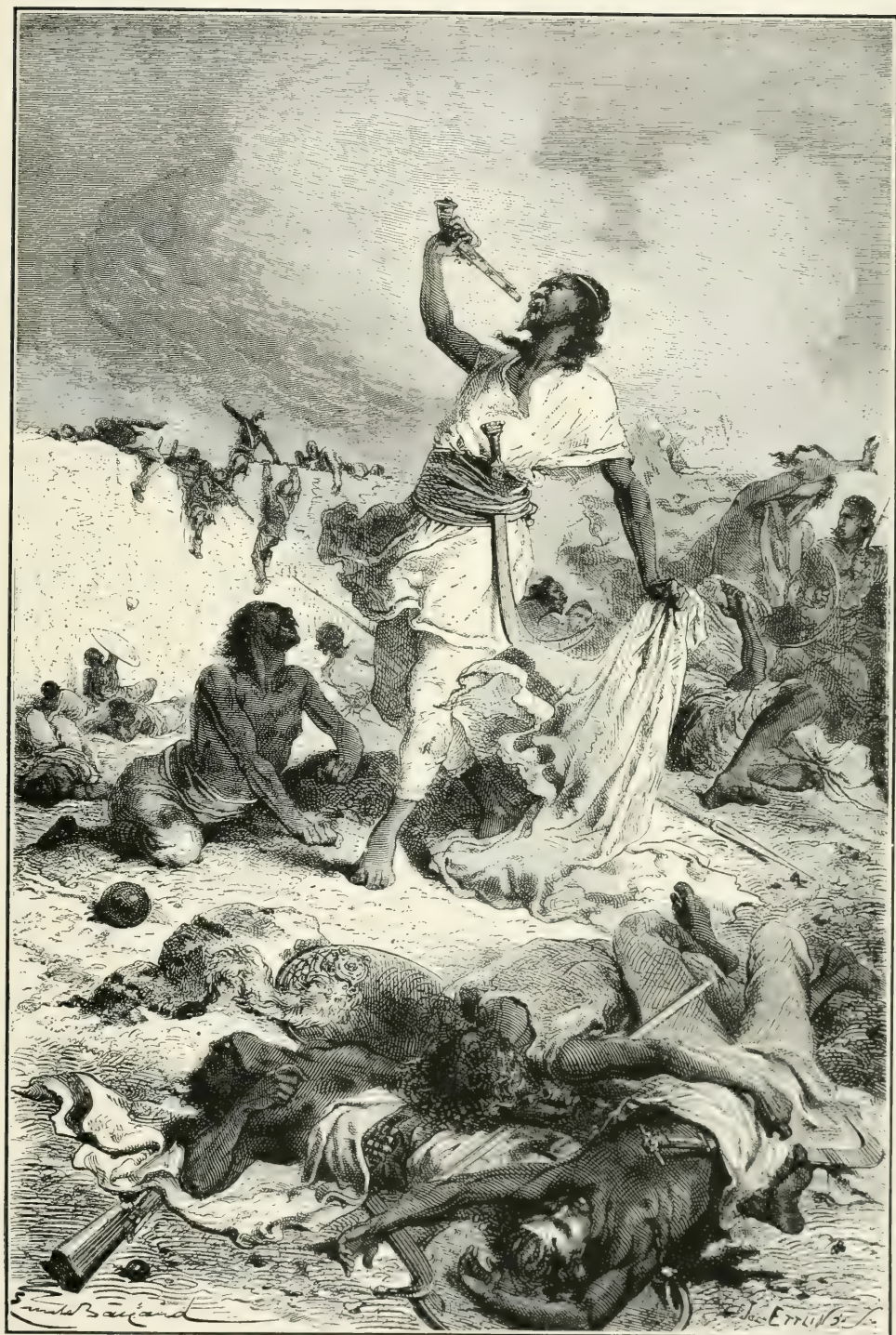
a peace, and the terms were agreed to May 31, 1902. Both the Transvaal and the Orange Free State became permanent portions of the British Empire, subject to all its laws.

The cost to England of this grim war had been enormous. Moreover, there were serious scandals involved, charges against high officials of having made fortunes out of the mismanagement of war supplies. The Conservative party which had directed the war, as it had directed all things in England for over fifteen years, was seriously discredited, and the aged and outworn Prime-Minister Lord Salisbury resigned and handed down the burden of his office to Mr. Balfour.

All England was at this time full of activity preparing for King Edward's formal coronation. This he had wisely delayed until the costly Boer War was over. Now its date was set for June in 1902. But just as everybody and everything was prepared at high expense for the elaborate and costly ceremonial, the King was stricken with appendicitis. His life was saved by an operation which was performed just two days before his intended coronation; but not until weeks later was his health sufficiently restored to enable him to re-undertake the postponed ceremonies.

Thus Edward was not formally crowned until August 9, 1902, over a year and a half after his accession to his high position. An addition to the kingly formula of titles was made for the occasion; so that Edward was the first of British sovereigns to be hailed as "King of the British dominions beyond the Seas." The full title given him was "Edward VII, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

The returning power and influence of England abroad was already shown in this year by the appeal which came to King Edward from farthest South America that he would act as arbiter to establish the disputed boundary lines between Chile and the Argentine Republic. Also this was the year of England's celebrated treaty with Japan which pledged each country to support the other if attacked by more than a single foe in Asia. This treaty made possible Japan's successful war against Russia, and this checked Russia's swift advance in Asia and gave opportunity for the development of England's power there. She began to extend her authority over southern Persia, and undertook an advance on the distant unknown land of Thibet, the last secret center of ancient Asia. In 1904 a military expedition under Colonel Younghusband fought its way into Thibet and took temporary possession of Lhasa, its capital. Thus, while the land nominally belonged to China, Great Britain established a sort of protectorship over it, to keep this heart of Asia from the clutch of the Russian bear.



In 1904 England also made an alliance with France, or perhaps we should not use the formal word alliance but adopt the vague French phrase by which France denominated the agreement as the "Entente Cordiale." King Edward visited France and was made much of by its people, while the working heads of the two governments pledged their nations to harmonious movements in north Africa, where alone their colonial possessions could cause conflict. By this Entente Cordiale England became positively assured of control over Egypt and the Soudan.

But while England's prestige was thus increasing abroad she was entering troublous political times at home. The discontent of the lower classes at the rule of the aristocratic Conservative party was growing more pronounced. Taxes were mounting swiftly; and Mr. Balfour in 1902 established an "Education Law" which gave wide offense by increasing the religious control over schools and at the same time increasing their expense. Then in 1903 there came a break within the Conservative party itself. Its most important leader after the Prime Minister was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. He had long devoted himself to the traditional Conservative doctrine of strengthening England's foreign empire by establishing harmony with its colonial peoples in those many "Dominions beyond the Seas." The chief of these colonies had come forward with a proposition that they would welcome English manufactures to their shores, by charging a lower rate of duty on English goods than on those of foreign manufacture. In return they asked England to meet them half way by admitting their products to England at a "preferential duty," that is, at a lower rate than other imports were taxed. Mr. Chamberlain was very eager that this trading union throughout the Empire should be established, so as to bind it more closely together. The difficulty lay in the fact that for generations England had been a "free trade" country, that is, all goods from every land had been admitted practically freely to her ports, so that her people could buy supplies from whatever land would sell them cheapest. Of course there could not be "preferential duties" for the colonies, unless there were taxes on the importing of goods from other countries. Hence this proposition was really one to abandon England's "free trade" policy and adopt one of "tariff" or taxing of imports.

In a noted speech delivered in May, 1903, Mr. Chamberlain came boldly forward in support of this "tariff" policy. His speech split his party in twain. Few Englishmen were prepared for so radical a departure from tradition; and all men felt that it would increase the cost of goods purchased by the poor, and so throw the burden of governmental expense upon those least able to bear it. On the other hand many hoped that the colonial union would bring such prosperity to England as would more than offset the added cost of living.

The Prime Minister, while partly approving Mr. Chamberlain's ideas, refused to accept them as incorporated in the Conservative party's policy. Thus he managed to keep his party in power for yet another two years. But the ever-increasing expenditures, the offensive "Education Law," and the fear of this new "tariff" policy, had so dissatisfied the people that every one saw the Liberals would drive the Conservatives from power at the next election.

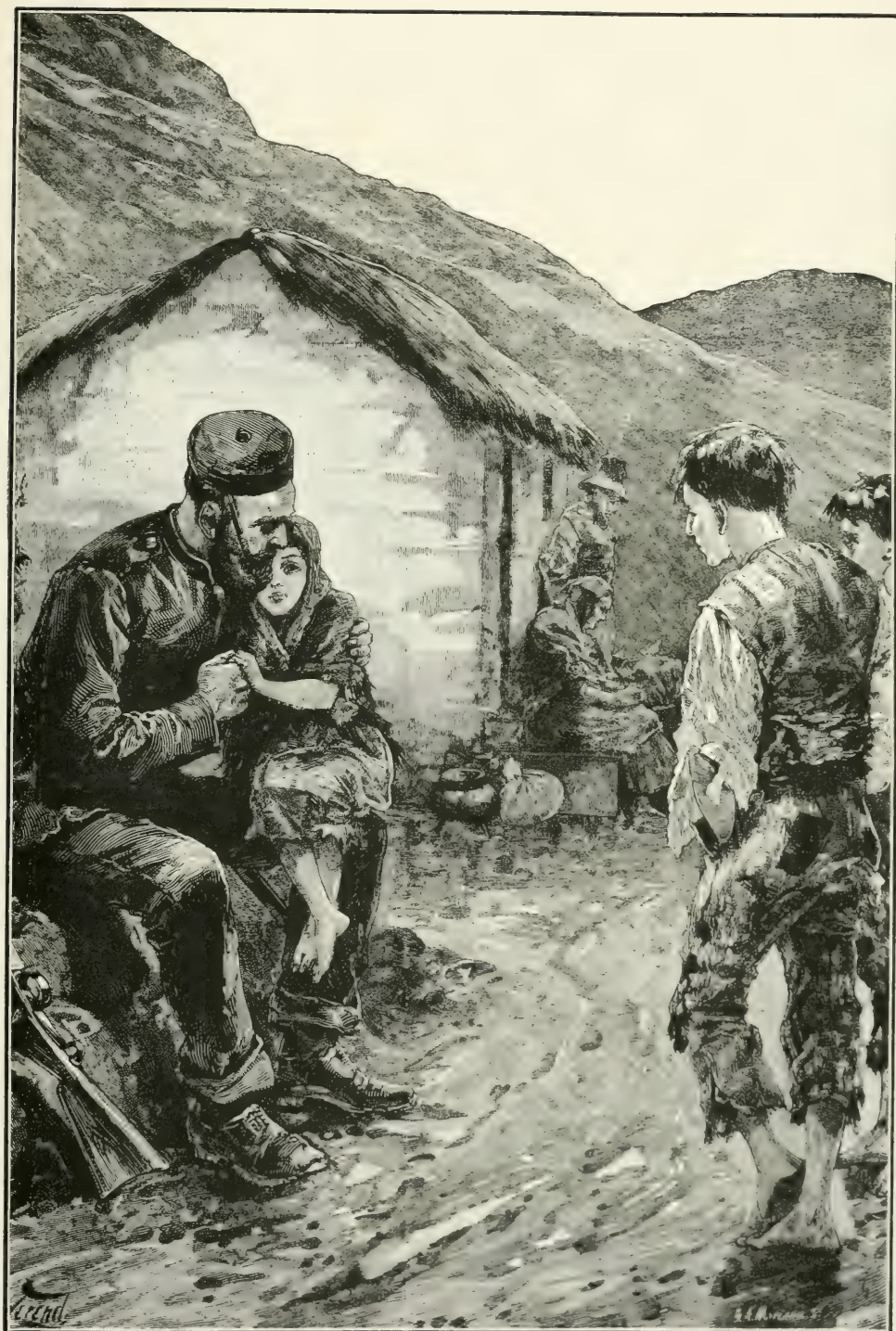
In England new parliaments can be elected at any time, and must be elected after one had lasted seven years. Such a seven year election was due in 1906. So toward the close of 1905 Mr. Balfour resigned the Prime Ministership and was succeeded by the leading Liberal statesman Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. "C.B." promptly called a new election. It took place in January, 1906, and resulted in a parliament having an overwhelming Liberal majority. Never had such a complete overthrow of the party previously in power been seen in England.

Thus in 1906 began the second half of King Edward's reign, a period of "Liberal" control, in marked opposition to the long established Conservative régime. The Liberals had been driven out of power twenty years before, because their great leader, Mr. Gladstone, had insisted on giving Ireland "Home Rule," a government of its own. His party had split upon that issue and all the Liberal-Unionists, that is, those who insisted on the continued union of England and Ireland, had joined the Conservatives and defeated Mr. Gladstone. His policy of Home Rule was still part of the Liberal platform of the new generation, though it was no longer their leading purpose.

Their main thought was the reducing of the enormous cost of government, the furnishing of relief to the poor. Indeed this new parliament was the most democratic, the most nearly a "people's parliament," that England had ever known. It even contained fifty-five Labor members, men deliberately elected on a "Labor" ticket to assert the desires of the poor against the rich; and the most prominent man of this new party, John Burns, was taken into Bannerman's cabinet of advisers to represent the labor sentiment. Burns became an important influence in the administration.

The first noteworthy bill taken up by the Liberals was one to undo the "Education Act" of 1902, which had so antagonized public sentiment. This new "Education Bill" aimed to remove religious restrictions from the schools. It was passed by a large majority in the lower branch of Parliament, the House of Commons, but was rejected by the Lords. Thus was struck at once the first note in a momentous struggle the echoes of which have not yet died away and which has already profoundly influenced England.

The English House of Lords is not elected by the people; it consists of the hereditary aristocracy of England and thus remains unchanged through



all elections. Its members seldom take an active part in legislation; indeed as a rule out of over six hundred nobles whose rank entitles them to a seat in the House only a very small percentage ever attend its sessions. As a body the Lords are naturally Conservative, overwhelmingly so. Hence, when the Conservatives are in power in the House of Commons the Lords are content to leave all legislation in their hands. But when the Liberals rule the lower House they are constantly opposed by the Conservative Lords. The practice in England has long been, that when the Lords refuse to pass a measure insisted upon by the Commons the Prime Minister calls a new election, and if the new House of Commons passes the bill a second time it becomes a law. Gladstone had long protested against the injustice this did the Liberals. It enabled the Conservatives to remain always in undisturbed power for a full seven years' parliament. While it never gave the Liberals a chance to formulate their policies, because on each important bill they had to dissolve their parliament, go through the tumult of an election, and thus after long waiting, begin work again with other members. Gladstone had sounded the note of warning, the threat that his party would abolish the hereditary House of Lords; but he had just before his death withdrawn from power sooner than undertake so bitter a strife. Now it flared up anew.

Prime Minister Bannerman abandoned his "Education Bill" sooner than go at once to another election. But he called the people to witness the injustice done them, and he passed a resolution through the House of Commons that his party would definitely undertake the limiting of the power of the Lords. The Lords took the hint and began some reforms within their own body for the purpose of moderating its overwhelming Conservatism and justifying it in the eyes of the people.

Thus there was a momentary truce in the great struggle, and the Liberals were allowed to pass some of their desired laws, though even these they had to tone down to satisfy the Lords. Mainly these laws were meant to help the poor. They protected laborers, assured them compensation for accidents, and, finally and most notably committed England to the system of "old age pensions." An extremely important law, passed in 1908, granted a pension to every impoverished person over seventy. This added a new and heavy expense to government.

Meanwhile the cause of imperialism, aided by King Edward, moved onward quite as rapidly under the Liberals as it had under the more vehemently "imperial" Conservatives. In 1907, at the great "Peace Conference" held at The Hague, England had become clearly a leader among the European states. She was opposed only by Germany, which sternly refused to adopt any policy of disarmament or the mutual reduction of armies and navies among the

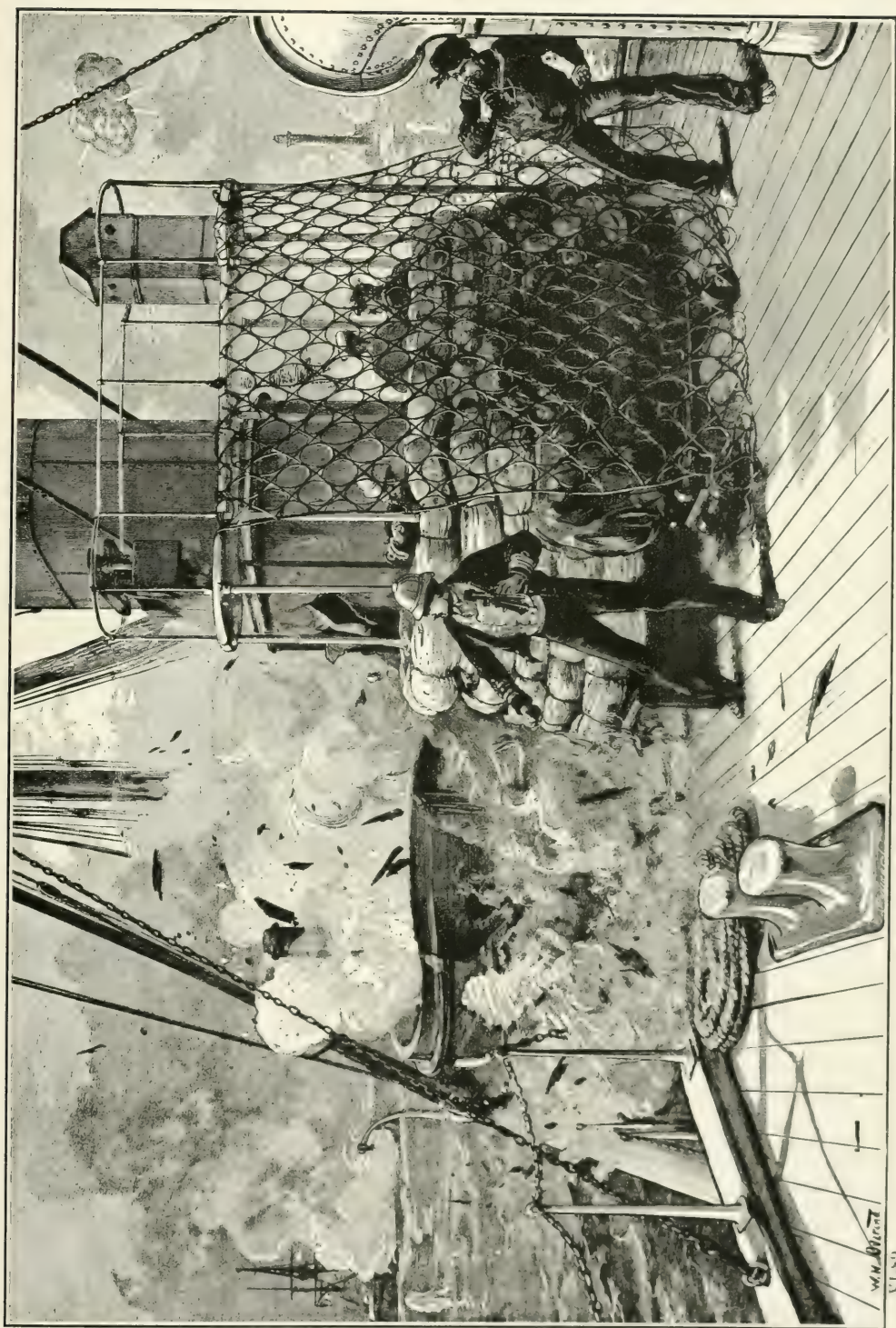
nations. This roused such suspicion of Germany among Englishmen that "war scares" have since been frequent. The English widely believe that Germany only awaits a fitting opportunity to invade their island; and a war play showing how easily Germany could do this created such a fervor in England as to result in a complete re-organization of the army and a rapid enlargement of the navy.

Moreover, the British government became more and more conciliatory toward other nations than Germany. With Russia, chastened by her own disastrous Japanese war, England made a treaty which definitely divided their Asiatic "spheres of influence" wherever the two empires approached each other, whether in Persia, Afghanistan or Thibet. Thus the old English bugaboo of an Asiatic war with Russia over India has been quite laid aside.

With the United States also England became more than liberal. When, some years before, the two countries had disputed over Venezuela, the attitude on both sides had been hard and suspicious. Now a far more serious question arose between the two as to the boundary between Alaska and Canada. This had become important because of the gold discoveries. The tracts of land involved were both extensive and valuable. Canada was sure she was right and talked in most warlike tones. England, however, insisted on an arbitration commission. This consisted of two United States members, two Canadians, and one Englishman; and its award, given by the deciding vote of the English commissioner, confirmed the claims of the United States in almost every point. A further treaty in 1909 settled amicably every issue that could be raised as to any part of the boundaries between Canada and our own possessions. Still more recently when a fishery dispute arose between our government and Newfoundland, the English authorities expressed regret that their Newfoundland colonists would not be more reasonable. In many other matters also England has of late displayed this strong desire to be courteous and generous to us, as well as just.

With her own colonies, though the Liberals refused them the "preferential tariff" Mr. Chamberlain had urged, England increased her influence during these years. The various colonies in Australia had in the last year of Victoria's reign united into a single firmly founded commonwealth. Now those in southern Africa were urged to do the same. The conquered Boer states had been granted something approaching to self-government as early as 1905. More and more freedom was allowed them. A union of the various colonies upon an equal footing was planned, discussed, and finally established. In September of 1909 South Africa became, like Australia, a single self-governing state.

Prime Minister Bannerman did not live to see this happy consummation



of the disastrous South African war. He died in April, 1908, and his place as England's chief was taken by his lieutenant, Mr. Herbert Asquith. Under Asquith the Liberals' strife against the Lords flared up again.

In getting his "official family," his cabinet, around him Mr. Asquith selected as "Chancellor of the Exchequer," the controller of England's finances, Mr. David Lloyd-George, a Welsh statesman, vigorous and powerful, and inclined, as many of the Liberals were, toward Labor or even Socialistic principles. The work of Lloyd-George became the storm center of the renewed struggle. When he, in the spring of 1909, presented to parliament his "budget" of England's expenses and how to meet them for the following year, pandemonium broke loose. All sides had recognized the fact that Mr. George was facing a difficult task. The Liberals had been struggling for economy, but universal public sentiment had forced upon them two items of tremendous expense, the old age pensions and the great enlargement of the navy. Increased expenses must obviously be met by increasing the income; but the people were already taxed almost to the breaking point. Lloyd-George proposed as the chief sources of increased revenue a tax on liquors and a heavy enlargement of the taxes on incomes and on inheritances. These two latter items were to be raised, in the case of large fortunes, as high as six per cent. on incomes and fifteen per cent. on inheritances. These two taxes would fall of course upon the wealthy, which was just where the resolute Chancellor of the Exchequer meant them to fall; but the wealthy classes themselves, the Conservative aristocracy, protested vehemently. They declared that this would amount almost to confiscation of their property, it was legislation against one class in favor of another, it was forcing them to foot all the bills for the pensions of the poor, it was "socialism," it was everything wicked and impossible.

The House of Commons after long and bitter argument passed the bill; because after all the money had to come from somewhere. But the Conservative Lords declared their vehement intention to reject the entire proposition. This was a specially defiant attitude on their part; because one of Britain's oldest traditions was that the Lords were never to interfere with a "money" bill. Finances had always been under the undisputed control of the House of Commons. But the Lords declared this was not really a money bill, but under that guise was introducing new principles of government, "socialism" and all the other bugaboo words behind which they entrenched themselves.

Prime Minister Asquith warned the Lords solemnly that if they arrogated to themselves the right to dispute a money bill he would begin an immediate attack upon them. Lloyd-George's budget was the one theme of all England's excited interest for over six months. Then on November 30, 1909, the Lords

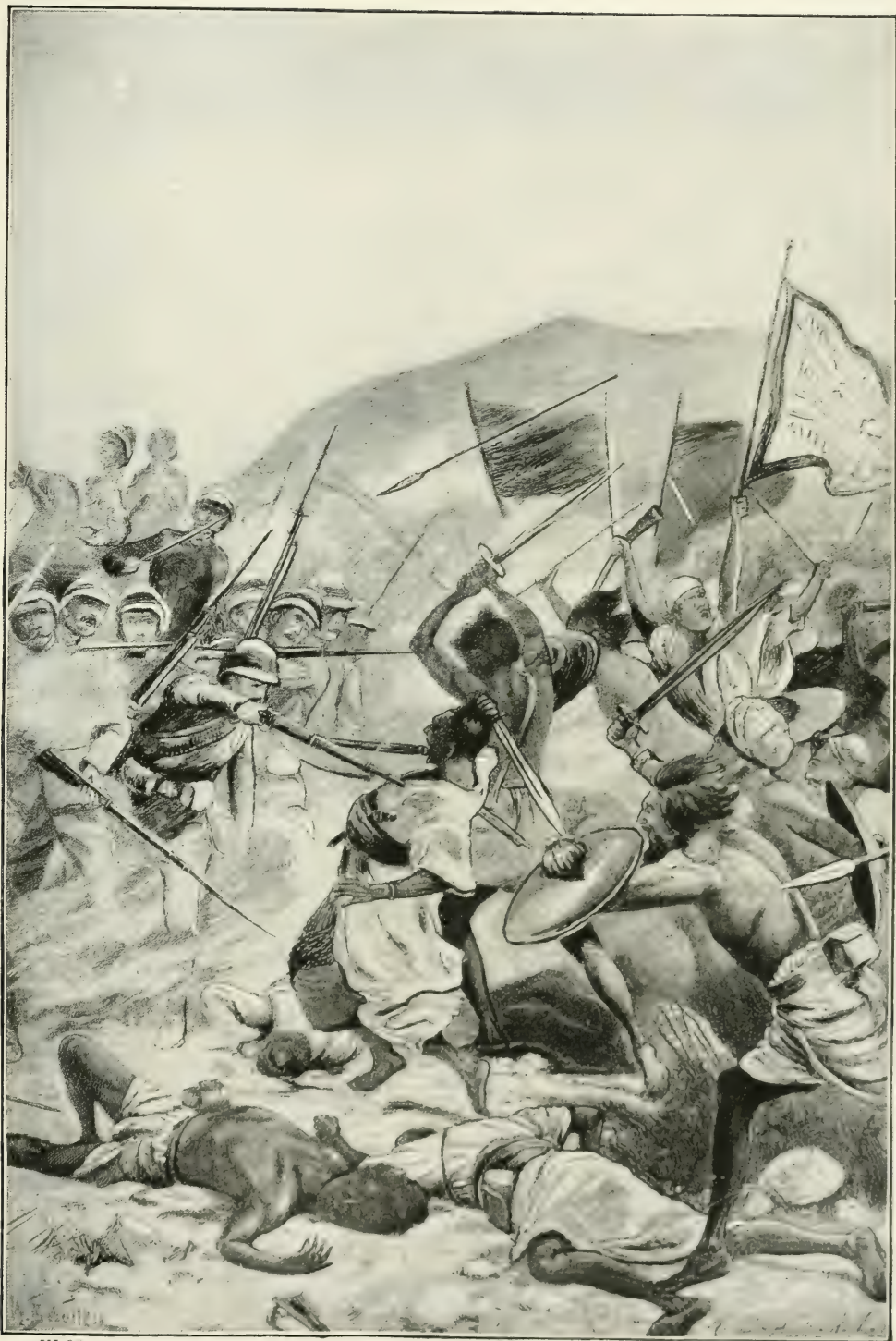
finally rejected it. For this momentous vote they even succeeded in doing something they had not accomplished for generations. They gathered an actual majority of their members against the bill. It was rejected by 375 Conservative votes, a real majority of all the parliamentary Lords of Britain. Asquith was thus defied to battle. He immediately declared that the Lords had broken England's ancient constitution; and he dissolved parliament and called for a new election, so as to pass his budget over their heads.

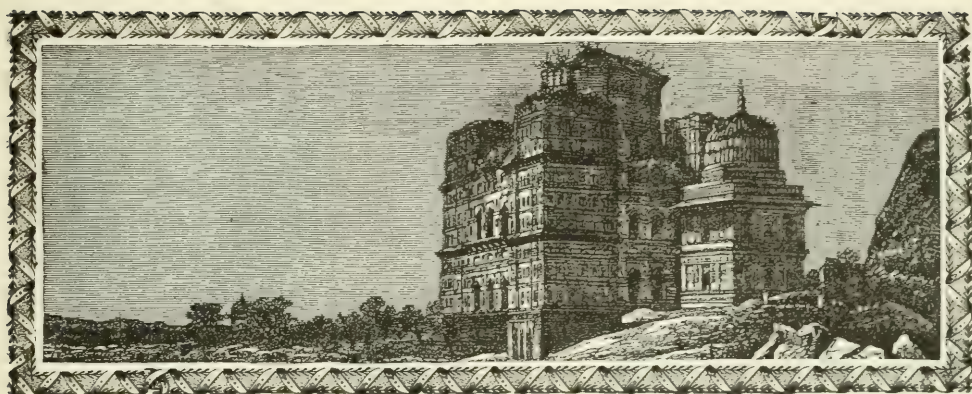
The elections, held in January of 1910, were the most bitterly contested that England had known for nearly a century. The Conservatives, mustering all their energies, elected 273 members. The Liberals had of their own number 275 members, besides 40 of their close allies the Labor party. Their other, less devoted allies, the Irish party, had 82 members. Thus the new parliament was of very different complexion from the one before. That had been so overwhelmingly Liberal that the party could stand wholly alone if necessary. This parliament of 1910 was only Liberal by the support of the Irish members.

As soon as this was seen the Irish members demanded their price, Home Rule, the reward which Gladstone had promised them so long before. Under their new leader, Mr. Redmond, they asserted this demand positively, and Mr. Asquith pledged himself to give it to them. First, however, he must settle the issues already opened. He reintroduced the Lloyd-George budget; and the Lords, admitting that the country had passed decisive judgment on this bill, made no effort to oppose its passage. Thus England's immediate financial needs were met. Then Asquith presented a bill not for the abolition of the Lords but for such a reduction of their power as would make them wholly subordinate.

Again the Lords were vehemently defiant. They declared they would not pass such a bill, no matter how the Commons might vote or how the people voted throughout the country. They admitted the grotesque absurdity of having two-thirds of their number permanently absent from all debate and only turning up when their class leaders summoned them to register a blindly obstinate "No" against any Liberal measure. But the Lords offered to reform themselves; they would reduce their number; they would themselves elect from among themselves a small body who should be the parliament Lords and who would attend regularly. Mr. Asquith, however, insisted grimly that he would do his own reforming.

It was amid the tumult of this quarrelling—perhaps partly because of it—that the aged King Edward died on May 6, 1910. During his reign England's possessions had expanded until her dominion covered thirteen million square miles, constituting one-fourth of the entire land surface of the globe.

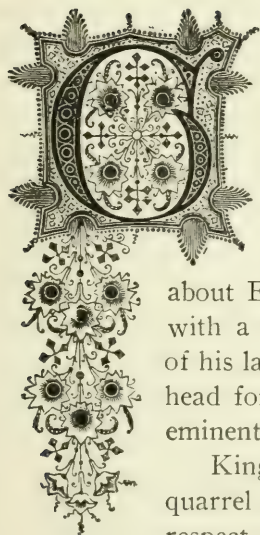




AN INDIAN TEMPLE

Chapter CXIX

KING GEORGE V



GEORGE V, the eldest son of King Edward, was born June 3, 1865, and was thus nearly forty-five years old when he succeeded to the throne. As Prince of Wales he had been a quiet conscientious man, taking the duties of his rank seriously and spending most of his time traveling from one dedication ceremonial to another, making earnest and very satisfactory little speeches about England's greatness and her freedom. He now accepted with a simplicity which was truly dignified the responsibilities of his larger position; and if he has been little more than a figure-head for England's Empire, he has certainly been a correct and eminently fitting one.

King Edward's death caused the vehement and deep-seated quarrel between Lords and Commons to pause for a time, out of respect for the dead monarch's memory. His people had learned to honor him very highly. So had foreign potentates; and his funeral ceremonies were the most splendidly attended of any in England's history.

Then when all the foreign potentates had gone home and the field was cleared for battle, the strife of Lords and Commons was resumed. Apparently the Lords had hoped for some aid from King George's conservatism: but he showed no intent whatever of fighting in their cause. So they rallied and by a heavy vote rejected Prime-Minister Asquith's bill for reducing their power. Again, as before with his budget bill, he dissolved parliament and called a new election to ask the people for their vote supporting him.

These elections, held in December, 1910, and the following January, were remarkable in that they resulted almost exactly like those of the year before. The new parliament which assembled in February, 1911, had within two votes the same Liberal majority as that of 1910. Englishmen had evidently taken a decisive stand; each had made up his mind for or against the Lords and there were to be no changes of attitude.

Mr. Balfour, who had been the former Conservative Prime-Minister and who was still the leader of his party in the House of Commons, protested earnestly at the opening of parliament against the Liberals' attack upon the Lords and against their "socialistic" ways of raising money. He urged them seriously to consider the Conservative's plan for securing funds by means of the "preferential tariff"; and he thus committed his own party to a tariff policy as opposed to "free trade," England's traditional doctrine.

The House of Commons, however, despite every concession, persisted in repassing the bill against the Lords on which they had "appealed to the country." When the bill thus came before the Lords for the second time, they sent it back with suggested amendments. Prime-Minister Asquith insisted that they should pass it just as it stood, even though it was almost the death-warrant of their House. The queerly tangled British Constitution, which has grown up through the centuries, has a queerly tangled way of compelling the submission of the Lords when a bill comes to them thus after they have rejected it once and the country has decided against them by an election. If they will not change their own votes, the King can create new Lords from the other party, as many of them as are needed to give a majority of votes for the rejected bill. This method has never been applied in its full stringency; for sooner than see a great number of newly-created nobles swarm among them and outvote them, the Lords, or enough of them to give the necessary vote, have always yielded. So very few nobles have ever been created in this wholesale fashion.

Now, however, the Lords still hesitated to pass Asquith's bill. Thereupon he informed them that before he had called the elections of the previous December on this matter, he had foreseen their opposition and secured from King George the assurance that he would create Liberal peers by the hundreds if necessary to compel the Lords' obedience to the Constitution.

Just why the Conservatives should have been so infuriated by this announcement it is hard to see. They must have expected this step. Indeed they afterward explained that they did not criticize the Liberals for thus forcing the passage of their bill, but only for having secured the King's promise before the actual situation had arisen. Nevertheless for the moment the Conservatives even in the House of Commons seemed quite beside them-



selves. On one memorable day (July 24) they assailed Mr. Asquith in the House with cries of "Traitor." They shook their fists in his face and even attempted personal violence. They refused utterly to listen to any Liberal speaker; and finally the House had to be adjourned amid such disgraceful scenes as had not marred its deliberations for centuries.

Some of the more fiery Lords, headed by Lord Halsbury, formed an association called the "Die hards," vowing they would never vote for the bill and challenging Mr. Asquith to go ahead and create his Liberal peers. Wiser councils, however, finally prevailed. A few of the "Die hards" maintained their truculent attitude; but enough of the Lords yielded to give the bill its necessary majority, and it became a law in August, 1911.

By this law, the only important change made in the English Constitution for over two hundred years, the House of Lords lost practically all legislative power. It exercises only a single restrictive function. It may twice reject a bill sent up by the Commons; but this no longer compels an election. If the same House of Commons will pass a bill three times at intervals extending over two years the bill becomes law without going to the Lords a third time. In other words, by twice rejecting a bill they can delay its passage for two years. That is all. As for "money" bills, such as the budget bill over which the final strife arose, they can not act on these at all, and the House of Commons is made its own judge as to what may honestly be considered a money bill.

This year of 1911, which thus saw so decided a change in England's parliamentary system, saw also some important movements in her march of empire. In May there was held in London an "Imperial Conference," that is, a gathering of the chief members of England's self-governing colonies. The British "Dominions beyond the Seas" are divided into two classes, first the independent states, such as Canada, wherein colonists of English stock govern themselves and are bound to the home country only by ties of loyalty and interest; and second those possessions, vast as India or tiny as Malta, wherein a population of alien race is governed and held in subjection by the greater wisdom or military power of the English. Modern statesmen see clearly that while riches may flow into England from some dependencies of this second class, yet permanent life and power can only come to her from the true "colonies" peopled by her own race. Hence it is with these that the future of England lies.

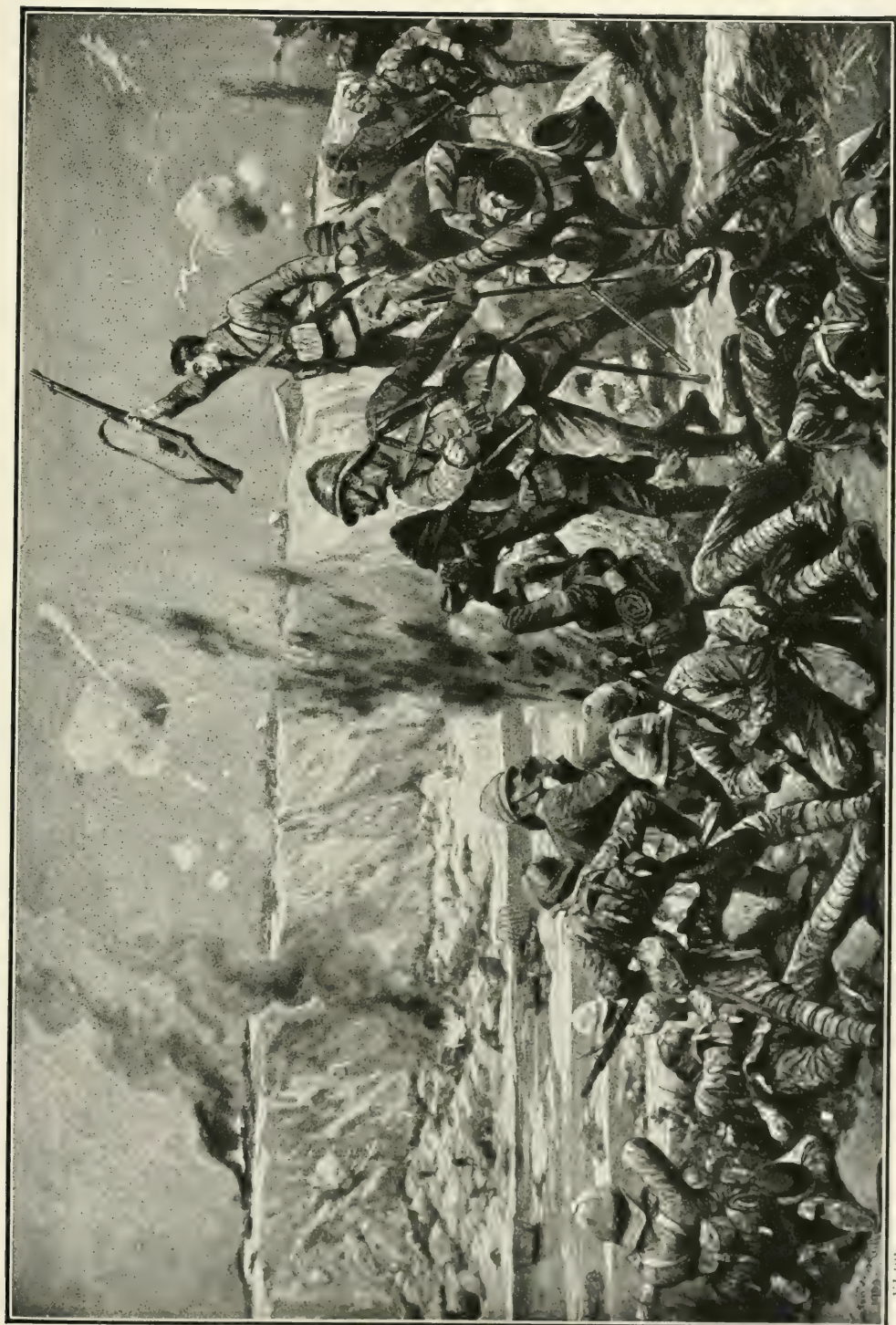
To bind these self-governing colonies more closely, a conference of their prime-ministers with England's own "uncrowned king" had been held under Edward VII's auspices as early as 1902, and another one five years later. Neither of these meetings, however, had nearly equalled in importance the conference of 1911. For this there gathered the men who have been termed

"the six chief men of England's race;" and of four of them at least, the phrase is not unjustified. Besides Prime-Minister Asquith there was the premier of Canada, Sir Wilfred Laurier, widely recognized for many years as the leader of his countrymen. The premier of united Australia was Mr. Fisher, noted as "Labor's first Prime-Minister," for in Australia the Labor party has recently led in the elections. More striking still there came from united South Africa, Prime-Minister Botha, a Boer who ten years before had been General Botha, a leader of his people in deadly war against England, and who now stood as type and evidence of the rapid harmonizing of the two races in South Africa, the complete acceptance of England's liberal overlordship in the Transvaal. The other two premiers were Prime-Minister Ward of New Zealand, England's most prosperous and contented colony, and Prime-Minister Morris of Newfoundland, the island which still maintains its independence from Canada and ranks as the oldest self-governing colony. This Imperial Conference laid plans for a closer union of the races it represented, it arranged for a colonial navy to be created and incorporated with that of Great Britain, and it sketched plans for the forming of a permanent imperial parliament in which all the colonies should have a voice in the governing of the Empire.

As to the foreign domains held in subjection by England, the recent troubles in Egypt, the clamor of its natives for self-government have been already told in Egypt's story. A similar demand has grown up in India, an insistence by the natives upon that "home rule" for which they seem as yet entirely unfitted. In 1909 England had been profoundly moved by the assassination of Sir Wyllie-Curzon, a high official of state in India, who was murdered in London by an Indian anarchist. Now in 1911 it was resolved to impress upon India more deeply the real majesty and power of England. So King George and Queen Mary, after a brilliant London coronation in June, prepared to visit their Asiatic empire.

A great "Durbar" or gathering of all the Indian potentates, to express their submission to the British Emperor, was held in December at Delhi. This ancient city had once been the capital of all India. So now it was made the formal capital of England's Indian Empire, though the administrative authorities still remained at the more convenient English capital, Calcutta. Some extent of self-government was also allowed the Bengalese, the most advanced of the Indian races, and on the whole the visit of the King and Queen had a marked good effect on India. There is still, however, much rather futile clamor there for independence.

Earlier in this same year King George and his Queen made also a royal visit to Ireland, in hopes of stimulating loyalty there. But this visit had little influence on what had become the most burning question of the day in British



politics. We have seen how Prime-Minister Asquith had, in 1910, pledged himself to the Irish Nationalists in parliament to secure "Home Rule" for them if he could. The discussion of the necessary bill began in parliament early in 1911; and after the Lords had been defeated and reduced to impotence, so that they could no longer block the measure, Home Rule for Ireland became the chief bill pressed by Mr. Asquith for passage through parliament in 1912. After a most thorough discussion the bill was passed by the Commons in 1913 and sent to the Lords, by whom it was, of course, rejected. This, however, under the revised Constitution, only meant the delay of Home Rule for two years, that is, until 1915.

Meanwhile the imminent passage of the bill once more stirred the Conservatives of England to intensest indignation. Their consciences told them that Ireland had little cause to love the English government, and they declared that Home Rule would soon result in Ireland's breaking away from the British Empire altogether. Disregarded on this issue, they found a more effective one. The North of Ireland, or to speak more accurately, four counties there in northeastern Ulster, is inhabited by a Protestant population, descendants at least in part of English settlers who several centuries ago supplanted the original Irish. These Protestant Irish, or "Ulsterites" or "Orangemen," have long been the most prosperous folk of Ireland, assimilating naturally with the English and well content with their rule. Naturally the Ulsterites had no wish to find themselves a small minority in a self-governing Catholic Ireland, whose other inhabitants had little kinship with them and less love. As early as 1910 they began to make their protest against Home Rule. In September of 1911 they announced a plan for their own self-government and revolt against an Irish parliament. They appealed to Englishmen not to leave them to the mercy of the other Irishmen, and declared they meant to fight for independence rather than submit.

For similar threats of warfare Catholic Irishmen had more than once been called "traitors" to England. In years not very long past they had been imprisoned or even hanged. But it makes a very great difference whether the men using such phrases are your friends or enemies. Many English Conservatives encouraged the Ulster protests. Sir Edward Carson, an enthusiastic English member of parliament, even went to Ulster to lead the protesters. He roused them with fiery speeches; he defied Prime-Minister Asquith and the Liberals to stop him. He organized a monster petition and a pledge of resistance, to which he and thousands of Ulsterites solemnly affixed their signatures on a special day (September 28, 1912), which they called "Ulster Day."

The year of 1912 saw also serious labor difficulties in England. The

Labor party has demanded much from the Liberals, more sometimes than the dominant party were willing to give. A demand was made for a law establishing a minimum wage for coal miners. When both employers and parliament refused this, the coal miners struck. This strike spread until it included over a million workmen. The Liberal statesmen urged that the law would be unjust unless it also stated the minimum amount of work a man must do to receive the wage. But to this binding them to work a definite amount, however small, the laborers would not agree. Finally, on March 29, the government yielded part way, and passed the law, though not just as the workmen had wanted it. This law, with its distinctly socialistic idea of government regulation of wages, has been hailed everywhere by socialists as a great step toward the acceptance of their doctrines.

Even more irrepressible cause for tumult has recently arisen in England over Woman Suffrage. This subject by 1913 had supplanted even Irish Home Rule as the chief theme of active discussion in England. Into this field of practical importance it has been brought by the extravagance of the "militant suffragists" who have made life so uncomfortable for their opponents that it has been impossible to ignore their assaults. In 1911 they held a huge gathering in London and marched in a procession, forty thousand strong. Members of parliament led them to hope that their cause might really be taken up by the Liberals; but in December of that year Mr. Asquith announced himself unalterably opposed to female suffrage. Since then he has been literally besieged by resentful women. In March of 1912, during the mining strikes, the women suffragists in London became so destructively riotous that seventy-six of them were sent to jail condemned to hard labor for several months. Yet in 1913 they were more vehemently riotous than ever. The government is unable to take vigorous methods to suppress them, because so many of its members believe in the women's cause. What with suffragists, home-rulers, laborites and socialists all scolding at the Liberal leaders within their party, and the Conservatives howling frantically outside, it must be agreed that in the England of to-day a Liberal statesman's lot is not a happy one.







THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON 1666

CHRONOLOGY OF ENGLAND

C. 55 and 54—Cæsar landed in Britain.

A.D. 43—Claudius began the conquest of Britain.

61—The Druids slaughtered; revolt of Boadicea. **78**—

84—The Roman power established by Agricola. **81**—

Agricola erected a line of forts. **121**—Hadrian's

Wall constructed. **207–210**—Emperor Severus marched

against the Caledonians. **410**—Britain abandoned by

the Romans.

449—The Jutes settled in Kent. **477**—The kingdom of

Sussex founded by Ella. **495**—Cerdic founded the kingdom of

Wessex. **520**—The Saxons defeated by Arthur. **547**—North-

umbria settled by the Angles. **597**—Augustine landed in Kent.

664—Synod held at Whitby. **786**—Egbert, a claimant of the

throne, took refuge at the court of Charlemagne. **789**—First

landing of the Danes in England. **828**—Egbert, having con-

quered a large part of the country, takes the title of "King of the

English." **871**—Alfred the Great became king. **879**—Treaty

of Wedmore. **890**—Alfred issued his code of laws. **897**—He

built a fleet and conquered the Northmen. **901**—Edward I. became king.

925—Æthelstan succeeded him: his death in 940; Edmund I. ruler. **946**—

Edred king, followed by Edwy in 955. **959**—Edgar became king. **960** (?)

—Britain called England. **975**—Struggle between the regular and secular

clergy: Edward II., "the Martyr," became king. **978**—Ethelred became

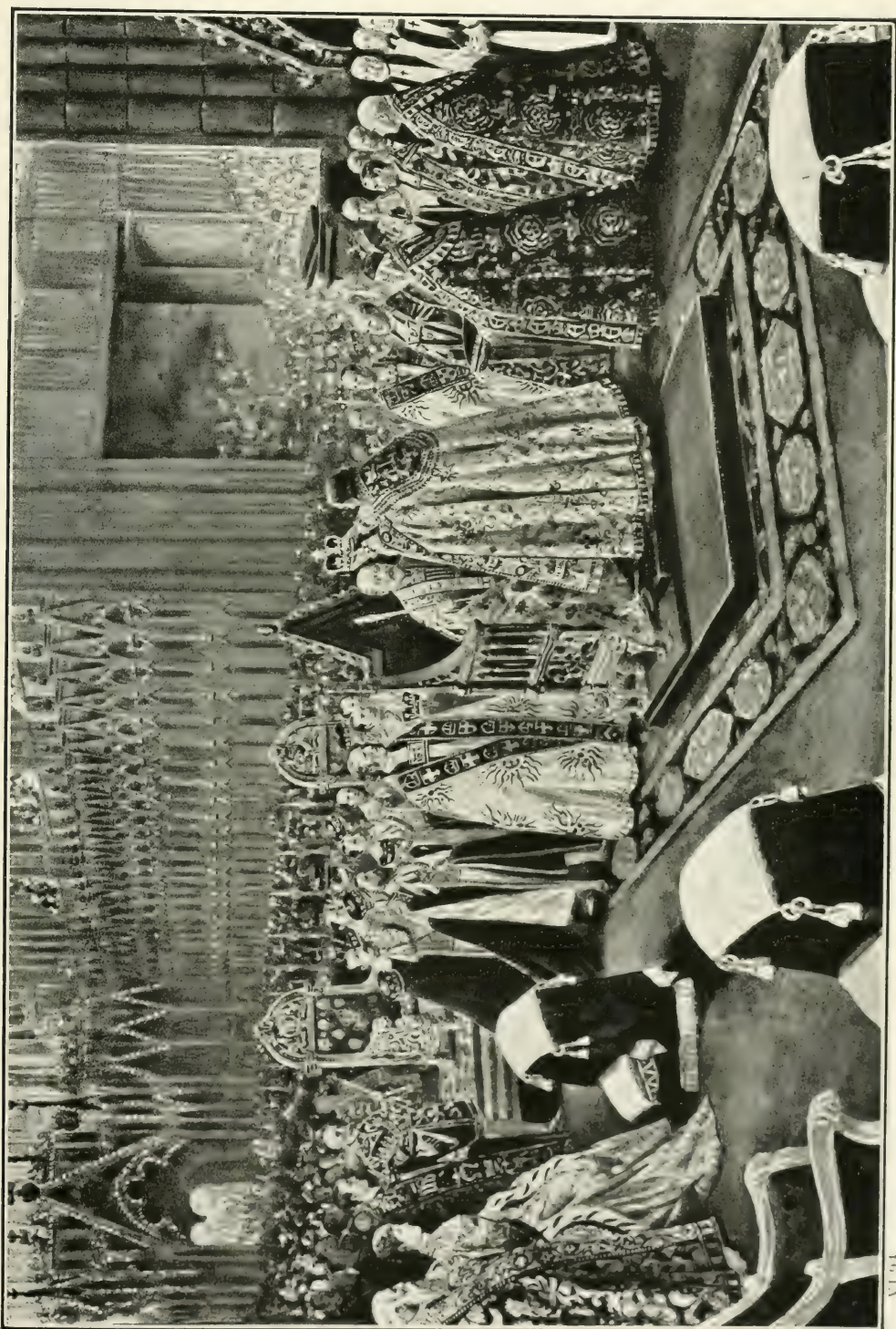
king. **991**—Invasion of the Danes. **1017**—Canute, the Dane, chosen king:

he divides England into four great earldoms, and is succeeded in 1036 by

Harold I. 1039—Hardicanute king. 1042—Edward III., "the Confessor," became king. 1049—Westminster Abbey begun.

1066—Harold, last of the Saxon kings; invasion from Norway; battle of Stamford Bridge, September 25th; William of Normandy claimed the throne; invaded England; Harold killed at Battle of Hastings, October 14th; William crowned on Christmas Day. 1069—He harried the North. 1070—He reorganized the Church. 1071—The English defeated at Ely. 1072—William invaded Scotland. 1076—He refused to become subject to the Pope. 1086—All English landholders swore allegiance to William at Salisbury. 1087—William Rufus king. 1088—Rebellion of the barons suppressed. 1090—War made on Normandy. 1095—Second rebellion of the barons suppressed. 1100—Death of William Rufus; Henry I. king; first charter of liberties. 1106—Normandy conquered. 1135—Stephen became king; Matilda, daughter of Henry I., claimed the crown. 1139—Civil war began. 1141—Matilda entered London in triumph, but was driven out and besieged; Stephen taken prisoner. 1153—Treat of Wallingford; Stephen retained as king. 1154—Death of Stephen; Henry II. king. 1170—Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, murdered; end of the old English Chronicles. 1171—Partial conquest of Ireland. 1173—Henry's wife and sons rebelled against him. 1174—Rebellion of barons suppressed. 1176—England divided into judicial circuits by Assize of Northampton. 1180—Knights Templars established. 1183—Henry's sons again rebelled. 1189—Richard Cœur de Lion king; he goes on a crusade. 1192—Richard taken prisoner. 1194—England ransomed the King; he returned and was re-crowned. 1199—John became king. 1203—Murder(?) of Arthur. 1204—Loss of Normandy. 1209—John excommunicated by the Pope. 1213—He became the Pope's vassal. 1215—The Great Charter, June 15th.

1216—War between John and the barons; Henry III. became king. 1264—War of the barons; Battle of Lewes; collegiate system begun by the founding of Merton College, Oxford. 1265—Rise of the House of Commons under Earl Simon de Montfort; Battle of Evesham, the Earl killed. 1272—Courts of Exchequer, King's Bench and Common Pleas fully organized; Edward I. became king. 1284—Conquest of Wales. 1290—The Jews expelled from England. 1294—Alliance between Scotland and France against England. 1295—First complete Parliament. 1295-6—War with Scotland. 1297—Edward confirmed the charters; consent of Parliament established as necessary to taxation. 1298—William Wallace executed. 1303-6—Renewed war with Scotland; defeat of Bruce. 1307—Edward II. became king. 1314—Battle of Bannockburn. 1322—House of Commons gains a share in legislation. 1326—Roger Mortimer and the Queen conspire against Edward. 1327—The



King deposed and murdered; Edward III. in power. 1328—Independence of Scotland recognized.

1337—Edward took the title of King of France, and created his son Edward Duke of Cornwall. 1338—Beginning of the Hundred Years' War with France. 1346—Victory of Crecy. 1347—Capture of Calais. 1349—The Black Death. 1356—Victory of Poitiers. 1360—Treaty of Bretigny. 1377—Wycliffe began the Reformation; Edward III. died and Richard II. became king. 1384—Chaucer began the Canterbury Tales. 1398—Richard banished the Duke of Hereford and Duke of Norfolk. 1399—The Duke of Hereford returned to England and claimed his estate and the Crown; Richard deposed and murdered; Parliament set aside the order of succession and chose Henry IV. king. 1400—Rebellion of Glendower. 1401—Persecution of heretics. 1403—Revolt of the Percies; Battle of Shrewsbury. 1413—Henry V. became king. 1415—Battle of Agincourt. 1420—Treaty of Troyes. 1422—Henry VI. crowned King of England and France; Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester Protectors during the King's minority. 1428—Siege of Orleans. 1431—Joan of Arc burned. 1450—Cade's insurrection. 1453—End of the Hundred Years' War; loss of France. 1455-1485—Wars of the Roses. 1461—Henry dethroned; Edward IV. king. 1470—Warwick restored Henry VI. 1471—Henry died a prisoner in the Tower. 1477—Caxton printed the first book in England. 1483—Edward V. became king; Richard, Duke of Gloucester, appointed Protector; he murdered Edward in the Tower; Richard III. became sovereign; rebellion suppressed. 1485—Battle of Bosworth Field; Henry VII. king.

1497—The Cabots discovered the American continent. 1499—Warbeck, the Pretender, executed. 1509—Henry VIII. king. 1513—"Battle of the Spurs"; Battle of Flodden. 1515—Wolsey became Cardinal and Lord Chancellor. 1520—Field of the Cloth of Gold. 1521—The Pope conferred on Henry the title of "Defender of the Faith." 1529—Fall of Wolsey. 1531—Clergy compelled to acknowledge Henry the Head of the English Church. 1532—Henry privately married Anne Boleyn. 1534—The authority of the Pope in England abolished. 1536—England and Wales finally united; insurrection in the North. 1547—Edward VI. king; Duke of Somerset regent. 1550 (?)—First Huguenot emigration to England. 1552—The Forty-two Articles of religion (afterward reduced to thirty-nine). 1553—Mary sovereign; Lady Jane Grey executed; Mary married Philip II. of Spain. 1555-6—Severe persecution of the Protestants. 1558—Loss of Calais.

1558—Elizabeth became ruler. 1559—Protestantism restored. 1571—English Puritans began to be prominent. 1580—Jesuit missionaries landed in England. 1587—Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots. 1588—Defeat of the

Armada. **1601**—Passage of a poor law. **1603**—Completion of the conquest of Ireland; James I. King of Scotland and England; plot against the King; Raleigh imprisoned. **1605**—The Gunpowder Plot. **1606**—Severe laws against the Catholics. **1618**—Raleigh executed. **1621**—Impeachment of Lord Bacon. **1625**—Charles I. became king. **1641**—Execution of Stratford. **1642**—Beginning of the Civil War. **1644**—Battle of Marston Moor. **1645**—Battle of Naseby. **1647**—Charles a prisoner; he makes a secret treaty with the Scots. **1648**—Royalist revolt, Pride's Purge. **1649**—The King executed; the Commonwealth declared.

1649-50—Cromwell's campaign in Ireland. **1650**—Battle of Dunbar. **1651**—Battle of Worcester. **1652**—War with the Dutch. **1653**—Cromwell made the Protector. **1655**—War with Spain. **1658**—Richard Cromwell, Protector. **1659**—The Army compelled Richard to abdicate. **1660**—General Monk called a free Parliament.

1660—Charles II. invited to return by the Parliament; becomes ruler of England. **1662**—Act of Uniformity passed. **1695**—War with the Dutch; the Plague in London. **1666**—Great fire of London. **1667**—The Dutch sailed up the Medway; the Cabal came into power; publication of "Paradise Lost." **1670**—Secret Treaty of Dover; publication of the "Pilgrim's Progress." **1678**—Titus Oates' plot. **1679**—Passage of Habeas Corpus Act. **1680**—Rise of Whigs and Tories. **1683**—Execution of Russell and Sidney for participation in Rye-House Plot. **1685**—James II. became king; Monmouth's rebellion; Battle of Sedgemoor.

1688—Arrival of William of Orange; his Declaration; flight of James. **1689**—William and Mary rule; grand alliance against Louis XIV.; Jacobite rebellion in Scotland; siege of Londonderry; the "Bible of English Liberty." **1690**—Battle of the Boyne. **1691**—Treaty of Limerick. **1694**—Death of Queen Mary; Bank of England incorporated. **1697**—Peace of Ryswick. **1702**—Anne reigned; war with France. **1704**—Battle of Blenheim; Gibraltar taken. **1706**—Battle of Ramillies. **1707**—Union of England and Scotland; Union Jack adopted. **1713**—Treaty of Utrecht; George I. became king. **1715**—Rebellion in Scotland. **1718**—War with Spain. **1720**—The South Sea scheme. **1721**—Sir Robert Walpole the first prime minister. **1727**—War with Austria and Spain; George II. became king. **1738**—John Wesley: rise of the Methodists. **1741**—War of the Austrian succession. **1743**—Battle of Dettingen. **1746**—The Pretender defeated at Culloden. **1748**—Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. **1751**—Correction of the Julian calendar. **1753**—British Museum founded. **1756**—Seven Years' War with France. **1757**—Battle of Plassey; foundation of England's Indian empire. **1759**—Storming of Quebec; erection of Eddystone Lighthouse. **1760**—George III. became king. **1763**—Canada



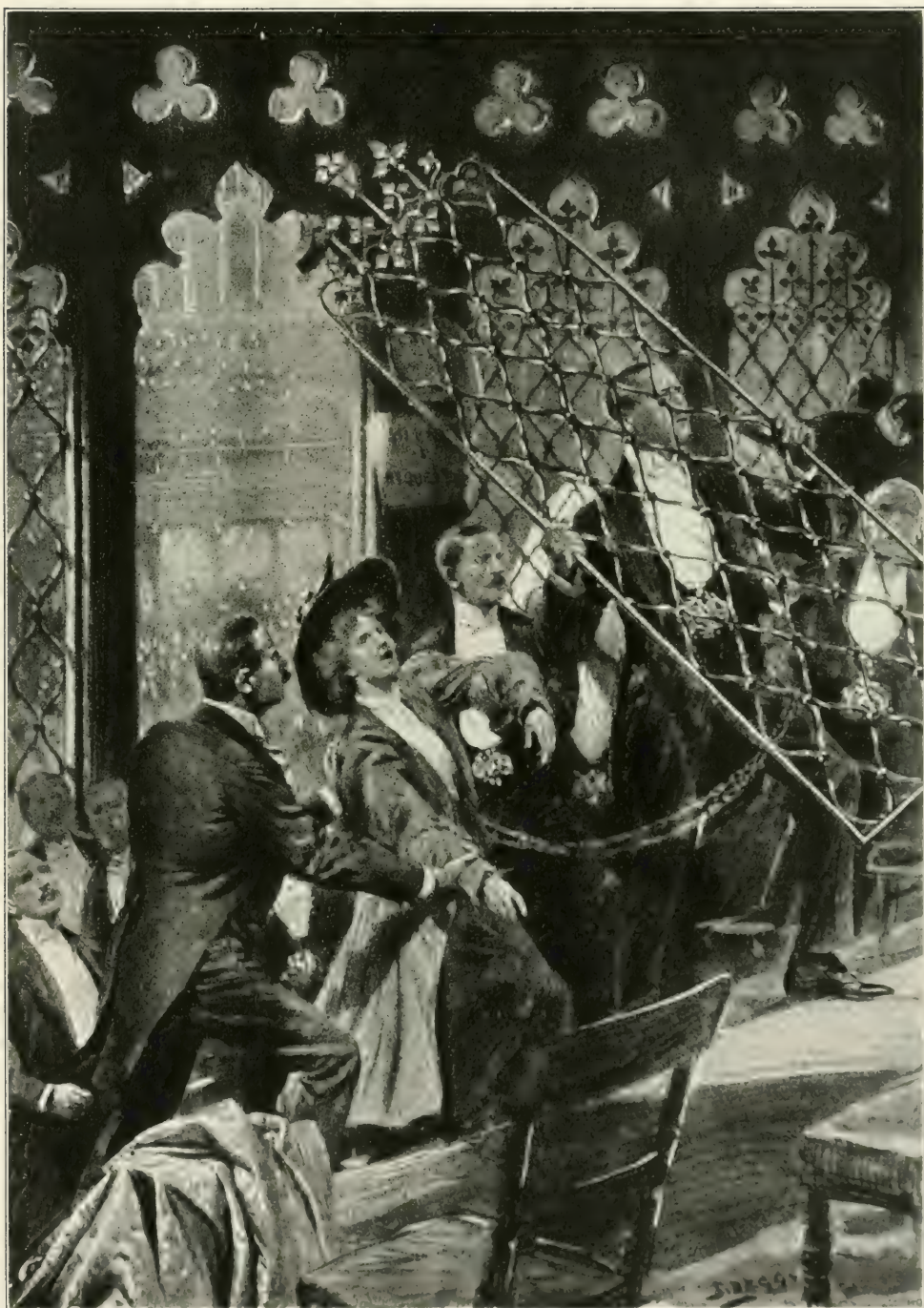
ceded to Great Britain. 1768—Royal Academy founded. 1769—James Watt secured his first patent for an improved steam engine.

1775—The American Revolution began. 1776—Declaration of American Independence. 1780—The Gordon riots in London. 1781—Defeat of Cornwallis at Yorktown. 1782—Ireland secured independence for its parliament. 1783—Treaties of Paris and Versailles; recognition of the independence of the United States. 1786—Impeachment of Warren Hastings. 1787 (?)—West Africa colonized. 1793—War with France. 1796—Discovery of vaccination against smallpox announced by Dr. Edward Jenner. 1800—Union of Great Britain and Ireland. 1802—Colonization of Australia. 1805—Battle of Trafalgar. 1807—Abolition of the slave trade. 1808-14—The Peninsula War. 1810—George III. became insane; Prince of Wales appointed regent. 1812-15—Second war with America. 1814—South Africa acquired. 1815—Battle of Waterloo. 1819—First Atlantic steamship. 1820—George IV. became king. 1829—Passage of the Catholic Emancipation Act. 1830—William IV. king; steam locomotives introduced. 1832—Passage of Reform Bill. 1833—East India trade thrown open; slavery abolished in all the colonies.

1837—Victoria queen. 1839—The Opium War. 1840—Union of Upper and Lower Canada; marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. 1842—China compelled to open a number of ports for trade; the Afghan War. 1846—Famine in Ireland; Repeal of the Corn Laws. 1849—Annexation of the Punjab. 1851—The Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. 1852—Colonization of New Zealand and annexation of part of the Burman Empire. 1854—The Crimean War. 1857-58—The Indian Mutiny. 1858—The sovereignty of India given to the Crown; first Atlantic cable. 1861—Death of Prince Albert; imprisonment for debt abolished; the *Trent* affair. 1863—London underground railway opened. 1867—The Dominion of Canada established; War with Abyssinia. 1870—Limited female suffrage granted and first Irish Land Bill passed. 1877—Victoria made Empress of India. 1885—Over 2,500,000 new voters admitted under the Reform Act of 1884. 1887—The Queen's Jubilee.

1899—October 12, opening of the South African War; October 20, siege of Kimberley begun; October 29, siege of Ladysmith began; October 30, British entrapped and defeated in a sortie from Ladysmith; November 26, Battle of Modder River; December 10, British under General Gatacre ambuscaded and severely defeated near Stormberg; December 10-11, Lord Methuen defeated at Spionkop and General Wauchope killed; December 15, General Buller disastrously defeated at Tugela River. 1900—January 6, Lord Roberts and General Kitchener arrive in South Africa to take command; January 23-25, British after capturing Spionkop compelled to abandon it; February 12, Lord Roberts invaded the Orange Free State; February 15, General French relieved

Kimberley; February 22-27, after severe fighting Cronje surrendered to Lord Roberts; February 28, Lord Dunonald relieved Ladysmith; March 13, Bloemfontein, capital of the Orange Free State, surrendered to Roberts; March 27, General Joubert, the Boer commander-in-chief, died; May 16, Mafeking relieved after a siege of 217 days; May 28, Lord Roberts proclaimed the annexation of the Orange Free State; May 30, British entered Johannesburg; June 5, Pretoria surrendered to British forces; September 1, Transvaal proclaimed a part of the British Empire by Lord Roberts. **1901**—January 1, union of the Australian Colonies; January 21, Queen Victoria died and the Prince of Wales immediately became king, with the title of Edward VII; guerilla warfare by the Boers. **1902**—February 22, treaty of alliance made with Japan; May 31, Treaty of Peace signed and the war in South Africa closed; August 9, King Edward VII crowned. **1903**—Mr. Chamberlain disrupts the Conservative party by urging a "tariff" policy instead of "free trade." **1904**—An expedition fights its way into Thibet; agreement with France over north African affairs, the "Entente Cordiale." **1905**—The Conservative party loses control of England's government after twenty years of rule. **1906**—The new Liberal Prime-Minister Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman calls an election and secures an enormous Liberal majority in parliament; the House of Lords refuses to pass Liberal measures. Settlement of the Alaska boundary with the United States. **1907**—Beginning of vehement woman suffrage agitation; agreement with Russia over Persian and Indian affairs. **1908**—Death of the Prime-Minister; Mr. Herbert Asquith succeeds him; England establishes old age pensions. **1909**—The South African colonies unite into a single state; the Liberals propose heavy taxes on wealth, and the House of Lords interferes in money matters. **1910**—Prime-Minister Asquith appeals to the country against the Lords; a general election entrenches him in power; death of King Edward (May 6); a bill to restrict the power of the Lords is rejected by them, and Prime-Minister Asquith calls another election. **1911**—Once more upheld by the people, the Liberals take almost all authority away from the House of Lords. An Imperial Conference of England and her colonies held in London; vast woman's suffrage parade; coronation of King George V; he visits India. **1912**—Great coal strike results in socialistic legislation; a Home Rule bill for Ireland is prepared and rouses threats of rebellion in Ulster. **1913**—Home Rule passes the Commons and is rejected by the Lords; woman suffragists force their demands upon parliament by vehement agitation.



RULERS OF ENGLAND

ANGLO-SAXON LINE.

871- 901—Alfred, King of Wessex.
 901- 925—Edward the Elder, King
 of England.
 925- 940—Æthelstan.
 940- 946—Edmund.
 946- 955—Edred.
 955- 958—Edwy.
 958- 975—Edgar.
 975- 979—Edward the Martyr.
 979-1016—Ethelred.
 1016-1016—Edmund Ironside.

DANISH LINE.

1013-1014—Sweyn.
 1014-1035—Canute.
 1035-1040—Harold I.
 1040-1042—Hardicanute.

SAXON LINE.

1042-1066—Edward the Confessor.
 1066-1066—Harold II.

NORMAN LINE.

1066-1087—William the Conqueror.
 1087-1100—William II., Rufus.
 1100-1135—Henry I., Beauclerc.
 1135-1154—Stephen.

PLANTAGENET LINE.

1154-1189—Henry II.
 1189-1199—Richard I., Cœur de
 Lion.
 1199-1216—John.
 1216-1272—Henry III.
 1272-1307—Edward I., Longshanks.
 1307-1327—Edward II.
 1327-1377—Edward III.
 1377-1399—Richard II.

HOUSE OF LANCASTER.

1399-1413—Henry IV.
 1413-1422—Henry V.
 1422-1461—Henry VI.

HOUSE OF YORK.

1461-1483—Edward IV.
 1483-1483—Edward V.
 1483-1485—Richard III.

HOUSE OF TUDOR.

1485-1509—Henry VII.
 1509-1547—Henry VIII.
 1547-1553—Edward VI.
 1553-1558—Mary.
 1558-1603—Elizabeth.

HOUSE OF STUART.

1603-1625—James I.
 1625-1649—Charles I.
 1649-1660—*The Commonwealth*.
 1660-1685—Charles II.
 1685-1688—James II.

HOUSE OF ORANGE.

1688-1702—William and Mary.

HOUSE OF STUART.

1702-1714—Anne.

HOUSE OF HANOVER.

1714-1727—George I.
 1727-1760—George II.
 1760-1820—George III.
 1820-1830—George IV.
 1830-1837—William IV.
 1837-1901—Victoria.

SAXE-COBURG LINE.

1901-1910—Edward VII.
 1910- —George V.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY FOR ENGLAND

Agincourt (ă-zhăn-koor')
Aquitaine (ak-we-tăn')
Arcot (ar'kot)
Badajoz (bah-dă-hōs')
Bayeux (bah-yoo')
Blenheim (blen'im)
Boer (boo-er)
Bruges (broo'jiz *or* broozh)
Caernarvon (kār-nahr'von)
Campeggio (kam-pěd'jo)
Canute (kan-nūt' *or* knoo)
Chaucer (chaw'sur)
Ciudad Rodrigo (thē-oo-dahd' rōd-rē'go)
Corunna (kō-rŭn'nă)
Cronje (krone-yeh)
Deira (dēh'ra)
Guinegate (geen-gat, both g's hard)
Gythæ (gee-ta)
Harlech (har'lek)
Joubert (zhoo'bēr')

Kruger (kru-er)
Lanfranc (lan'frangh)
Leicester (les'ter)
Limoges (lē'mozh)
Llewellyn (loo-el'in)
Magna Charta (mag'nah kahr'tah)
Malplaquet (mahl/plă-kā)
Massouah (mas-soo'wah)
Menai (men'i)
Natal (na-tal')
Oudenard (ood'en-ahrd)
Plantagenet (plăn-tăj'-ě-nět)
Plevna (plev'na)
Poitiers (pwă'tē-ā)
Poitou (pwa'too)
Ramillies (rah-mē-yē)
Sluys (slois)
Thames (Temz)
Trafalgar (trăf-ăl-gahr')
Transvaal (trons-fahl)
Wycliffe (wîk'-lîf)



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